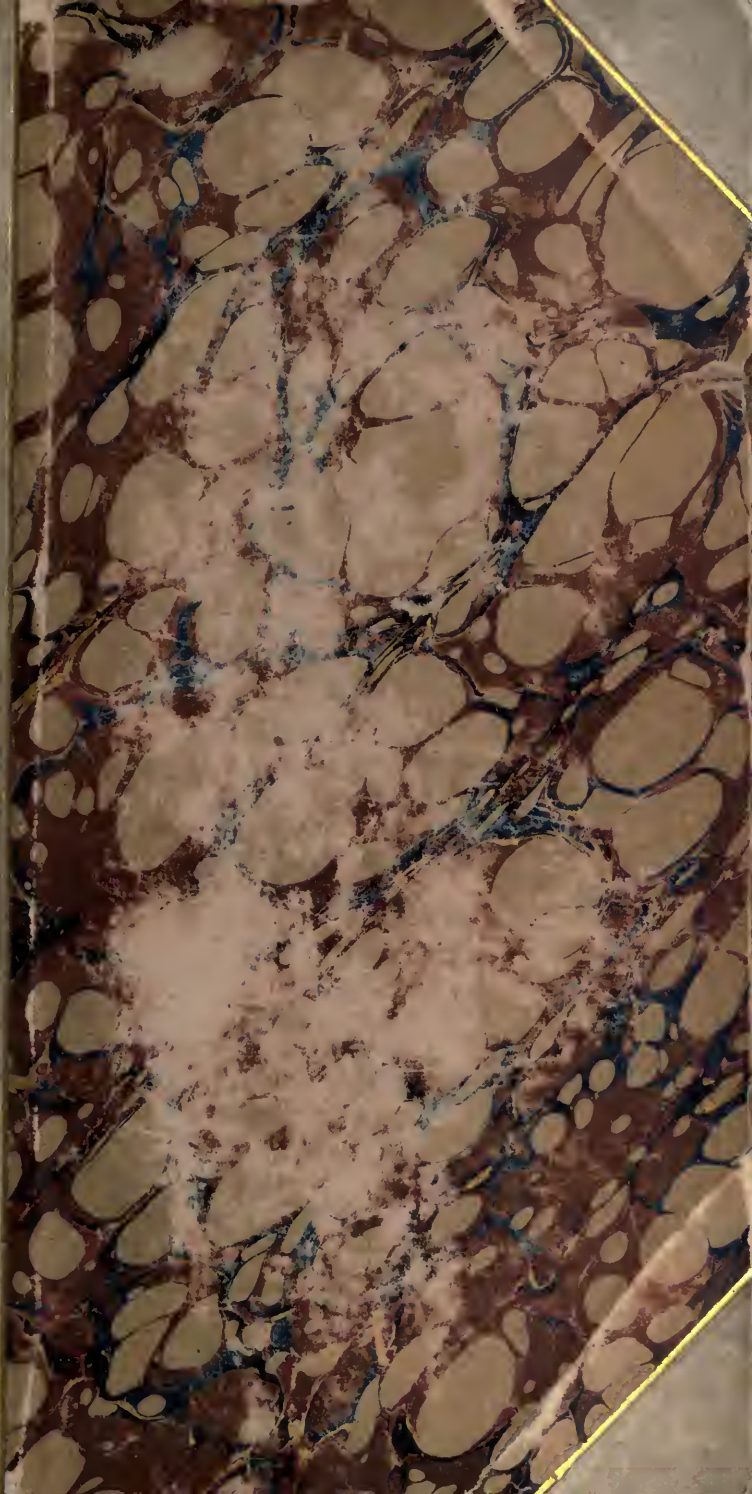


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THE
SUFFOLK GARLAND,

OR

East Country Minstrel :

WITH NOTICES,

Historical, Biographical, and Descriptive.

THE
SUFFOLK GARLAND:

OR, A COLLECTION OF
POEMS, SONGS, TALES, BALLADS,
SONNETS, AND ELEGIES,

Legendary and Romantic, Historical and Descriptive,

RELATIVE TO THAT COUNTY;

And Illustrative of its

SCENERY, PLACES, BIOGRAPHY, MANNERS,
HABITS AND CUSTOMS.



“ The sweet and the sower,
“ The nettle and the flower,
“ The thorne and the rose,
“ This GARLAND compose.”

IPSWICH :

Printed and Sold by John Raw ;

SOLD ALSO BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME AND
BROWN; AND RODD AND SON, LONDON.

MDC CXXVIII.

THE HISTORY OF
SUFFOLK COUNTY
IN THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS
FROM 1640 TO 1850
BY
JOHN W. FORD

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Prefatory Sonnet,

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD, B. A.

VICAR OF BENHALL,

AND RECTOR OF WESTON ST. PETER.

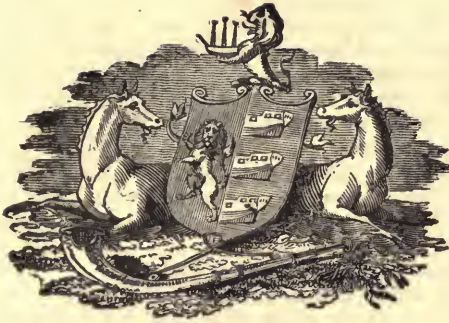
Deem not inlegant his Mind, who loves
'Mid the rude *Chronicles of Elder Time*
Awhile to sojourn ; and, with *fabled rhyme*,
In these late days, again in fancy roves
Through *moated Halls*, and *Fields*, and *ancient*
Groves,

Beneath whose shade our Fathers, in their prime,
Have sate ;—but now corroding age and crime
Have left but what their ancient glory proves.
Yet come :—and 'mid these *mouldering Relics* trace
The pensive shadows of departed years ;
Mark, how again, with renovated grace,
Its front the long-forgotten Mansion rears ;
And all, upstarting in its wonted place,
As touch'd by some enchanter's wand, appears.

*“ An ordinary SONG or BALLAD, that is the delight
“ of the common people, cannot fail to please all such
“ readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment
“ by their affectation or ignorance ; and the reason is
“ plain, because the same paintings of nature, which
“ recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will ap-
“ pear beautiful to the most refined.*

*“ I took a particular delight in hearing the SONGS
“ and FABLES that are come from father to son, and
“ are most in vogue among the common people : for
“ it is impossible that any thing should be universally
“ tasted and approved of by a multitude, which hath
“ not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify
“ the mind of man.”*

SPECTATOR, NO. 70.



THE PREFACE.



OUR County Readers are here presented with some select specimens of their native Bards, and provincial Rhymers.

While the spacious pages of the County Historian, says the ingenious Editor of the "Northern Garlands," are too exclusively engrossed by topographical surveys, genealogical tables, statistical numbers, or agricultural refinements; the humble and amusing village strains, founded upon the squabbles of a wake; tales of untrue love; superstitious rumors; or miraculous traditions of the

hamlet ; are very slightly regarded, if not glanced over unnoted. A COUNTY GARLAND is one of those minor publications scarcely considered worthy the attention of a county editor ; and from the motley basket of an itinerary mendicant, the reader is alone supplied with such an entertainment. To glean for EACH COUNTY its appropriate Ballads might, therefore, be an acceptable task. If they neither vied for adventures with the deeds of chivalry, nor eclipsed the gallant knight and courtly dame in marvellous amours ; yet their characteristics would be a just and faithful representation of domestic manners and provincial customs ; they would exhibit nature without the foil of art ; and “ the short “ and simple annals ” of the rustic would often be found preserved in the ditty, which “ at her wheel “ the village-maiden sings.” It may be easy to jumble together a parcel of Songs, of all dates, and upon all subjects, indiscriminately, and from their historical allusions, or novelty of romantic incident, excite and partly gratify curiosity ; but this medley must fail to convey an equal interest with the record of some domestic tale, founded upon the attractive scenes of youth ; when, however rude the combination of language and numbers, our partiality may be said to “ grow with our growth.” To the mind that has once imbibed an hereditary love of rural haunts, fancy, amid the vicissitudes of life, the toil of worldly pursuits, or the visitation of foreign climes, can mock the lapse of time, and, like the wandering Swiss, still fondly picture home, and dwell with enthusiastic delight on native strains.

The English have always been a great Ballad-nation, and once abounded with various Songs of Trades, and numerous Songs for the People. The Ballad, says Aikin in his “ Essay on Ballads and “ Pastoral Songs,” may be considered as the native species of poetry in this country. It very exactly answers the idea formerly given of original poetry, being the rude, uncultivated verse in which the

popular tale of the times was recorded. As our ancestors partook of the fierce, warlike character of the northern nations, the subjects of their poetry would chiefly consist of the martial exploits of their heroes, and the military events of national history, deeply tinged with that passion for the marvellous, and that superstitious credulity, which always attends a state of ignorance and barbarism. Many of the ancient Ballads have been transmitted to the present times, and in them the character of the nation displays itself in striking colors. The boastful history of her victories, the prowess of her favorite kings and captains, and the wonderful adventures of the legendary saint and knight-errant, are the topics of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration, which was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an object of curiosity to the antiquary, and man of taste. In later times, these pieces consisted of the village tale, the dialogue of rustic courtship, the description of natural objects, and the incidents of rural life. Their language is the language of nature, simple and unadorned; their story is not the wild offspring of fancy, but the probable adventure of the cottage, and their sentiments are the unstudied expressions of passions and emotions, common to all mankind. The old Song of "Chevy Chase" was long the favorite Ballad of the common people; and Ben Jonson used to say, that he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Discourse of Poetry," speaks of it in the following words: I never heard the old Song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude stile; which being so evil appalled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? The celebrated Author of the "Task" was strongly attached to this stile of composition, and in one of his "Letters" says, that it is a species of poetry

peculiar to this country, equally adapted to the drollest or the most tragical subjects. Simplicity and ease are its peculiar characteristics. Our forefathers excelled in it, but we moderns have lost the art. It is observed, that we have few good English Odes: but to make amends we have many excellent Ballads, not inferior, perhaps, in true poetical merit to some of the very best Odes that the Greek or Latin languages have to boast of.

“ These venerable, ancient SONG-EDITORS

“ Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers ;

“ With rough, majestic force they moved the heart,

“ And strength and nature made amends for art.”

Ballads are described by Puttenham, a Critic in the reign of Elizabeth, as small and popular Songs, sung by those *Cantabanqui* upon benches and barrels heads, where they have no other audience than boys or country fellows that pass by them in the streets; or else by blind harpers, or suchlike tavern-minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat. Such were these “ Reliques of ancient English Poetry,” says D’Israeli, in his “ Curiosities of Literature,” which are more precious to us than they were to our ancestors; strangers as we have become to their pure pastoral feelings, and more eccentric habits of life. They form the Collections of Percy and Ritson. But the latter poetical antiquary tells us that few are older than the reign of James the 1st. The more ancient Songs of the People perished by having been printed in single sheets, and their humble purchasers had no other library to preserve them than the walls on which they pasted them. Those we have consist of a succeeding race of Ballads, chiefly revived or written by Richard Johnson, the author of the well-known Romance of the “ Seven Champions,” and Deloney, the writer of “ Jack of Newbury’s Life,” and the “ Gentle Craft,” who lived in the time of James and Charles.

The practice of collecting them into books did not take place, says Ritson, till after the reign of Eli-

zabeth, and is probably owing to this Johnson and Deloney, who, when they were advanced in years, and incapable, perhaps, of producing any thing of merit, seem to have contented themselves with collecting their more juvenile or happier compositions into little Penny Books, entitled GARLANDS; of these, being popular and often reprinted, many are still extant. In the Pepysian* and other libraries, are preserved a great number, in Black Letter, 12mo. under the following quaint and affected titles:

A Crown Garland of Goulden Roses gathered out of England's Royall Garden, &c. by Richard Johnson, 1612. (In the Bodleian Library.) "In Bib. Ang. Poet." 10*£*. 0*s*. 0*d*. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight. The Garland of Good-will by Thomas Deloney, 1631 "In Bib. Ang. Poet." 2*£*. 2*s*. 0*d*. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Thomas Deloney. Cupid's Garland set round with Gilded Roses. The Garland of Withered Roses, by Martin Parker 1656. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c. The County Garland. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment. The Lover's Garland. Neptune's fair Garland. England's fair Garland. Robin Hood's Garland. The Maiden's Garland. A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime, The Loyal Garland, containing choice Songs and Sonnets of our late unhappy Revolution, by S. N. 1671. In "Bib. Ang. Poet." 4*£*. 4*s*. 0*d*. A Royal Garland of new Songs. A small Garland of pious and godly Songs, 1684. The Jovial Garland. 8th Ed. 1691. &c. &c. &c. and lately by Joseph Ritson, The Bishopric Garland, or Durham Minstrel, 1784, The Yorkshire Garland,

* Samuel Pepys, Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles the 2nd and James the 2nd, was the munificent founder of the Pepysian Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. He made a large collection of ancient English Ballads, nearly 2000 in number, which he has left pasted in five folio volumes, besides *Garlands*, and other Miscellanies. The Collection he informs us was "begun by Mr. Selden; improved by the addition of many pieces "elder thereto in time; and the whole continued down to the year "1700; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz. of the Black "Letter with pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside "for that of the White Letter without pictures."

1788. The Northumberland Garland, 1793. and the North-Country Garland, 1802. which, in 1810, were collected into one volume by Mr. Triphook, and published under the title of "Northern Garlands." "The Goodly Garland, or Chaplet of Laurell. by Maister Skelton, Imp. by Fawkers, 1523," 4to. This very rare volume sold at Major Pearson's sale for 7*£*. 17*s*. 6*d*.

This sort of petty publications had anciently the name of "Penny Merriments," or "Drolleries:" as little religious tracts of the same size were called "Penny Godlinesses." In the Pepysian library are multitudes of both kinds. At the sale of Major Pearson's library in 1788. No. 1951. Drollery (eleven) 1661, &c. 8vo. sold for 5*£*. 6*s*. 6*d*. These Drolls are much coveted by knowing Bibliomaniacs. Mr. Heber and Mr. Hill have each a copious collection; and Mr. Gutch, when a Bookseller at Bristol, gratified the curious by exhibiting in his Catalogue of 1810 a number of GARLANDS, which proved a successful bait for a hungry book-fish, for I saw them, says Dibdin in his *Bibliomania*, a few days after in the well-furnished library of Atticus (R. Heber, Esq.) who exhibited them to me in triumph, grasping the whole of them between his finger and thumb. They are marvellous well-looking little volumes, clean, bright, and rejoicing to the eye; many of them, moreover, are first editions. The severest winter cannot tarnish the foliage of such GARLANDS. In Dr. Farmer's Catalogue, No. 6288. were upwards of seventy Garlands and Penny-Histories. At the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library, No. 3210, "A curious collection of some thousand "ancient Ballads and Garlands, bound in three large Vols. fol." sold for £477. 15*s*.!!!

These Songs and Ballads were written on various subjects and printed between the years 1560, and 1700. In a note to the Roxburghe Catalogue (Pref. pp. 7. 8) it is stated that this Collection was originally formed for the celebrated library of the Earl of Oxford, at the beginning of the last century, and

was then supposed to exceed the famous Pepys collection at Cambridge. It was obtained from the Harleian library by Mr. West; at whose sale it was purchased for £.20 by Major Pearson, a gentleman who had made old English literature his particular study. In his possession, with the assistance of his friend, Mr. Isaac Reed, the collection received very great additions, and was bound up in two large volumes, with printed title pages, indexes, &c. In this state it was bought at Major Pearson's sale in 1788, for £.26 4s. by the Duke of Roxburghe, who soon added a considerable number to the two volumes, and formed a third. At the Duke's sale it was purchased by Mr. Harding.

This numerous and matchless collection is printed in the Black Letter, and decorated with many hundred wooden prints. They are pasted upon paper, with borders (printed on purpose) round each ballad: also a printed title and index to each volume. To these are added the paragraphs, which appeared in the public papers, respecting the above curious collection, at the time they were purchased at Mr. West's. At Mr. I. Reed's sale No 5867. a Portfolio of single-sheet Ballads, sold for 15£. 10s.

Antiquarian research, and even Poetry itself, have been of late turned to the elucidation of ancient manners, and customs; and the pursuit is a decisive proof of the superior intelligence and curiosity which belong to modern times. The favorable attention, therefore, which has been shewn to such works, however trifling, has induced the Editor of the present collection to communicate a small Garland of Poetic Flowers, illustrative of these topics; in which, however, the reader must not expect to find romantic wildness, or the interesting fable, much less "thoughts that breathe, or words that burn." But to the Antiquary and the County Collector no apology need, surely, be offered for thus opening a fresh source of gratification and amusement in their favorite pursuit; and this first attempt to collect together the scattered Poems, &c. &c. illustrative of

the County of Suffolk cannot, it is presumed, be unacceptable, as they will exhibit a just and faithful representation of domestic manners, and provincial customs.

In the arrangement, adopted by the Editor, the following collection is divided into Four Parts, of which the First Part will be found to consist of "Local Descriptions;" the Second of "Circumstances and Events, Historical, Political, Legendary, and Romantic;" the Third of "Biographical Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Characters;" and the Fourth of "Manners, Habits, and Customs." To each Poem are prefixed such necessary Remarks and Observations as tend to elucidate the subject, but which, from the narrow limits of the plan, are of course superficial, and calculated rather to excite than to gratify curiosity. They do not, indeed, affect to convey any fresh information, or to abound in anecdotes hitherto unnoticed: it is hoped, however, that they still may be deemed necessary by ordinary readers, and no unacceptable appendage to the several articles. The Notes, likewise, which are appended, will be found to contain some little information of which every one may not be already possessed, and which may serve to amuse at least, if they fail to instruct. It has been the Editor's endeavour to form this GARLAND of the choicest and most variegated flowers; and to dispose those which he has culled in such a manner as to place in their proper light the dark shades, sprightly glow, and airy colors, and thus to form a combination at once pleasing to the eye, and gratifying to the taste.

To a valuable and highly esteemed Friend, the accuracy of whose information is unquestionable, from whom the Editor first derived a taste for Antiquarian and Topographical research, and with whom he has spent many pleasurable hours in its pursuit, he stands indebted for much useful information, particularly in the Biographical Part of this collection. He is, therefore, alone restrained from

expressing what he feels for such continued assistance by the delicacy of an intimate friendship.

It would be absurd to state that the Subject is exhausted. Many Pieces, both of Miscellaneous and Romantic Poetry, are doubtless yet remaining in various libraries throughout the County, and in the hands of private Collectors, which have escaped the researches of the present Editor: but he has completed the object which he proposed to himself, and trusts that he has been instrumental in rendering accessible to common readers no inconsiderable portion of SUFFOLK LOCAL POETRY.



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EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

Title Page.—A representation of St. Edmund's Head, copied from a pane of painted glass, which was taken from a window of the Abbot's Palace at Bury, and is now in the possession of the Rev. Edward Mills of that town.

PART THE FIRST.

Vignette.—Freston Tower, with the River Orwell.
Tail-Piece.—The Town Hall at Aldeburgh.

PART THE SECOND.

Vignette.—The Ipswich Bellmen, with the curiously carved corner of the old Coffee House, in Tavern Street.

Page 111.—The Ipswich Great Court Trump. This Horn is of brass, its length 2 feet, 9 inches, and its weight $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. It is blown at midnight in the town of Ipswich, before the meeting of the Great Court, by the Common Cryer, who then proclaims the following notice :

“O-yez! O-yez! O-yez! Master Bailiffs, streightly charge and command, in his Majesty's name, all Portmen and Free Burgresses, to make their appearance on the Moot Hall, at Twelve o'Clock, this day, on pain of a penalty on those who fail therein. God save the King.”

The antiquity of this Horn is unquestionable: Mr. Seekamp, one of the Portmen of Ipswich, is of opinion that it was given, together with the Charter, by King John.

Tail-Piece.—The Whale, on the banks of the Orwell, November th, 1816.

PART THE THIRD.

Vignette.—Dan John Lydgate, Monk of Bury, copied from an original drawing in a MS. in the Harleian Library, No. 1766, with two Figures from an old chest in the Moot Hall, at Ipswich.

Page 301.—William Twigger, copied from an original drawing, with the Gate House to the Rectory, Hadleigh, built about 1490 by William De Pykenham, LL. D. the Rector, Chancellor of Norwich, Archdeacon of Suffolk, and Dean of the College of Stoke Clare.

Tail-Piece.—James Chambers, the Itinerant Poet, with the Church and Lawn of the Rectory House at Earl Soham.

PART THE FOURTH.

Vignette.—The Suffolk Horkey, or Harvest Supper.

Tail-Piece.—The Arms of Ipswich, with the Great Court Trump.

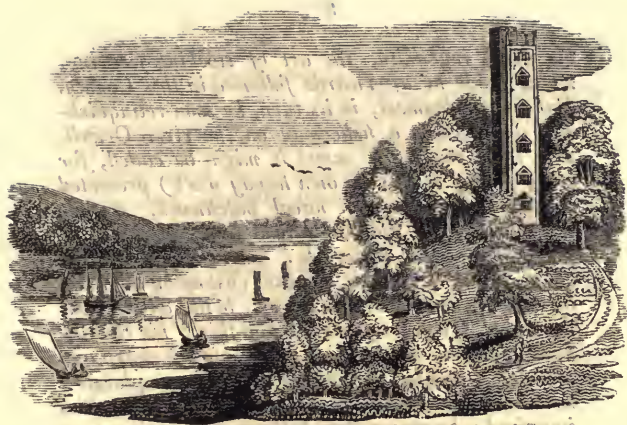
Part the First.

LOCAL DESCRIPTIONS.

_____ *A lovely SPOT*
“ *For all that life can ask! Salubrious; mild!*
“ *Its hills are green; its woods and prospects fair!*
“ *Its meadows fertile! And to crown the whole*
“ *In one delightful word,——it is our HOME.”*

COTTLE'S ALFRED.

LOCAL DESCRIPTION



The Invocation.

BY MRS. J. COBBOLD, OF HOLY WELLS, IPSWICH.

Morning—River Scenery—The Glen—The Artist
—The Fisherman—The Spell—The Yacht—Days
of Yore—Conclusion.

The picturesque beauties and characteristic features of the River Orwell are very accurately and tastefully described in the following Poem.

The "Ancient Fisherman," whose character is portrayed in these Stanzas, is not a mere creature of the imagination, but an eccentric Being, once resident in the parish of St. Clement, Ipswich, by name THOMAS COLSON, but better known by the appellation of Robinson Crusoe. He was originally a wool-comber, and afterwards a weaver; but a want of constant employment in both these occupations induced him to enter into the East Suffolk Militia; and whilst quartered at Leicester, he learned, with

his usual ingenuity, the art of stocking-weaving, which trade he afterwards followed in this County. But this employment, in its turn, he soon relinquished; and became a fisherman on the river Orwell. His little vessel (if vessel it might be called, for every part of it was his own handy work) presented a curious specimen of naval patchwork, as his extreme poverty did not afford him the means of procuring proper materials: yet in this leaky and crazy vessel it was his constant custom by day and by night, in calms and in storms, to toil on the river for fish. His figure was tall and thin; his countenance meagre, yet striking; and his eye sharp and piercing. Subject to violent chronic complaints; with a mind somewhat distempered, and faculties impaired; he was a firm believer in the evil agency of wizards and witchcraft. On this subject indeed he was by no means uninformed; and a frequent perusal of the "Dæmonology" of the British Solomon, K. James the I, operating on a gloomy and superstitious temper, soon confirmed his belief in these absurd opinions. He appeared also to have read "Glanvil's Saducismus Triumphans" with considerable attention; and while arguing on this his favorite topic, his quotations from this author were just and apposite. His mind was so haunted with the dreams of charms and enchantments, as to fancy that he was continually under the influence of these mischievous tormentors. His arms and legs, nay almost his whole body, was encircled with the bones of horses, rings, amulets and characts, verses, words, &c. as spells and charms to protect him against their evil machinations. On different parts of his boat was to be seen the "horse shoe nailed," that most effective antidote against the power of witches. When conversing with him, he would describe to you that he saw them hovering about his person, and endeavoring, by all their arts, to punish and torment him. Though a wretched martyr to the fancies of a disordered imagination, his manners were mild and harmless, and his character honest

and irreproachable. But however powerful and effective his charms might be to protect him from the agency of evil spirits, they did not prove sufficiently operative against the dangers of storm and tempest. For being unfortunately driven on the ooze by a violent storm on the 3rd of October 1811, he was seen and earnestly importuned to quit his crazy vessel; but, relying on the efficacy of his charms, he obstinately refused; and the ebb of the tide drawing his bark off into deep water, his charms, his spells, and his characts failed him; and poor Robinson sunk to rise no more!

The Editor of this Collection has in his possession the following CHARM in the hand-writing of Colson, which he subjoins literatim et verbatim.

“A CHARM

to make a young woman seem to be in love with a young man.

Take new wax and the powder of a dead man, make an image with the face downward and in the likeness of the person you wish to have: make it in the ouers of mars and in the new of the mone: under the left arm-poke place a Swaler's hart and a liver. under the rite: you must have a new needal and a new thread: the Sprits name must be menched, his Sine and his Character.

I take this oppertunity to inform my frinds that about 16 yeares ago this Charm was put in practice by sum willains of nitches at Needham-markett, William Studd been one of them: and they have put me to much torment and lamed me many times, thay own to me that thay make use of part of the bones of Mrs. Wilkerson of Felixton, she that suffred at Rushmere sum yeares ago: this is sartainly true, and I am ready to give it upon oth if required.

THOS. COLSON.

Acts the 9 and 5 It is hard for the to kick against the pricks.”

From rustic bow'r, by nature made,
 Beneath the linden's leafy shade,
 That crowns the cliff, whose craggy side
 Ascends abrupt from *Orwell's* tide,
 Beneath whose slopes and sinuous steeps,
 The broad majestic river sweeps ;
 Where strays the eye delighted o'er
 The gently undulating shore,
 To scenes thy skill would aptly chuse,
 From rustic bow'r I call thee, Muse.

Nor yet the bee, to care alive,
 On sounding wing hath left his hive ;
 The haunt of busier man is still ;
 The morn beam slants athwart the hill ;
 Unconscious draws the blackbird nigh,
 Then starts, a stranger form to spy,
 And swift, with glossy wing display'd,
 Flits fearful through the shrubby glade.
 Upon my verdant canopy
 All unexal'd night's tear drops lie,
 Or gently shook, with soothing sound,
 In balmy dew-show'rs patter round.
 Those tall acacias gliding bye,
 The white sail steals upon my eye :
 And ever, as the loitering breeze
 Moves the light boughs, or waves the trees,
 White cluster'd dwellings, scarcely seen,
 And tow'r, and turret, peep between ;
 And pennon'd mast, and gilded vane,
 A moment shewn, then hid again,
 All gaily in the morning ray,
 Like youth's fantastic visions play :

While ev'ry graceful form I see,
Inspires the wish to live with thee.

Oft has thy voice, in childhood's hour,
Awoke me in the northern bow'r,
And shall the lyre I tun'd to thee
Hang silent on the southern tree?
Shall cares or pomps my heart controul,
And chase thy pleasures from my soul?
No: still thy voice shall soothe my ear;
Thy harp's wild descant still be dear;
Nor long wilt thou my claim refuse,
When to my bow'r I call thee, Muse.

Come, let us wander thro' the glade,
Where willows throw, in lengthen'd shade,
Their tangling arches o'er the rill,
That steals its source from either hill,
And gently winds its covert way,
Scarce gleaming to the eye of day.
In sooth the wild sequester'd glen
Seems little trod by mortal men:
Its lowly bow'rs of deep'ning green,
So clos'd the woody heights between,
So hid, so still, form meet resort
For fays to hold their sylvan court:
Yet here I've mark'd the Artist* stray,
Here linger out the summer day,
And with enthusiast pencil trace,
Or storm or sunshine's varied grace:

* The banks of this beautiful river were the frequent haunts of that admirable painter Gainsborough, while resident at Ipswich; and afforded ample scope for the exercise of his inimitable pencil. *Mr. George Frost*, a most ingenious artist of Ipswich, and an ardent admirer of the productions of Gainsborough, and who deems "it distinction enough to catch the slightest of his perfections," is the personage alluded to in the above stanzas.

But chief when golden lights relieve
 The dark and giant shades of eve,
 He feels his soul to transport warm,
 And fixes ev'ry fleeting charm.
 And sure, in playful mood, 'tis thine,
 Dear Muse! to guide his varying line,
 As breathe, in ev'ry form and tone,
 Strange feelings scarce to painting known;
 Effects sublime, and graces free
 That speak the soul of poësy!

Come, rest upon the beetling cliff,
 And mark that little rocking skiff:
 Though measur'd true the oar's bright stroke,
 Its plank is pierc'd, its gunwale broke:
 Yet on it glides, and leaves behind
 Yon anchor'd bark, where, to the wind,
 Long trains of meshy folds display'd,
 Announce the Fisher's toilsome trade.
 And who is this that plies the oar,
 The skiff impelling to the shore,
 With squalid garments round him flung,
 And o'er his bending shoulders hung
 A string of perforated stones,
 With knots of elm and horses bones?
 Say, Muse, may this a mortal be,
 Or shape fantastic drawn by thee?
 And why his look so wild, so wan?
 It is the ancient Fisherman,
 Who dreams that wizards, leagued with hell,
 Have o'er him cast their deadly spell.
 Tho' blanch'd his hair and bow'd his form,
 Yet still he toils, in sun and storm;

The boat he plies, the raft he steers,
 When swift the rapid whirlwind veers,
 When scarce the corvorant can sweep
 The surface of the foaming deep.
 Tho' pinching pain his limbs endure,
 He holds his life by charm secure,
 And while he feels the tort'ring ban,
 No wave can drown the spell-bound man.
 Can Leeches hand, or sages skill,
 His pains assuage, his troubles still?
 The ills from fancy's pow'r we feel,
 'Tis fancy's pow'r alone can heal:
 Then, Muse; employ thy sweetest strain
 To cure the ancient wand'rer's pain.

The Spell.

" O rest thee, rest thee, sailor bold,
 In lowly hut beneath the willow,
 Warm fire shall chase the Autumn's cold,
 And fragrant woodruffe strew thy pillow."

" I may not rest, I may not sleep,
 For spells my weary eyelids strain,
 Fierce fiends their watchings by me keep,
 And call me to the roaring main.
 They shriek around, they ride the blast,
 Hang on my nets in vivid fires,
 And whirling in fantastic spires,
 Like smoky wreaths ascend the mast;
 And ever as the midnight hour
 Their hate confirms, renews their pow'r;
 Infernal forms my couch invest,
 Then, Lady, may I, can I rest?"

“ O rest thee in the mossy cave,
 The falling rill shall soothe thy slumbers ;
 And sweetly to the murm’ring wave
 The wild harp breathe its magic numbers.”

“ I may not sleep—with hellish pow’r
 The wizard works in secret bow’r !
 I saw the wretch a mass prepare
 Of melted wax and dead men’s dust ;
 From mould’ring skulls he scrap’d the hair,
 And worms from eyeless sockets thrust ;
 Then shap’d the whole—distinct and true,
 I saw my very image rise ;
 My swelling brow, my sunken eyes,
 Too soon to dreadful likeness grew ;
 And as the plastic form he prest,
 Some magic words he mutter’d o’er :
 Then from a living swallow’s breast,
 The reeking heart and liver tore :
 The bleeding spoil on either side
 Beneath the moulded arms he tied,
 And from a cobweb curtain’d nook,
 The dark demoniac rite to swell,
 Some half burnt bones the wizard took,
 I shudder’d, for I knew them well.
 The bones of her who on the heath,*
 In flames resign’d her wicked breath ;

* The persons here alluded to were Margery Beddingfield and Richard Ringe, who were tried and convicted at the Assizes, holden at Bury St. Edmund, March 24th, 1763, for Petty Treason and Murder committed on John Beddingfield of Sternfield, near Saxmundham, farmer, the husband of the said Margery Beddingfield, and master of the said Richard Ringe. They were both executed at Rushmere Heath, on the 8th of April pursuant to their sentence. Ringe was about 22 years of age, and committed the murder at the instigation of his mistress, who was not 21.

The Trial at large may be seen in “ the Ipswich Magazine,” 8vo. 1799. p. 9 - 53.

Who train'd to lust and murders lore
 Her young and menial Paramour ;
 And urg'd and prais'd him while he crept,
 And slew her husband as he slept !
 Then is not this a potent spell ?
 And is not this a charm of hell ?”

“ O thou hast dreamt an evil dream,
 And this is all the mind's confusion ;
 But peace and prayer with holy beam
 Shall soon dispel the dark illusion.”

“ I do not dream, I cannot sleep,
 Incessant shrieks my ears assail ;
 In vain I pray, and watch, and weep,
 Nor pray'r, nor tears, will yet avail.
 Yet they shall break the spell at last,
 And, its appointed season past,
 That spell shall on the wizard turn,
 And I shall cease to watch and mourn.”

“ God rest thee, wand'rer, poor and old,
 And spread for thee a peaceful pillow ;
 And when to screen from winter's cold,
 Thou seek'st the hut beneath the willow,
 The muse's voice thy mind shall lure,
 To find distemper'd fancy's cure ;
 And I will seek, with book and bell,
 To frame for thee an holier spell :
 Till then, poor wand'rer, fare thee well.” }
 }
 }
 }

Now tune the lyre to Lydian measure,
 For soften'd scene of festive pleasure.

Light o'er the wave, with swelling sail,
 And streamers floating to the gale,
 The yacht, fantastic, gaily glides ;
 That wave reflects her painted sides :
 While, close behind, in schallop borne,
 The oboe flute, and mellow horn,
 The viol, and the clarion shrill,
 Bid echo's voice the chorus fill,
 And fair and gay, at music's call,
 Lead o'er the deck the mazy ball,
 As 'twere in bow'r or pompous hall. }
 Now shall we, Muse, in fancy float
 With revellers in pageant boat,
 And view with them each lovely scene,
 Of wooded hill, and valley green,
 Till *Orwell* water, broad and free,
 In mingling billows joins the sea ?
 Or shall we, on the pebbled shore,
 Retrace the bolder scenes of Yore,
 And tell what corses ridg'd the plain *
 When Angles chac'd th' invading Dane ?
 Or call to view the listed field,
 Where gleam the banner, crest and shield ;
 Or, by the merry greenwood side,
 With squire, and dame, and falc'ner ride,
 And mark how well the gyr-hawk, tried,
 Brings down the heron's tow'ring pride ?

* The banks of this river, and the adjacent country, were the frequent scenes of the most sanguinary conflicts between the Danes and the inhabitants of this county.

In the parish of Nacton, a village bordering on the banks of the *Orwell*, and near the road leading from Ipswich to Trimley, is a place called "the Seven Hills," so designated from a number of elevations, which have all the appearance of barrows, though they are more in number than the name implies. Hence it has been plausibly conjectured that it was near this spot, and not at Rushmere, that Earl Ulfketil engaged the Danes in 1010, in which he sustained a signal defeat. In these barrows the slain are supposed to have been buried.

Or list the bugle's jocund sound,
 That cheers the deeper throated hound,
 Who tracks, unfoil'd, his princely prey,
 And holds the antler'd stag at bay?

O Muse! 'tis thine, with vivid sheen,
 To heighten ev'ry present scene,
 And shadow those with richer grace,
 That memory and fancy trace:
 Then oft, beneath the linden tree,
 In raptur'd visions visit me;
 And ever let thy magic pow'r
 With roses strew my rustic bow'r.

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### ONEHOUSE.

1782.

*The following lines are a translation from a Poem, written in the reign of James the I. entitled "Ædes Solitaria," by the Rev. Charles Davy, who says in one of his Letters, dated June 20, 1782 "I shall apply them to the Spot where it has pleased the divine Providence to place me; and the spirit of the author would forgive it, could he know with how much propriety they are adapted to this situation, in which I hope to close the evening of my life."*

*This Gentleman was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the degree of B. A. 1742, and M. A. 1748. He was presented to the Rectory of Topcroft, Norfolk in 1764; and in 1776 to that of Onehouse in this County. He was the author of "Conjectural Observations on the Origin and Progress of Alphabetic Writing, 1772," 8vo. and in 1787*

he published in two volumes 8vo. "*Letters upon Subjects of Literature.*" In the Preface to this work he says, "most of these little essays were written many years ago; they have been collected from detached papers, and revised for publication as a relief to the author's mind, during a confinement now of more than eighteen months continuance. It seemed good to the Supreme Disposer of all things to reduce him in a moment, by an apoplectic stroke, from the most perfect state of health and cheerfulness, amidst his friends, to a paralytic permanent debility; a debility, which hath not only fixed him to his chair, but brought on spasms so exquisitely painful, and frequently so unremitted, as scarcely to allow a single hour's repose to him for many days and nights together. Under the pressure of these afflictions, God hath graciously been pleased to continue to him his accustomed flow of spirits, and to preserve his memory and his understanding in some degree of vigor. These alleviating blessings have enabled him to borrow pleasure from past times, in support of the present; to cull back the delightful and instructing conversations he enjoyed in a society of worthy and ingenious friends, and to resume those studies and amusements, which rendered the former part of his life happy."

His writings in general evince a sound understanding, a correct taste, and a benevolent heart. He died April 8, 1797, in his 75th year, and lies buried in the chancel of the Church of Onehouse, but without any inscription to his memory.

NO gilded roofs here strain the gazer's eye;  
 No goblets flow with noxious luxury;  
 Sleep, balmy Sleep, here rests his downy wings,  
 Nor waits the purple pomp of gorgeous coverings:  
 No gems here dazzle the offended sight;  
 No trilling airs inspire unchaste delight;  
 No servile bands with crouching necks appear,  
 Not *Flatt'ry's* self can find admission here.



But lofty groves of beauteous forms are seen,  
 The *builder oak*,† the *fir* for ever green;  
 The tow'ring *ash*, whose clustering tops receive  
 The rising sun, and deck the ruddy eye;  
 The *alder* brown, that loves the watry vales;  
 The *asp* light-quiv'ring to the summer gales;  
 The *willow* pendent o'er the mazy stream,  
 The *poplar* huge, the *elm's* extended beam,  
 Their different colours here display; and vie  
 In all the tints of varied harmony.

Nor less the shrubs their wholesome fruits afford,  
 And blooming orchards still supply the board:

† The Manor of Onehouse, in the reign of Edward the Third, was in the possession of Bartholemew Lord Burghersh, (one of the twelve noblemen to whose care the Prince of Wales was committed at the battle of Cressy) with grant of free warren for all his demesne lands in Suffolk. A farm house hath been built on the site of the old hall, where he probably resided, which was encompassed with a moat, upon whose eastern bank an oak is now growing; and apparently sound, the circumference of which, at the smallest part of the bole, is sixteen feet, and twenty-four at the height of three yards from the ground. Notwithstanding one of its principal leading arms, with several other massy boughs on the north side have been broken off by tempests, it contains at present upwards of four hundred and ninety feet of solid timber by measurement, in its stem and branches. About sixty yards to the southward of this venerable tree, is a broad-leaved elm, whose boughs in the year 1781, extended fifty four feet towards the north, and near forty upon its opposite side, measuring each way from the center of the trunk.

The greater part of this parish, two centuries ago, was a wood, except a narrow strip declining to the south east near this large distinguished mansion, which was beautifully situated upon a rising ground, gently sloping into a valley, with a rivulet winding through it. In the base court, or the outside of the moat towards the east, which is a square of half an acre, now the milking yard of the farm house, there were growing in the year 1776, as many ash trees as contained upwards of a thousand and three hundred solid feet of timber.

This estate, with the manor and advowson of the rectory, is now in the possession of Roger Petteward, of Great Finborough Hall, esq. The church, which is small, and has a baptistery, or font, of unhewn stone, seems to have been a Saxon building; but a part of the north wall only, extending about ten yards from the tower, which is circular, is all that remains of the original structure. It is situated two hundred yards to the north of the moat that surrounded the old mansion house, whose grandeur and solitary situation probably gave name to the parish. No less than a fifth portion of its lands at present consists of woods and groves finely platted with timbers; and even a part of the rectorial glebe adjoining to the parsonage house is a wood of ten or twelve acres.

Earth spreads her charms, with flow'rs the meads  
are crown'd,

And smiling Ceres pours her gifts around.

How sweetly does the love-lorn nightingale  
To night's dun shades repeat her mournful tale ;  
And when the rosy morn appears in view,  
The painted tribes their cheerful notes renew ;  
From every copse they fly, on every spray  
Swell their gay throats, and hail the rising day.

No sordid views deprive the soul of rest ;  
No Passions *here* disturb the labouring breast ;  
Save Grief, that sickens at another's woe,  
And bids the melting sorrows *sweetly* flow.

Far from the madding people's furious strife,  
Far from the anxious cares of busy life,  
Beneath this straw-thatch'd roof, this humble cell, †  
Calm Peace, and Friendship pure, delight to dwell ;  
And when retired to rest, soft dreams employ  
Their slumb'ring thoughts, and tune the *soul* to joy,  
Which, rapt in bliss, through airy regions flies,  
Quits the dull earth, and claims her native skies.

† The Parsonage House, now the residence of the Rev. Daniel Pettiward, M. A. Rector of the Parish, and Vicar of Great Finborough ; whose valuable and extensive library will afford ample gratification to the Bibliomaniac, and whose kind and hospitable manners will ever endear him to his friends.

## SONNET

*To Great Blakenham, the Residence of a Friend.*

BY MISS S. EVANCE.

*This small village is distant about five miles from Ipswich, and situated on the road leading to Stowmarket. Walter Giffard, Earl of Buckingham, temp. R. Will. Ruf. gave this Manor and Advowson to the rich Abbey of Bec in Normandy, to which it became a distinct Alien Priory. After the dissolution of these Priories, K. Hen. VI. ann. reg. 19. gave them to the Provost and Fellows of Eton College; and K. Edw. IV. confirmed the bequest.*

*In this village resided the Rev. Edward Evanson, M. A. well known to the world by his controversial writings; a man of high literary attainments, and of the strictest honor, integrity and benevolence.*

*Blakenham!* although thy bounded scenes among  
 No forests wave, no lofty hills arise,  
 Whence far-stretch'd prospects meet the raptur'd  
 eyes:

No winding sea-dasht shores to thee belong,

Skirted by wild and rocky solitudes,

(Sublimities that most delight the mind)

Yet, *Blakenham*, thy still meads, where riv'lets  
 wind,

Thy corn-fields, waving 'neath the rustling breeze,

And thy secluded copses—they are dear

To me; and when I go far, far away,

Full oft amid thy scenes will memory stray.

Ah! virtue, taste, refinement pure are here;

And these, when view'd by fond affection's eye,

Give thee an interest—which shall never die!

## STANZAS

*Written after visiting the Beach at Felixtow,*

BY MR. BERNARD BARTON.

*The shore at Felixtow is bold and steep, being composed of a hard sand, intermixed with shingle, and perfectly free from ooze; and the marine view delightful. The beach can by no means be denominated a barren one, as it frequently happens that very large and fine pieces of jet and amber are cast ashore, and picked up at low water. During the late war, several Martello Towers were erected here, at a very considerable expence, for the protection of the coast. On the cliff, about three miles from Langnard Fort, is situated FELIXTOW COTTAGE, the residence of Sir Samuel Brudenell Fludyer, Bart. It was formerly a mere fisherman's hut, and was purchased by the eccentric Philip Thicknesse, Esq. then Lieutenant Governor of the Fort, for £55. whose taste, aided by the embellishments of his wife's peneil, soon converted it into a charming occasional retreat; and here they resided during the summer months. On relinquishing his Lieutenant Governorship, he disposed of this Cottage to the Dowager Lady Bateman for £400. about half the money which he had expended upon it. The beauties of this place have been fully described by Mrs. Thicknesse in her Memoirs; but great alterations have been made both within and without since the period to which her account refers: in particular, the arch, which she mentions as being formed of huge stones in front of the cottage, has been removed; by which a most extensive marine prospect is opened from the terrace that winds round the edge of the cliff. An engraving of the Cottage, when inhabited by Governor Thicknesse, on a reduced scale, was inserted in the Gent. Mag. Aug. 1816. p. 105. from a larger one, which is now become scarce.*

*The mother of the present possessor purchased it for £2000.*

*It is surprising that no one has yet speculated on the erection of a few Lodging Houses here for the accommodation of occasional visitors, who may wish to enjoy its delightful and invigorating sea-breezes in quiet and retirement.*

KNOW'ST thou the spot, on the verge of the ocean,  
Which Flora hath blest, and hath mark'd for her  
own,

Where her votaries might fancy with fondest emotion,  
The power whom they worshipp'd presid'd alone?

Know'st thou the beach, where the foam-crested billow  
Bears no chilling blight to the shore which it laves;  
Where the hue of the turf, fit for fairies' soft pillow,  
Is as fresh as the foliage which over it waves?

Know'st thou the spot, where each breeze that flies  
over,

Like the bee o'er the flow'ret, must linger awhile,  
For the woodbine and wild-briar woo the fond rover  
To sip the rich perfume with frolicsome smile?

On that shore, where the waters of *Orwell* and *Deben*  
Join the dark heaving ocean, that spot may be  
found:

A scene, which recalls the lost beauties of Eden,  
And which fancy might hail as her own fairy  
ground.

And if it be true that when mortals are sleeping,  
To leave their retreats the shy sea nymphs delight,  
And while silvery moonlight their green locks is  
steeping

To sport on the confines of ocean through night:

O ne'er could the daughters of Neptune discover  
 A lovelier place for their revels than this,  
 'Tis a spot that might brighten the smile of a lover,  
 And which angels themselves might contemplate  
 with bliss !

Enchanting Elysium ! long, long may'st thou flourish,  
 To gladden the eye with thy verdure and flowers ;  
 And may each future year which rolls, over thee  
 nourish  
 Thine exquisite beauties with sunshine and showers.

And O may the taste, which hath plann'd and perfected  
 This fairy abode, its full recompense reap ;  
 And, surrounded by sweets which itself hath collected,  
 Long enjoy the bright Eden that blooms by the  
 deep.



TO

THE REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADISHALL IN SUFFOLK.

1738.

*By James Thomson, Author of "The Seasons."*

*The Rev. Patrick Murdoch, D. D. to whom this poem is addressed, was a native of Scotland, and was in 1729 engaged as tutor to Mr. John Forbes, the son of the Rt. Hon. Duncan Forbes, many years Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland. With this gentleman he was sent abroad ; and after some residence at Orleans and Montauban, went to Rome, and completed what is usually termed the grand tour.*

The friendship of the tutor and pupil remained unimpaired through life; and the former, having obtained the living of Stradishall, through the friendship of James Vernon of Great Thurlow, esq. whose son he accompanied on his travels, had the satisfaction of receiving for many years the long and frequent visits of his first pupil, and of superintending the early education of his eldest son Duncan Forbes, in his own vicinity. In one of his letters to Mr. John Forbes, dated Jan. 14th, 1737, he says; "As to my own affairs, I have given up with travelling for good and all. Mr Vernon has offered me a snug little benefice down in Suffolk, which I am to be put in possession of in a few weeks, and where I propose to pass the remainder of my days in study and retirement." In another letter to the same person, dated Aug. 15th 1738, he thus describes his situation at Stradishall; "As to my own affairs which you so kindly enquire after, you know I am fixed here in a 100£. living, with which, thank God! I am very well content, when I see the misery that people born to no fortunes are reduced to, when they take it in their heads to through themselves into the grand monde. The duties of my office are by no means disagreeable, and the solitude I live in, though sometimes a little irksome, has its conveniences. If I had books, I want not time; and I am pleased to find that so long rambling has not abated my love of study. When I came hither, my house was in exceeding bad order. I have now fitted up a parlour, bed-chamber, and closet, to my mind; and hope to be snug and decent enough next winter." He was a polite scholar, an ingenious mathematician and philosopher; was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1745, and communicated several papers. He was admitted at Cambridge to the degree of M. A. per Literas Regias in 1748. In 1749 he was presented to the rectory of Kettlebaston, by William Leman, gent. which he resigned in 1760, when he was presented by Edward Vernon, esq. to the vicarage of Great Thurlow. He died in 1774.

He was the intimate friend of James Thomson, who

*gives him the following character in his Castle of Indolence.*

“Of all the gentle tenants of the place,  
 There was a man of special grave remark ;  
 A certain tender gloom o’erspread his face,  
 Pensive, not sad, in thought involv’d not dark,  
 As soot this man could sing as morning-lark,  
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart :  
 But these his talents were yburied stark ;  
 Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,  
 Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.”

*His publications are, “Genesis Curvarum Newtoni per Umbras,” and a “Life of James Thomson,” the poet, which is usually prefixed to his works. In the “Culloden Papers” 4to. 1815, are the following letters by this Gentleman, viz: No. 147. 182. 184. 189. 223. 224. 320. 353. 355. 357. 358. 359.*

THUS safely low, my friend, thou can’st not fall :  
 Here reigns a deep tranquillity o’er all ;  
 No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;  
 Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.  
 Then keep each passion down, however dear ;  
 Trust me, the tender are the most severe.  
 Guard, while ’tis thine, thy philosophic ease,  
 And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;  
 That bids defiance to the storms of fate :  
 High bliss is only for a higher state.



*Description of the Coast at*  
ALDEBURGH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, L L. B.

*The following description of the Aldeburgh coast is from the pen of that truly original poet, the Rev. George Crabbe. In the early part of his life he was a resident here; and consequently was enabled to give a finished picture of the characteristic features of its scenery; and a just delineation of the manners and customs of its inhabitants. Till within the last fifteen or twenty years, Aldeburgh, depopulated and impoverished by the incroachments of the sea, was hastening to complete decay; but several families of late, who wished for a greater degree of privacy and retirement than can be enjoyed in a more fashionable watering-place, having made this town their summer residence, its appearance has been totally changed. To the deep sands, which formerly led to it, have succeeded excellent turnpike roads; and instead of the dirty clay-built cottages, which gave the place a mean and squalid appearance, are now seen many neat and comfortable mansions, the property and occasional retreat of persons of rank and fortune. The manners and morals of the lower classes likewise are very much meliorated; and it may fairly be presumed, from their general good conduct, civility and decorum, that the improvement of these has been commensurate with that which has of late years taken place in the general appearance of the town. A portrait of Mr. Crabbe was published in the New Monthly Magazine for February, 1816.*

—CAST by Fortune on a frowning coast,  
Which neither groves nor happy vallies boast;  
Where other cares than those the muse relates,  
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;  
By such examples taught, -I paint the cot,  
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not.

Nor you, ye poor, of letter'd scorn complain,  
 To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain ;  
 O'ercome by labour and bow'd down by time,  
 Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme ?  
 Can poets sooth you, when you pine for bread,  
 By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed ?  
 Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,  
 Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour ?

Lo ! where the heath, with withering brake grown  
 o'er,

Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring  
 poor ;

From thence a length of burning sand appears,  
 Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears ;  
 Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,  
 Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye :  
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,  
 And to the ragged infant threaten war ;  
 There poppies nodding mock the hope of toil,  
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil ;  
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,  
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf ;  
 O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,  
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade ;  
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,  
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around.

Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,  
 With sullen woe display'd in every face ;  
 Who, far from civil arts and social fly,  
 And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.

Here too the lawless merchant of the main  
 Draws from his plough th' intoxicated swain ;  
 Want only claim'd the labour of the day,  
 But vice now steals his nightly rest away.

Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,  
 With rural games play'd down the setting sun ;  
 Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,  
 Or made the pond'rous quoit obliquely fall ;  
 While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,  
 Engag'd some artful stripling of the throng,  
 And fell beneath him foil'd, while far around,  
 Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks return'd the sound?  
 Where now are these? Beneath yon cliff they stand,  
 To shew the freighted pinnace where to land ;  
 To load the ready steed with guilty haste,  
 To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste ;  
 Or, when detected in their straggling course,  
 To foil their foes by cunning or by force ;  
 Or yielding part (which equal knaves demand)  
 To gain a lawless passport through the land.

Here wand'ring long, amid these frowning fields,  
 I sought the simple life that Nature yields ;  
 Rapine and Wrong and Fear usurp'd her place,  
 And a bold, artful, surly, savage race :  
 Who, only skill'd to take the finny tribe,  
 The yearly dinner, \* or septennial bribe, †  
 Wait on the shore, and as the waves run high,  
 On the tost vessel bend their eager eye ;  
 Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way,  
 Their's, or the ocean's miserable prey.

As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,  
 And wait for favouring winds to leave the land ;  
 While still for flight the ready wing is spread :  
 So waited I the favouring hour, and fled ;  
 Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,  
 And cry'd, Ah! hapless they who still remain ;

\* Given by the Corporation at the election of its Annual Officers.

† Aldeburgh is one of those mockeries of Representation, that sends two Members to Parliament.

Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,  
 Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore ;  
 Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,  
 Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away ;  
 When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,  
 And begs a poor protection from the poor.



A

PASTORAL SONG,

*Written at Bulley, 1792.*

BY THE REV. JOHN BLACK.

*The Rev. John Black was for many years a resident at Woodbridge, and died there Aug. 30th, 1813, in the 59th year of his age. He was licenced to the perpetual curacy of Bulley in 1789; and to that of Ransholt in 1807; and was highly respected for the excellency of his understanding, and the amiable qualities of his heart. He was a good classical scholar, and possessed a considerable share of poetical talent. The pious resignation of a christian supported him in the troubles and privations, which it was his hard lot to encounter in domestic life. In 1791, he published "A Sermon, occasioned by the death of the Rev. Thomas Carthen, F. S. A. late minister at Woodbridge, &c." 4to. "Political Calumny refuted; addressed to the Inhabitants of Woodbridge, containing an extract of a sermon, preached at Bulley, on the Fast Day," 1793: "A Sermon, preached at Otley, on the day appointed for a General Thanksgiving on account of our naval victories;" "Solitary Musings, in verse;" 8vo. in 1799, "Poems," 8vo. which were honored by a very large subscription, and to which is prefixed his portrait; and in 1801, "The Free School, a Poem; to which is added an Elegy on the Death of Edmund Jenney, esq. of Bredfield; and of Philip Bowes Broke, esq. of Nacton," who both died in that year. 8vo.*

YE shepherds, round BUTLEY who stray,  
 Attending your *sable-faced*\* sheep,—  
 Drive sorrow and care far away!—  
 Give your tears, and your sighs to the deep!  
 See, how the OLD ABBEY looks gay! †  
 No ivy now creeps o'er its wall;  
 Its columns of smoke curling play,  
 In honour of fair DONEGALL! ‡

We have walk'd round the ruins and sigh'd,  
 And talk'd of its splendor and fame;

\* The sheep in Suffolk have black faces and legs.

† At this place, which is about four miles from the sea and three from Orford, was a Priory of Black Canons of the order of St. Augustine, founded in 1171 by Ranulph de Glanville, Chief Justice of England, who dedicated it to the Ble-sed Virgin, and amply endowed it with lands and churches. At the Dissolution, the annual income was estimated at 318*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.* Its site was granted 32nd Henry VIII, to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and in the 36th of the of the same king to William Forth, in whose family it long remained. In 1737, George Wright, esq. whose property it then was, fitted up the Gate-House, and converted it into a handsome mansion, which has since been inhabited, as a shooting seat, by various persons of distinction. Mr Wright, at his death, left it to his widow, from whom it descended to John Olyatt, a watchman in London, as heir-at-law; and was by him sold to Mr. Strahan, printer to his Majesty. It was afterwards the property of Lord Archibald Hamilton, the eldest son of James, the third duke of Hamilton, by Elizabeth, his third wife, the daughter and heir of Edward Spencer of Rendlesham, esq. and who, on the decease of his elder brothers and nephews, became the seventh duke of Hamilton. He added two tasteless wings to it, which are as yet unfinished, and by him it was sold, with the Rendlesham estates, to the father of the present noble possessor.

The Priory was both large and magnificent; its walls and ruins occupy nearly twelve acres. The Gate-House was an elegant structure. Its whole front is embellished with coats of arms finely cut in stone; and between the interstices of the free-stone are placed square black flints, which, by the contrast of the colour, give a very beautiful and rich appearance. South of the gate-way are the remains of several buildings, particularly of an old chapel.

The Mansion is now shut up; a part of the offices only being occupied by some laboring people. The Gate-House has been frequently engraved.

‡ Barbara, the third wife of Arthur, first Marquis of Donegall. She was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Godfrey, and was married to his Lordship October 12th, 1790. They both resided here occasionally, for some years. The Marquis's first wife was Anne, the only daughter of James, Duke of Hamilton, by Elizabeth, the daughter and heir of Edward Spencer, of Rendlesham, esq. by whom he had George Augustus, the present Marquis.

How the wants of the poor were supplied—  
 Each stranger made welcome that came.  
 Once more now flows BOUNTY'S spring tide,  
 And cheerfulness reigns in the hall ;  
 The boast of our plains and the pride—  
 Is the *sweet* and the *fair* DONEGALL !

You have seen the bright star of the morn  
 From the bosom of ocean arise :  
 You have seen the dew-drops on the thorn  
 Reflecting a thousand bright dies :  
 You have seen silver CYNTHIA'S soft ray  
 At eve on the wave sweetly fall :—  
 Can *these* then a lustre display,  
 Like the eyes of the *fair* DONEGALL ?

Her look is benignant and kind,  
 Her complexion outvies e'en the rose :  
 By her face you may see that her mind  
 Is the *seat* where the virtues repose.  
 Such beauty and goodness combin'd  
 Enraptures the bosoms of all :—  
 Our hearts, with our voices are join'd,  
 In the praise of the *fair* DONEGALL !

Long sorrow had stifled my voice ;  
 My pipe on the willow was hung ;  
 But DONEGALL bids us rejoice,  
 And DONEGALL'S praise shall be sung :  
 Let her pardon a rustical Swain,  
 And accept of this tribute tho' small :—  
 Then, while we can pipe on the plain,  
 Our theme shall be *fair* DONEGALL !

## An Elegy

ON THE ENCLOSURE OF HONINGTON GREEN,

BY NATHANIEL BLOOMFIELD.

*Honington will in future be celebrated as the birth-place of Robert Bloomfield, one of the simplest and most captivating of our pastoral poets, and of his brother the author of the following elegy. A cottage near the church was inhabited by the family; and the mother of the poets finished her career under its friendly roof, in the year 1804. The spot, which is the subject of this ballad, is less than half an acre. It was certainly an ornament to the village, and to the Bloomfields every circumstance gave it peculiar endearment. There the author of "The Farmer's Boy," and of this ballad, first drew breath: there grew the first daisies which their feet pressed in childhood. On this little green their parents looked with delight; and the children caught the affection, and learned to love it as soon as they loved any thing.*

*As a poetical effusion, says Capel Loft, it strikes me that this elegy has the tone, simplicity, sweetness, and pleasing melancholy of the ballad. There is a stroke or two of indignant severity: but the general character is such as I have described. And with filial gratitude and love there is blended, at the close, that turn for reflection, which is so remarkable in this author. A view of the Church and Green is prefixed to this poem.*

THE proud City's gay wealthy train,  
 Who nought but refinements adore,  
 May wonder to hear me complain  
 That Honington Green is no more;  
 But if to the Church your e'er went,  
 If you knew what the village has been,  
 You will sympathize, while I lament  
 The Enclosure of Honington Green.

That no more upon Honington Green  
 Dwells the Matron whom most I revere,  
 If, by pert observation unseen,  
 I e'en could indulge a fond tear,  
 Ere her bright morn of life was o'er cast,  
 When my senses first woke to the scene,  
 Some short happy hours she had past  
 On the margin of Honington Green.

Her parents with plenty were blest,  
 And num'rous her children, and young,  
 Youth's blossoms her cheek yet possest,  
 And melody woke when she sung:  
 A Widow so youthful to leave,  
 (Early clos'd the blest days he had seen)  
 My Father was laid in his grave,  
 In the Church-yard on Honington Green.

I faintly remember the Man,  
 Who died when I was but a child;  
 But far as my young mind could scan,  
 His manners were gentle and mild:  
 He won infant ears with his lore,  
 Nor let young ideas run wild,  
 Tho' his hand the severe rod of pow'r  
 Never sway'd o'er a trembling child.

Not anxiously careful for self,  
 Melancholic and thoughtful, his mind  
 Look'd inward and dwelt on itself,  
 Still pensive, pathetic, and kind:  
 Yet oft in despondency drown'd,  
 He from friends, and from converse would fly,  
 In weeping a luxury found,  
 And reliev'd others' woes with a sigh.



In solitude long would he stay,  
 And long lock'd in silence his tongue;  
 Then he humm'd an elegiac lay,  
 Or a psalm penitential he sung:  
 But if with his friends he regal'd,  
 His mirth, as his griefs knew no bounds;  
 In no Tale of Mark Sargent he fail'd,  
 Nor in all Robin Hood's Derry-downs.

Thro' the poor Widow's long lonely years,  
 Her Father supported us all:  
 Yet sure she was loaded with cares,  
 Being left with six children so small,  
 Meagre want never lifted her latch;  
 Her cottage was still tight and clean;  
 And the casement beneath it's low thatch  
 Commanded a view o'er the Green:

O'er the Green, where so often she blest  
 The return of a husband or son,  
 Coming happily home to their rest,  
 At night, when their labour was done:  
 Where so oft in her earlier years,  
 She, with transport maternal, has seen  
 (While plying her housewifely cares)  
 Her children all safe on the Green.

The Green was our pride through the year:  
 For in Spring, when the wild flow'rets blew,  
 Tho' many rich pastures were near,  
 Where cowslips and daffodils grew;  
 And tho' such gallant flow'rs were our choice,  
 It was bliss interrupted by fear—  
 The fear of their Owner's dread voice,  
 Harshly brawling "You've no business here."

While the Green, tho' but daisies it's boast,  
 Was free as the flow'rs to the bee ;  
 In all seasons the Green we lov'd most,  
 Because on the Green we were free ;  
 'Twas the prospect that first met my eyes,  
 And memory still blesses the scene ;  
 For early my heart learnt to prize  
 The freedom of Honington Green.

No peasant had pin'd at his lot,  
 Tho' new fences the lone heath enclose ;  
 For, alas ! the blest days are forgot,  
 When poor men had their sheep and their cows.  
 Still had Labour been blest with Content,  
 Still Competence happy had been,  
 Nor Indigence utter'd a plaint,  
 Had Avarice spar'd but the Green.

Not Avarice itself could be mov'd  
 By desire of a morsel so small :  
 It could not be lucre he lov'd ;  
 But to rob the poor folk of their all.  
 He in wantonness ope'd his wide jaws,  
 As a Shark may disport with the Fry ;  
 Or a Lion, when licking his paws,  
 May wantonly snap at a Fly.

Could there live such an envious man,  
 Who endur'd not the halcyon scene,  
 When the infantine peasantry ran,  
 And roll'd on the daisy-deck'd Green ?  
 Ah ! sure 'twas Envy's despite,  
 Lest Indigence tasted of bliss,  
 That sternly decreed they've no right  
 To innocent pleasure like this.

Tho' the youth of to-day must deplore  
 The rough mounds that now sadden the scene,  
 The vain stretch of Misanthropy's power,  
 The enclosure of Honington Green:  
 Yet when not a green turf is left free,  
 When not one odd nook is left wild,  
 Will the children of Honington be  
 Less blest than when I was a child?

No!—childhood shall find the scene fair:  
 Then here let me cease my complaint;  
 Still shall health be inhal'd with the air,  
 Which at Honington cannot be taint:  
 And tho' Age may still talk of the Green,  
 Of the Heath, and free Commons of yore,  
 Youth shall joy in the new-fangled scene,  
 And boast of *that* change we deplore.

Dear to me was the wild-thorny hill;  
 And dear the brown heath's sober scene:  
 And youth shall find happiness still,  
 Tho' he roves not on common or green:  
 Tho' the pressure of wealth's lordly hand  
 Shall give emulation no scope,  
 And tho' all the appropriate land  
 Shall leave Indigence nothing to hope.

So happily flexile man's make,  
 So pliantly docile his mind,  
 Surrounding impressions we take,  
 And bliss in each circumstance find.  
 The youths of a more polish'd age  
 Shall not wish these rude commons to see;  
 To the bird that's inur'd to the cage,  
 It would not be bliss to be free.

## VERSES WRITTEN AT DUNWICH,

BY HENRY DELL.

*Dunwich, once an important, opulent and commercial city, but now a mean village, stands on a cliff of considerable height, commanding an extensive view of the German ocean. The present ruinous state of this once flourishing place is owing chiefly to the repeated encroachments of the sea. Seated upon a hill composed of loam and sand of a loose texture, on a coast destitute of rocks, it is not surprising that its buildings should have successively yielded to the impetuosity of the billows, breaking against, and easily undermining the foot of the precipices; and probably in a few years they may oblige the constituent body to betake themselves to a boat, whenever the king's writ shall summon them to the exercise of their elective franchise; as the necessity of adhering to forms, in the farcical solemnity of borough elections, is not to be dispensed with. This town once contained eight parish churches; three chapels; a house belonging to the knights templars; two monasteries; and two hospitals; and a mint. All Saints is now the only church of which any portion remains. In former times a wood, called east wood or the king's forest, extended several miles south-east of the town, but it has been for many ages swallowed up by the sea. Contiguous to this was another wood, from its relative situation denominated west wood. Though many of the traditionary accounts relative to this town are probably fabulous, yet it is certain that it is a place of very high antiquity. It is conjectured by some to have been a station of the Romans from the number of their coins that have been discovered here. So much is certain, that in the reign of Sigebert, king of the East Angles, Felix, the Burgundian bishop, fixed his episcopal see at Dunwich in the year 636; and here by succession it continued for about two hundred years.*

*In 1754 was published in 4to "An Historical Account of Dunwich, &c. by THOMAS GARDNER, "illustrated with copperplates;" which has now become the scarcest of the Suffolk Topographical works.*

YE venerable walls with ivy crown'd,  
 The sad remains of ancient Gothic state,  
 Whose scatter'd honors, strew the hallow'd ground;  
 The spoils of time and unrelenting fate.

Thy pomp, thy pow'r, O Dunwich, now's no more;  
 Lost is thy splendor, sunk in endless night;  
 Fair trade and commerce have forsook thy shore,  
 And all thy pristine glories vanish'd quite.

Thy pleasant hills, thy vales, thy rich domains,  
 The sea's devouring surge hath wash'd away;  
 Disclosed the graves,\* and gave their last remains  
 To the remorseless waves, a fated prey.

Ah what avails that once those sacred dead,  
 Supreme in arts, and arms, or glory shone?  
 Alas how vain! each high distinction's fled,  
 And all their blooming honors now are gone.

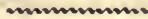
All sublunary things thus pass away,  
 Old ocean's self, shall thus a period find;  
 The cloud-capt tow'rs, the pompous domes decay,  
 All, all dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind.

Here oft the Muse with rapture loves to stray,  
 And o'er these ruins, far from noise and folly,  
 Thro' solitary glooms, she takes her way,  
 In pensive mood, indulging melancholy.

Beneath these moss-grown stones, the waste of years,  
 Lies many a heart now mouldered into dust,  
 Whose kindred spirits grace the angelic spheres;  
 Completely blest, and perfect with the just.

\* By the continual falling of the cliff, the remains of the dead are frequently washed from the repositories, and scattered upon the beach.

Like me, they flourish'd once in youthful bloom  
 Now cold and silent in the peaceful urn ;  
 Like them, I soon must pass death's cheerless gloom,  
 And earth to earth, and dust to dust return.



## SONNET

TO THE RIVER ORWELL,

BY I. T. SHEWELL.

*The banks of this beautiful river are in general highly picturesque, especially when it becomes an Æstuary at Downham Reach, about three or four miles below Ipswich; to which place it is navigable for ships of considerable burthen. The banks there rise into pleasing elevations, clothed with a rich luxuriancy of wood, and adorned with several good seats: and the river assumes the feature of a large lake, being to all appearance land-locked on every side. Vessels fitted up for the accommodation of passengers sail every tide from Ipswich to Harwich, a distance of about twelve miles, and back again; an excursion that is rendered truly delightful by the beauty of the surrounding scenery.*

*The port of Ipswich is almost dry at ebb; but the returning tide generally rising about twelve feet, converts it into a magnificent sheet of water.*

ORWELL, delightful stream, whose waters flow  
 Fring'd with luxuriant beauty to the main!  
 Amid thy woodlands taught, the Muse could fain,  
 On thee, her grateful eulogy bestow.  
 Smooth and majestic though thy current glide,  
 And bustling Commerce plough thy liquid plain;  
 Tho' grac'd with loveliness thy verdant side,  
 While all around enchantment seems to reign:

These glories still, with filial love, I taste,  
 And feel their praise;—yet thou hast one beside  
 To me more sweet; for on thy banks reside,  
 Friendship and Truth combin'd; whose union chaste  
 Has sooth'd my soul;—and these shall bloom sublime,  
 When fade the fleeting charms of Nature and of Time.

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STANZAS

*Addressed to the Inhabitants of Yoxford, in 1787.*

BY ANN CANDLER, A SUFFOLK COTTAGER.

*Yoxford is a remarkably pleasant village, situated about four miles to the north of Saxmundham, on the Yarmouth road. On the north side of it is Cockfield Hall, formerly the seat of the Brook family, but now the residence of sir Charles Blois, bart. Here is also the neat mansion of David Elisha Davy, esq. receiver general of the land-tax for the eastern division of the county. This gentleman, in conjunction with Henry Jermyn, of Sibton, esq. has been long engaged in the compilation of a "History of Suffolk," a work devoutly to be wished, and for the completion of which their valuable and abundant collections, as well as their extensive knowledge in the antiquities and topography of the county, render them fully competent. That Suffolk should have remained so long without its legitimate historian, a county so respectable for its antiquities, and presenting so many topics of useful amusive speculation, may justly be esteemed a matter of surprise.*

DEAR village! sweet delightful spot!

Blest scene that gave me birth!

Though now, alas! unknown, forgot,

I wander o'er the earth.

Yet still thy name I will repeat ;  
 A name how dear to me !  
 And, maugre this my wayward fate,  
 Will claim my part in thee.

Say, wilt thou love me in return  
 And love with pity join?  
 Not treat me with contempt or scorn,  
 Or blush to say I'm thine?

Still let this pleasing hope be mine,  
 Warm'd by a daily pray'r:  
 And fav'ring heav'n to thee and thine,  
 Extend it's guardian care.

And ye, who in this darling spot,  
 Securely dwell serene,  
 Be ev'ry bliss in life your lot,  
 And pleasure paint each scene.

Still unembitter'd may you taste  
 The sweets of health and peace ;  
 While plenty decks the choice repast,  
 And Ceres gives increase.

May commerce flourish unrestrain'd,  
 In social strength elate,  
 While neighb'ring swains admiring stand,  
 To see your prosp'rous state.

May justice all her rights assert  
 And bear impartial sway,  
 While truth and friendship, void of art,  
 Their native charms display.



When God or man you supplicate  
 May you not plead in vain ;  
 But seek to be as good, as great,  
 And what you ask obtain. \*



ADDRESS TO THE  
 RIVER GIPPIN.

*The River Gippin has its source at a small village in the centre of the county, near Stowmarket; to which it gives its name. Running in a south-east direction, it waters Ipswich; and assuming below that town the name of Orwell, proceeds to meet the Stour opposite Harwich.*

*It was made navigable from Stowmarket to Ipswich in 1793. It is sixteen miles in length, and has fifteen locks, each sixty feet long, and fourteen wide; three built with timber, and twelve with brick and stone. The total expence incurred in the undertaking was £26,380. The charges for the conveyance of goods upon it are one penny per ton per mile, from Stow to Ipswich, and half as much from the latter town to Stowmarket. Some idea may be formed of the beneficial effects of this navigation, from the statement, that soon after its completion, it had reduced the price of land-carriage more than one half, and the carriage only upon coals four shillings per chaldron, and consequently raised the rent of land considerably.*

MEANDERING Gippin, loveliest stream,  
 That ever roll'd its limpid flood  
 Through many a rich sequestered mead,  
 And many an overhanging wood,

\* These lines were occasioned by reading a paragraph in the Ipswich Journal, that the inhabitants of Yoxford intended to petition parliament for a charter to hold a weekly market, whether such a petition were presented I know not.

I owe thee much ; thy gentle tide  
 Deserves what I can ne'er bestow,  
 To flow along immortal lines,  
 As sweetly as thy waters flow.

O! had I those fame-giving powers,  
 Which Collins or which Gray may claim,  
 Poets unborn should haunt thy springs,  
 And grace their poems with thy name.

Oft, when above the eastern clouds  
 The sun hath peer'd in glorious pride,  
 Rapt in some sweet poetic dream,  
 I have wander'd by thy willowy side,

And, while the linnet and the thrush  
 Have warbled sweet their wood-notes wild,  
 Indulg'd the scene that fancy ting'd,  
 And many a fragrant hour beguil'd.

Oft, in the fervid blaze of noon,  
 Sinking beneath the sultry gleam,  
 I've plung'd with Hope's impatient spring,  
 In thy invigorating stream ;

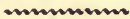
Plung'd—and, while sporting in thy waves,  
 Derided disappointed Pride;  
 And with the vile and stagnant bath  
 Compar'd thy pure translucent tide.

Oft, too, in summer's evening mild  
 I've glided by thy bending shores,  
 Wafted along by gentle gales,  
 Or speeded by the dashing oars :

Till winding by some craggy steep,  
 With spreading foliage richly crown'd,  
 I've slack'd the Nautilus's \* course,  
 To gaze upon the scenery round ;

While not a murmur hath disturb'd  
 The evening calm, serenely still,  
 Save, now and then, the woodman's axe,  
 And, now and then, the liquid trill.

Farewell, lorn stream, a long farewell !  
 Fled are those charms these sighs deplore : †  
 Those *virgin* charms, which rifled once,  
 Are doom'd, alas ! to bloom no more.



## BARNHAM WATER,

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

*Barnham Water is a small rivulet, which crosses the road from Euston to Thetford; it is in the midst of a "bleak, unwooded scene," and justifies the poet's lamentation in its full extent. In this neighbourhood, is a row of ten or eleven tumuli of various size, which mark the scene of a most sanguinary engagement in 871, in which the Danes under Ingvar, their leader defeated and afterwards put to death Edmund, the last of the East Anglian kings, destroyed the town of Thetford, and massacred its inhabitants. The bodies of those, who were slain in this dreadful and decisive conflict, were interred in these tumuli.*

\* A favourite little boat of the authors.

† In the year 1793 the Gippin was converted into a navigable canal.

*Castle Hill and its appurtenances which Bloomfield calls the "Danish mounds," are supposed by some to have been raised by the Danes, previously to the battle, as an annoyance to the town, and by others to have been the work of the East Anglian kings. Here was a camp of extraordinary strength, with this prodigious mount in the middle: on its summit is a deep cavity, in which a number of men may stand entirely concealed. It is judged to be the largest artificial mount in this kingdom, and is surrounded by three ramparts, which were formerly divided by ditches: the ramparts are still in good preservation. The mount is about 100 feet in height, and the circumference at the base 984; its diameter measures 338 feet at its base, and 81 on the summit. The enclosing ramparts are still nearly 20 feet high, and their ditches at bottom 60 to 70 feet wide. The ditch round the mount measures 42 feet wide at the bottom. The whole of these works is a mixture of clay and masses of clunch.*

FRESH from the Hall of Bounty sprung,\*  
 With glowing heart and ardent eye,  
 With song and rhyme upon my tongue,  
 And fairy visions dancing by,  
 The mid-day sun in all his pow'r  
 The backward valley painted gay;  
 Mine was a road without a flower,  
 Where one small streamlet cross'd the way.

What was it rous'd my soul to love?  
 What made the simple brook so dear?  
 It glided like the weary dove,  
 And never brook seem'd half so clear.

\* On a sultry afternoon, late in the summer of 1802, Euston-Hall lay in my way to Thetford, which place I did not reach until the evening, on a visit to my sister: the lines lose much of their interest except they could be read on the spot, or at least at a corresponding season of the year.

Cool pass'd the current o'er my feet,  
 Its shelving brink for rest was made,  
 But every charm was incomplete,  
 For Barnham Water wants a shade.

There, faint beneath the fervid sun,  
 I gaz'd in ruminating mood ;  
 For who can see the current run  
 And snatch no feast of mental food ?  
 "Keep pure thy soul," it seem'd to say,  
 "Keep that fair path by wisdom trod,  
 "That thou may'st hope to wind thy way  
 "To fame worth boasting, and to God."

Long and delightful was the dream,  
 A waking dream that fancy yields,  
 Till with regret I left the stream  
 And plung'd across the barren fields ;  
 To where of old rich abbeyes smil'd\*  
 In all the pomp of gothic taste,  
 By fond tradition proudly styl'd,  
 The mighty "City in the East."

Near, on a slope of burning sand,  
 The shepherd boys had met to play,  
 To hold the plains at their command,  
 And mark the trav'ler's leafless way.

\* Thetford was formerly the metropolis of the kingdom of the East Angles ; and in the twelfth century the See of a Bishop, and a place of considerable note, with twenty churches, (two of which now only remain) six religious houses, and five hospitals. It stands in an open country upon the Little Ouse, which divides the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk ; and formerly had a mint, which has produced a great number of Anglo Saxon and English coins from the time of Athelstan to John. On approaching the town, the traveller must be sensibly struck with the vestiges of antiquity, which invite his attention on every side, and which indicate its ancient splendor, and its once flourishing condition.

The trav'ler with a cheerful look  
 Would every pining thought forbear,  
 If boughs but shelter'd Barnham brook  
 He'd stop and leave his blessing there.

The Danish mounds of partial green,  
 Still, as each mouldering tower decays,  
 Far o'er the bleak unwooded scene  
 Proclaim their wond'rous length of days.  
 My burning feet, my aching sight,  
 Demanded rest,—why did I weep?  
 The moon arose, and such a night!  
 Good Heav'n! it was a sin to sleep.

All rushing came thy hallow'd sighs,  
 Sweet Melancholy, from my breast;  
 "'Tis here that eastern greatness lies,  
 "That Might, Renown, and Wisdom rest!  
 "Here funeral rites the priesthood gave  
 "To chiefs who sway'd prodigious powers,  
 "The Bigods and the Mowbrays brave,\*  
 "From Framlingham's imperial towers.

\* In 1101, the castle and lordship of Framlingham, which had till that time constituted a part of the royal domain, were granted by Henry the 1st to Roger Bigod, and were successively possessed by five earls of that powerful family. In consequence of the will of Roger the last earl, it became vested in the hands of Edward the 2nd; and was granted in 1214 together with the other vast possessions of the Bigods, to Thomas of Brotherton, fifth son of Edward, the 1st earl of Norfolk, and marshal of England. After the death of this earl and Mary his wife, the castle and lordship became successively vested in the ladies Joan and Margaret, the first of whom was married to William earl of Ufford, the last to John lord Scgrave, whose daughter and heiress marrying John lord Mowbray, was created duchess of Norfolk; and upon her death the castle, honors and lordship of Framlingham descended to her son Thomas lord Mowbray, created hereditary earl marshal of England, and duke of Norfolk. The first Roger Bigod founded the abbey at Thetford, in 1104. Four of his successors were interred there, as were many of the Howard family.

Full of the mighty deeds of yore,  
 I bade good night the trembling beam ;  
 Fancy e'en heard the battle's roar,  
 Of what but slaughter could I dream ?  
 Bless'd be that night, that trembling beam,  
 Peaceful excursions Fancy made :  
 All night I heard the bubbling stream,  
 Yet, Barnham Water wants a shade.

Whatever hurts my country's fame,  
 When wits and mountaineers deride,  
 To me grows serious, for I name  
 My native plains and streams with pride.  
 No mountain charms have I to sing,  
 No loftier minstrel's rights invade ;  
 From trifles oft *my* raptures spring ;  
 —Sweet Barnham Water wants a shade.

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## HOLY WELLS,

### *A Legendary Tale.*

BY MRS. J. COBBOLD, OF HOLY WELLS, IPSWICH.

*During the latter part of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, the Danes, who had become a powerful people in the north, turned their attention southward, and at various times invested these coasts with a view of finally getting possession of the country. Suffolk shared largely in the general calamity, resulting from the depredatory incursions of these lawless plunderers. Within the space of ten years, they pillaged the town of Ipswich twice ; first in or about the year 991 ; and again in 1000. In 1000 Ulfketel, desirous of restoring the fortunes of his degraded country, risked a battle with the Danes*

at Nacton, but his vigorous and persevering courage proved unavailing. He sustained a signal defeat; and the Danish triumphs were complete. The whole of East Anglia was over-run; neither towns nor churches were spared, unless redeemed by the inhabitants with large sums of money; and the most dreadful outrages were every where committed.

The scene of this legend is in Wykes, a hamlet in the parish of St. Clement, Ipswich, which was given by Richard I. to John Oxenforde, one of the founders of Trinity Priory in that town, bishop of Norwich, and author of an history of England down to his own time. The hamlet and manor, from this circumstance, received the appellation of Wykes Bishop, and belonged to the see of Norwich till 1535, when they were given by act of parliament to Henry VIII. who granted them in 1545 to sir John Jermie, knt. Whilst in the possession of the bishops, they used frequently to reside at their house here, which was situated on the south side of the road leading from Bishop's Hill towards Nacton. A square mound indicates the site of the house, and some beautifully clear springs, gushing out of an adjacent hill, on the estate of John Cobbold, esq. still retain the appellation of "Holy Wells." Many institutions, &c. are said in the books at Norwich to have been granted at this place.

The church of Wykes is sometimes mentioned in old writings, but it is not known where it stood; and possibly it might be no more than a chapel for the use of the bishop and his attendants.

LONG had the battle doubtful stood;  
 The sick'ning sun, from fields of blood,  
 In western clouds withdrew his light,  
 When conquest crown'd the wav'ring fight,  
 And swift, athwart the sandy plain,  
 The Angles chac'd the routed Dane.  
 On silken banner bath'd in gore  
 An aged chief the raven bore;



Short his retiring step, and slow,  
 And oft he turn'd to face the foe :  
 His strength, by bleeding gashes quell'd,  
 A youthful squire as oft upheld,  
 Who, though no dark'ning down began  
 To shade his cheek and write him man,  
 Now prov'd himself, in early fight,  
 A henchman brave, for bravest knight.  
 The victor bands that round them clos'd  
 That gallant pair awhile oppos'd,  
 Then fainting in the conflict vain,  
 Fell, breathless, on a hill of slain.  
 And kites and crows a requiem sung  
 O'er Hurder bold and Ivan young.

Through clouds in heavy volumes roll'd,  
 Pale gleam'd the moon on corpses cold,  
 Thick strewing all the heathy bed  
 'Twixt *Deben's* wave and *Orwell's* spread.\*  
 O'er Ivan's cheek, as marble pale,  
 Reviving swept the midnight gale.  
 And rouz'd his soul from sickly trance  
 To mem'ry's pang and horror's glance :  
 In speechless agony he prest  
 Brave Hurder's lip, and gory breast,  
 And thought he felt, in doubtful strife,  
 One faint short throb of ling'ring life :  
 By hope with sudden strength endued,  
 The boy like young Alcides stood ;  
 From death's cold heap, with sinewy force  
 He bore that pale and bleeding corse,  
 And rent his vest, and scarf, and bound  
 With tender care each gaping wound.

\* See note at page 16.

O could the youth those gashes lave,  
 In bubbling fount or limpid wave,  
 Then might return life's gentle heat,  
 Then life's soft pulse distinctly beat :  
 But o'er that wild and barren sand  
 No fountain cheers the thirsty land ;  
 The weary shepherd on the plain,  
 For shade and streamlet sighs in vain.

With patient step, those desarts o'er,  
 His precious burthen Ivan bore,  
 And faint with toil the stripling grew  
 When *Yppe's* turrets rose to view :  
 Here wooded hills, with yielding brow,  
 Slop'd to the *Orwell's* wave below,  
 And bright the moon's emerging beam  
 With trembling radiance mark'd the stream,  
 While dark and broad her shadows fell  
 O'er deep ravine and bushy dell.  
 As Ivan paus'd, a murmur near  
 Of gushing waters met his ear,  
 With cheering note of holy bell  
 From chapel lone or hermit's cell,  
 And through the dark wood's deepest shade  
 The taper's glimmering radiance play'd.  
 With every failing nerve new strung,  
 To life, to hope, the mourner clung,  
 And firmer bore his charge, and toil'd  
 Adown that pathway rough and wild ;  
 Nor flinty rock, nor tangled briar,  
 Might stay his step, or courage tire,  
 Till, reach'd the the hermit's mossy cell,  
 Prone, fainting, on the floor he fell.  
 A sage had fix'd his dwelling there  
 For pensive solitude and pray'r ;

A rugged chasm, by time, or shock  
 Of nature, channel'd in the rock,  
 Though sylvan art had grac'd the room  
 With rustic portico and dome  
 Of arching chesnuts roughly hewn,  
 And couch of roots, with rushes strewn ;  
 While from its side a gushing rill  
 Roll'd, murmuring, down the rocky hill.  
 This silent hour the sage had given  
 To breathe his oraisons to heaven ;  
 His sainted look might fitly shew  
 How resignation tempers woe ;  
 Devotion pure and zeal refined  
 Had raised to heav'n his ardent mind :  
 But when his glance, in soften'd mood,  
 That youth and bleeding warrior view'd,  
 The tears that pity's eyelids fill,  
 The nurse's care, the leech's skill,  
 All prov'd his heart was human still.

Wash'd in that fountain's crystal tide,  
 Each healing balm with pray'rs applied,  
 And gently laid on bed of rushes,  
 Soft breathing sighs, and frequent flushes,  
 O'er Ivan's cheek began to spread  
 Of life and health the mantling red :  
 But Hurder's eye, in sullen glare,  
 Rejected hope and wooed despair,  
 While frenzy's accents on his tongue  
 With imprecating horror hung.

" Ah cease, rash man ! " exclaim'd the sage,  
 " And calm thy bosom's impious rage,  
 " For know, if wounded christian lave,  
 " His gashes in this blessed wave,

They meet no ling'ring doubtful cure,  
 "His life is safe, his healing sure :  
 "With Hermit's pray'rs and hermit's skill  
 "I bath'd you in the holy rill."

"For christian flow these waters free  
 "With healing pow'r? Then not for me.—  
 "Yet greets my heart the boon they give,  
 "My Ivan, gallant boy! shall live ;  
 "For he of christian parents born,  
 "By spoil from Britain's coast was torn.—  
 "For me thy saintly pray'rs are vain ;  
 "Black Hurder I, the pirate Dane."

"The pirate Hurder? O'er my soul  
 "Again the storm is doom'd to roll!  
 "Be hush'd my wrongs; revenge, be still:  
 "Ah heaven, restrain my wand'ring will!  
 "Speak, tell me, ere thy wasting breath  
 "Be captiv'd in the pangs of death,  
 "Say, who this youth, whose glances dart  
 "Tumultuous throbbings to my heart?"

"I know not:—from your eastern shore,  
 "His mother, with the boy, I bore,  
 "Of beauty meet for Hurder's bride,  
 "But she with scorn my suit denied,  
 "Plung'd, desp'rate, in the raging sea,  
 "And fled from life, to fly from me.  
 "Ask not if Hurder knew remorse:—  
 "I train'd the boy in honour's course  
 "And christian lore; 'twas all I could,  
 "And lov'd him, as a father would!"

" O spare me, death,—a moment more,—  
 " A ruby on his neck he wore  
 " Enchas'd in gold, and on his arm  
 " Some skilful hand, for spell or charm,  
 " Had, with indelible emboss,  
 " In punctur'd stains pourtray'd the cross.  
 " Forgive me, Ivan, darling boy!  
 " Thy hand, dear youth,—I faint; I die."

In one deep sigh the spirit fled,  
 And Hurder rested with the dead.

On Ivan's neck the hermit hung;  
 To Ivan's breast enraptur'd clung,  
 And wept, and sobb'd in transport wild.  
 " O Sigebert! my child! my child!  
 " For Heav'n's best gift restor'd, to Heav'n  
 " The sacrifice of praise be given!  
 " Record my vow, ye Saints, to found  
 " A chapel on this hallow'd ground,  
 " And consecrate the *Holy Well*  
 " With shrine and altar, book and bell.  
 " Here youths shall chaunt the choral lay;  
 " Here rev'rend priests devoutly pray;  
 " And matin song, and vesper rite,  
 " Salute the morn, and bless the night."

Soon rose from earth the sacred fane,  
 And sweetly breath'd the pious strain:  
 That fane, as circling seasons flew,  
 In fame, in wealth, in splendor grew,  
 And shrine, and church, and holy ground,  
 A bishop's stately palace crown'd.  
 But time, with silent slow decay,  
 Sweeps earthly pomp and pride away;  
 Nor church, nor palace, now are known  
 By massy wall, or mould'ring stone;

A moated square just marks the scite  
 Of mitred state, and splendid rite :  
 Yet pure and bright the living rill  
 Rolls down the alder-skirted hill,  
 And fancy loves to linger here,  
 And paints the past, in vision clear,  
 As, whispering, to the muse she tells  
 The legend of the HOLY WELLS.

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LINES, WRITTEN ON LEAVING IPSWICH.

Ipswich is an ancient and populous, but an irregular built town, happily situated on the side of a hill, with a southern aspect, declining by an easy descent to the river Orwell, near the place where the fresh and salt water meet; and forming a sort of half moon or crescent on its bank. It contains twelve parish churches, a spacious market place, a corn exchange, a custom house with a good quay, theatre, assembly and subscription rooms, free grammar school, shire hall, county and borough goal, house of correction, barracks for cavalry, &c. The streets are well paved, but, like those of most ancient towns which have not suffered by fire, are narrow and irregular; and consequently do not make such a striking appearance, as if they ran in right lines. At the corners of many of them are yet to be seen the remains of curious carved images, grotesque figures, arms, flowers, &c. and great numbers of the houses are adorned, some of them to profusion, in a similar manner. The town contains many good buildings; and an advantage which it possesses in a high degree is, that most of these, even in the heart of the place, have convenient gardens adjoining, which render them not only more agreeable, but the town itself more airy and salubrious. It has declined from its former consequence; the manufactures of broad cloth and canvas being at an end; and its

present commerce chiefly depends upon the malting and exportation of corn. It has, however, a considerable coasting trade, and a small share of foreign commerce. Several views of Ipswich have been at different times published.

OH Ipswich! sweet scene of my juvenile hours,
 Thy pleasures recede from my view,
 To thy grass cover'd meads, embroidered with flowers,
 I bid a reluctant adieu.

Ye scenes of my childhood, I bid you farewell,
 With smiles that my anguish conceal,
 But the heart's secret pain sighs unbidden tell,
 These tears its reluctance reveal.

I go where bright science her standard has plac'd,
 And commerce extends her wide sail,
 Where beauty is deck'd by the finger of taste,
 And elegance throws off her veil.

Yet want these gay scenes the dear charms of that spot,
 Where childhood, sweet era, was past;
 Oh Ipswich! thy pleasures will ne'er be forgot,
 Long as mem'ry's tablet shall last.

I view thy green meads as the land of my youth,
 Ere sorrow this breast did invade,
 Ere yet I had prov'd the too sorrowful truth,
 Life's landscape is chequer'd with shade.

How sweet to reflection now rises each hour,
 Spent under the shade of thy trees;
 The past seizes on me with syren like power,
 Forbidding the present to please:

To fancy how bright are the days that are flown,
 All sorrow from them is effac'd ;
 O'er them what illusions remembrance has thrown,
 Past years with what colours are grac'd.

Oh mem'ry ! thy magic beguilements give o'er,
 For sick'ning to truth I return,
 She tells me of those time nor place can restore,
 Who sleep 'neath the cold marble urn.

Ah! where are the friends that made childhood so
 blest,
 Do they still in *Ipswich* remain ?
 Ah no! they are gone to the mansions of rest,
 All senseless of pleasure or pain.

Yet dear to my heart are the friends that are left,
 Nor few to my bosom are given,
 Of those that are gone, though now I am bereft,
 Faith whispers I meet them in heaven.

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LINES WRITTEN AT SOUTHWOLD,

OCTOBER, 1809.

*Southwold is pleasantly situated on a cliff or point of land, near a fine bay, at the mouth of the river Blythe, which here discharges itself into the sea. The church, dedicated to St. Edmund, is supposed to have been finished about 1460, and is a very fine fabric. Its total length is 143 feet 6 inches, and its width 56 feet 2 inches. It has two aisles, which are separated from the nave by seven arches, and six pillars of elegant workmanship. The tower, about 100 feet in height, is a fine piece of architecture, beautified with freestone,*



intermixed with flint of various colours. The porch is highly ornamented: over the entrance is a vacant niche, which is decorated in various parts with gothic letters, similar to those of the inscription upon the arch over the great west window of the tower: *SAT. EDMUND. ORA. P. NOBIS.* Every letter is surmounted by a crown. The north door has a niche on either side, with a figure on each, resembling an angel with prodigious wings in a kind of pulpit, and the hands joined as if in the attitude of prayer. The pillars, supporting these niches, rise from grotesque heads. The mouldings between the receding arches of all the doors are ornamented with foliage, flowers, grotesque heads and figures; as is also the fillet that runs round the body of the church above the windows. The interior of this edifice still indicates that it was yet more highly ornamented than the exterior. The carved work of the rood-loft, and the seats of the magistrates, now somewhat defaced, originally bore a great resemblance to those in Henry VIIth's chapel at Westminster. Every pew was likewise decorated with figures of birds, beasts, satyrs, &c. The ceiling of the chancel is handsomely painted, as is likewise that over the screen in the nave.

As the beach here partakes of the advantages enjoyed by other towns on this coast for sea-bathing, it has of late years derived considerable advantage from the visitors, who resort thither during the summer season for that purpose, and for whose accommodation two convenient machines are kept in the town.

It has been remarked, that at this town in particular, as at all the places on this coast, the swallows commonly first land on their arrival in England, and hence also they take their departure on their return to warmer climates. Both the church and town have been frequently engraved.

SOUTHWOLD, all hail! peace to thy billowy shore;  
 In vain may tempests rage or ocean roar,  
 Thy verdant cliffs still bless the seaman's eye,  
 Thy genial gales still health and ease supply:

Still may thy sons, an active gen'rous train,  
 Guide the frail bark in safety thro' the main ;  
 And home returning, with delight and joy  
 Embrace the faithful wife, the blooming boy.  
 Yes, their's the bliss domestic love imparts,  
 Unknown to sordid minds and venal hearts.  
 Though Vice, with giant strides, throughout the land  
 Extends her sway, and boasts supreme command,  
 When far remov'd my ling'ring fancy strays  
 O'er the memorials of departed days,  
*Southwold* shall rise to memory ever dear,  
 For worth and virtue yet are cherish'd here.

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HAVERHILL,

BY MR. JOHN WEBB.

The following lines are extracted from a beautifully descriptive poem, entitled "Haverhill by John Webb, 1810," 12mo; a poem, in which the author has infused a considerable portion of the spirit and pathos, which so strongly characterize the "Deserted Village."

Mr. Webb is a native of Haverhill, and has added another name to the respectable list of those poets, who have not been indebted to education, and are usually, although very improperly, called "self taught poets." In the preface to his poem he informs his readers that, "born in the vale of obscurity, he never experienced any of the benefits that result from education: his days have been spent in scenes of honest industry, and his leisure intervals devoted to amusive and instructive studies:

"To him 'twas giv'n—whom Fortune lov'd to lead
 "Through humble toils, to life's sequester'd bow'rs—
 "To him 'twas giv'n to wake the self taught reed,
 "And soothe with song the solitary hours."

WHITEHEAD.

“ Though he is conscious that these humble essays at poetry will, like the sensitive plant, shrink from the touch of criticism, yet he fondly hopes that it will tend to smooth the critic’s rugged brow, to be informed that they were written while the author moved in the humble sphere of a journeyman weaver.”

The beauties of his native place the author appears to have viewed with a picturesque eye, and to have described with a poetic spirit. In his descriptions of artificial life and manners, and in his delineations of local characters, he is equally as just and as successful, as in his paintings of natural objects and of rustic scenery. His poetry is generally of the pensive cast, but every where gives a most favorable idea of his taste and his reflection; of one, who has had the wisdom to employ his talent without the extravagant aberrations which would interrupt the business of life, and the exercise of honest industry.

The whole impression of the poem has been long sold; and as its intrinsic excellence so well merits a more general and extensive circulation, it is to be hoped that Mr. Webb will feel disposed to favor the public with a second edition, ENLARGED.

HAIL! Haverhill,* hail! a Muse, who knows no rules,
 Unskill’d in language, and untaught in schools;
 To whom proud Science never lent a ray
 Of classic light to gild her artless lay;
 Would in her rustic song thy hist’ry trace,
 And from oblivion snatch thy lowly race.
 Hail! Haverhill, hail! What though thy humble name
 Ne’er grac’d the annals of historic fame:

* Haverhill is a small market town, with a manufacture of checks, cottons, and fustians. The principal street, which is partly in this county, and partly in Essex, is long and wide, but the houses in general are mean and shabby. The Church is a large ancient structure, but offers nothing remarkable to the attention of the antiquary. The town likewise contains two Meeting Houses, and a Charity School, and was formerly of much greater extent; the ruins of another Church and of a Castle being still visible.

What though thy shallow streams that creep along
 Have never murmur'd in the poet's song ;
 Nor ever bard has wak'd his tuneful powers,
 To paint thy meadows with poetic flowers ;
 Yet shall thy streams and meads my Muse inspiré
 With simple hand to strike her self-taught lyre.
 Ye rural scenes, by mem'ry long rever'd,
 By many a tender sympathy endear'd ;
 Your grassy lanes, gay pathways, towering trees,
 Still do they boast a charm—the power to please.
 Yes, native bowers, your sylvan haunts among
 I first invok'd the fabled Nymphs of song :
 Strung my rude harp, when but a simple child,
 And fondly warbled forth my “ wood-notes wild.”

Hail, long known spot! paternal Dwelling, hail !
 The neatest cot in Burton's rural vale.
 Though fairer mansions, prouder domes, I see,
 Still my fond heart with rapture turns to thee.
 Thy white-wash'd front, and little gay parterre,
 (Which owes its blossoms to a mother's care) ;
 Those box triangles, and those box-edg'd beds,
 Where Flora's blushing offspring lift their heads ;
 Those lilacs tall, and fruitful cherry-tree ;
 Though simple objects, still have charms for me.
 Nor let the Muse forget thy woodbine bower,
 Where pleasing studies wing'd the leisure hour ;
 Beneath whose canopy, with blooming maid,
 I've sat, till Vesper pierc'd the leafy shade
 With his bright ray ; and pass'd, in converse sweet,
 Fair hours of bliss within thy green retreat.
 Not distant far, where yonder streamlet glides,
 Mid varied flowers which deck its shelvy sides,
 There stands a modest Structure,* neatly fair,
 Whose front displays no ostentatious glare.

* Haverhill Place.

For use, not splendor, was the dome design'd,
 And form'd to please the unambitious mind.
 Yon lovely spot, where once rude nettles grew,
 Presents a little Eden to the view.
 Touch'd by the hand of art, gay tribes arise,
 And Flora boasts her many-colour'd dyes.
 The white-thorn hedge, with shades of ever-green,
 Surrounds and decks the cultivated scene.
 If e'er I sigh for sublunary bliss,
 That sigh shall heave for such a home as this ;
 If e'er a wish within my bosom rise,
 That wish shall be for this small paradise.

Beneath yon hedge some vestiges remain,
 Which mark the spot where stood an hallow'd Fane.
 But ah, how fall'n ! Against Time's potent hand,
 Nor storm-proof tower, nor sacred dome can stand :
 The proudest palace, at th' appointed hour,
 Must prostrate fall, and own the tyrant's power.
 Now on this consecrated, still domain,
 Glad Ceres, smiling, views her yellow grain :
 Here oft the ploughshare, and the peasant's spade,
 The silent sabbath of the tomb invade ;
 Draw the dread curtain of the grave away,
 And rouse the drowsy tenants into day.
 O that some spirit of this ancient race,
 Would rise and tell the history of the place ;
 And to my mind, my curious mind ! unfold
 Some brief memorial of the days of old ;
 Tell why its guardian genius could not keep
 The holy pile from Ruin's ruthless sweep !

Yon verdant field, which claims my next regard,
 Still bears the homely name of " Parson's Yard :"
 There, free from storms that loftier roofs invest,
 The parsonage stood, where dwelt the village priest :

But what his character, or what his name,
Or whence he sprung, is now unknown to fame.

Behold yon mean, though picturesque Abode,
By brooklet parted from the public road ;
Whose narrow bridge, compos'd of pole and plank,
Supplies the means to reach the farther bank :
Though unattractive to the vulgar view,
This cot a titled artist's* pencil drew.
Hail, shade obscure ! the poor man's calm retreat,
Where labour makes the coarsest viands sweet ;
Where mild Content, with sacred Virtue join'd,
Shed their soft sunshine on the humble mind.

Proceed, my Muse, and quit this fatal dale
To mount yon hill, and breathe a keener gale.
There once a Castle rear'd its haughty brow,
And frown'd defiance on the vale below :
But built by whom, by Saxons or by Danes,
By whom destroy'd, no record now remains.
Swept by thy powerful wing, imperious Time !
Aloft in air no ruin nods sublime :
No fractur'd pediment, nor shatter'd wall,
In sullen silence waits its destin'd fall :
No triflers here, of antiquarian breed,
On wild Conjecture's airy morsels feed :
O'er this lone scite no virtuoso pores,
To add some rusty bauble to his stores.
Haply this fortress, in its proudest hour,
Could laugh a siege to scorn, like Macbeth's tower ;
But now of former strength no trace is found,
Save an old weedy moat, and earthy mound.

But hark ! the noise which issues from on high,
With din incessant, speaks " the Rookery " nigh :
Here may I lie, on mossy bank reclin'd,
And mark the manners of the sable kind.

* Sir George Beaumont, bart.

From this amusive scene I bend my feet,
 To view yon pleasure-ground and ancient Seat : *
 Enchanting spot ! inviting, sweet recess !
 Thy shades are form'd the studious mind to bless :
 Here may the son of Song his raptures breathe,
 Woo the coy Muse, and win th' unfading wreath.

While thus I stray, and scenes successive rise
 To gratify my mind, and charm mine eyes,
 Lo ! in yon mead, I mark "a house of Prayer," †
 Where crowds to serve their Maker oft repair—
 Serve ! did I say ? Alas ! too many go
 To gaze, to sleep, and Fashion's plumes to show !
 Ye triflers ! why pollute the hallow'd dome ?
 Be more discreet, and "play the fool" at home :
 Your looks irreverent, gestures vain, declare
 Ye ne'er reflect that God is present there.

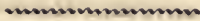
Yon farm (the Chapel) on its walls displays
 Some few momentos of monastic days :
 There, as tradition tells, in times of yore,
 Fat monks, recluse in superstitious lore,
 Consum'd their vital lamp : remote from strife,
 They never bustled through the storms of life.
 On thy soft couch, Indulgence ! long they lay,
 And pass'd in mental sleep their golden day :
 Wrapt in calm Indolence and bloated Ease,
 Like drones, they wrong'd the more industrious bees.

Haverhill, adieu ! adieu my favourite theme !
 Ye sylphs, who prompt the poet's fairy dream,
 Farewel ! this rustic lyre, my youthful pride,
 Thus, with reluctant hand, I cast aside !
 Yes ! I must Nature's potent call obey,
 Unstring my harp, and fling my pen away !

* The Manor-House.

† The Meeting-House.

O, when that fatal stroke, that general doom,
 Shall stop my shuttle, tear me from my loom!
 Dear, native Vale! thy flowery turf beneath,
 May he, who sang thy praise, repose in death!
 I ask no sculptur'd stone, no verse sublime,
 To shield my memory from the blast of time;
 But may that friend, whom most my heart holds dear,
 Bedew my grassy hillock with a tear!



BURNT-HALL,

BY MR. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

The village of Fakenham is situated in a pleasant valley, which is watered and fertilized by a branch of the river Ouse. The meadows afford abundant pasture, and the neighbouring uplands are richly cultivated. The whole parish is the property of his Grace, the Duke of Grafton, and furnished the scenes of several of the pieces of Bloomfield. In this village, nearly opposite to the church, is a cottage in which the Poet's mother was born. A Moated Eminence in this place is supposed to have been the scite of a Mansion, formerly destroyed by fire. Near the inner margin of the Moat still exist several decayed trees, the remains of a circle of Elms, that, according to the Poet, once completely surrounded the Mansion. His ideas of the hospitality of the place are most probably derived from some tradition still extant in the neighbourhood.

ON thy calm joys with what delight I dream,
 Thou dear green valley of my native stream!
 Fancy o'er thee still waves th' enchanting wand,
 And every nook of thine is fairy land,

And ever will be, though the axe should smite
 In Gain's rude service, and in Pity's spite,
 Thy clustering alders, and at length invade
 The last, last poplars, that compose thy shade:
 Thy stream shall then in native freedom stray,
 And undermine the willows in its way,
 These, nearly worthless, may survive this storm,
 This scythe of desolation call'd "Reform."
 No army past that way! yet are they fled,
 The boughs that, when a school-boy, screen'd my
 head:

I hate the murderous axe; estranging more
 The winding vale from what it was of yore,
 Than e'en mortality in all its rage,
 And all the change of faces in an age.
 "Warmth," will they term it, that I speak so free?
 They strip thy shades,—thy shades so dear to me!
 In Herbert's days woods cloth'd both hill and dale;
 But peace, Remembrance! let us tell the tale.

His home was in the valley, elms grew round
 His moated Mansion, and the pleasant sound
 Of woodland birds that loud at day-break sing,
 With the first cuckoos that proclaim the spring,
 Flock'd round his dwelling; and his kitchen smoke,
 That from the towering rookery upward broke,
 Of joyful import to the poor hard by,
 Stream'd a glad sign of hospitality;
 So fancy pictures: but its day is o'er;
 The moat remains, the dwelling is no more!
 Its name denotes its melancholy fall,
 For village children call the spot "Burnt-Hall."

TO THE RIVER ORWELL,

BY MR. BERNARD BARTON.

Opposite to Harwich, the river Orwell unites itself with the Stour, which rises on the western side of the county, and first running southward to Haverhill, takes an eastern direction, and forms, throughout its whole course, the boundary between Suffolk and Essex. It passes by Sudbury; and after being joined by the Bret and other smaller streams, receives the tide at Manningtree. The united waters of these rivers, having formed the port of Harwich, discharge themselves into the German Ocean, between that town, and Landguard Fort.

Drayton, in his Poly-Olbion, thus describes the union of these Rivers:

For it hath been divulg'd the Ocean all abroad,
That *Orwell* and this *Stour*, by meeting in one Bay,
Two, that each others good, intended euery way,
Prepar'd to sing a Song, that should precisely show,
That *Medway* for her life, their skill could not out-goe:
For *Stour*, a daintie flood, that duly doth diuide
Faire *Suffolke* from this Shire, vpon her other side;
By *Clare* first comming in, to *Sudbury* doth show
The euen course she keeps; when farre she doth not flow,
But *Bretton*, a bright Nymph, fresh succour to her brings;
Yet is she not so proud of her superfluous Springs,
But *Orwell* comming in from *Ipswitch* thinkest hat shee
Should stand for it with *Stour*, and lastly they agree,
That since the *Britans* hence their first Discoveries made,
And that into the East they first were taught to trade.
Besides, of all the Roads, and Hauens of the East,
This Harbor where they meet, is reckoned for the best.

Tradition affirms, that the outlet of the Stour and Orwell was anciently on the north side of Landguard Fort, through Walton marshes, and that the place called the Flects was part of this original channel.

SWEET stream! on whose banks in my childhood
residing,

Untutor'd by life in the lessons of care;
In the heart-cheering whispers of hope still confiding,
Futurity's prospects seem'd smiling and fair.

Dear river! how gaily the sun-beams are glancing
On thy murmuring waves, as they roll to the main!
While my tempest-tost bark, on life's ocean advancing,
Despairs of e'er finding a harbour again.

Fair *Orwell!* those banks which thy billows are laving,
Full oft have I thoughtlessly saunter'd along;
Or beneath those tall trees, which the fresh breeze
is waving,
Have listen'd with rapture to nature's wild song.

But say, can thy groves, though with harmony
ringing,
Recal the emotions of youthful delight?
Or can thy gay banks, where the flowerets are
springing,
Revive the impressions they once could excite?

Ah no! those bright visions for ever are vanish'd,
Thy fairy dominion, sweet Fancy, is o'er;
The soft-soothing whispers of Hope too are banish'd,
The "Song of the Syren" enchants me no more.

Adieu, lovely *Orwell!* for ages still flowing!
On thy banks may the graces, and virtues combine:
Long, long may thy beauties, fresh raptures bestow-
ing,
Diffuse the sweet pleasure they've yielded to mine.

When this head is reclined on its last clay-cold
pillow,
My memory forgotten, my name passed away ;
May a Minstrel, more bless'd, snatch my harp from
the willow,
And devote to thee, *Orwell!* a worthier lay.

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LINES

*Written on the Coast of Suffolk,*

AUGUST 27, 1793.

*Aldeburgh derives its name from the river Alde, and is pleasantly situated under the shelter of a steep hill; which runs north and south the whole length of the principal street, about three quarters of a mile. It was formerly a place of considerable importance, but repeated incroachments of the sea have reduced it to the rank of a small fishing town. During the last century, the ocean made great ravages, and destroyed many houses, together with the market-place and cross. A plan of the town in 1559, which is still extant, proves it at that time to have been a place of considerable magnitude; and represents the Church as being at more than ten times its present distance from the shore; and that there were Denes of some extent, similar to those at Yarmouth, between the town and the sea. At the northern extremity, on the summit of the hill, stands the Church, an ancient building, though very much intermixed with modern work, with a handsome Porch, on the south side. It contains no remarkable monuments; but there are some stones apparently of considerable antiquity in the church-yard, which, from its elevated situation, commands a magnificent view of the ocean. Near the Church stands a Marine Villa, built on an Italian plan, by L. Vernon, Esq. and much admired for a beautiful octagon room. At the extremity of the town also, on the brow of the hill, are situated the*

mansion of the Hon. P. Wyndham; and a romantic Cassino, the favorite summer-residence of the Marquis of Salisbury. At the opposite end of the terrace, is the seat of W. C. Crespigny, Esq. For the protection of the fishery and trading vessels on this coast, there is a battery of two eighteen pounders at the southern extremity of the main street; and a Martello tower on the beach, about three quarters of a mile further to the south, is intended to add to their security. This building, though commenced some years ago, yet remains unfinished; indeed the necessity and advantage of such an expensive erection appear equally doubtful. The native inhabitants of this place are chiefly fishermen.

WHERE ALDEBURGH'S delightful cliff o'erhangs  
 The humble cot—or on the winding beach,  
 Where the blue waves roll gently on my feet,  
 Or lash the sounding shore—O let me stray,  
 In sweet and pensive contemplation lost!

There let me view the ocean's vast expanse,  
 While thriving Commerce spreads her swelling sails,  
 And ships are wafted, by propitious winds,  
 "On the smooth surface of the summer's sea."

Now all is placid and serene; no breeze  
 Now curls the whitening wave: how just an emblem  
 Of the tranquil mind, which no rude storms invade,  
 No tempests shake, no passions turbulent  
 Assail!—Lo, now the heavens are over-cast,  
 And whistling winds portend th' approaching storm.  
 Awful vicissitude! The sullen deep  
 Assumes a form tremendous, loud threat'ning  
 Instant desolation. The billows rage,  
 And in mad tumult toss themselves on high;  
 Whilst all is wild affright, and horror hangs  
 Aghast, upon the broken wave.—But soon  
 The dreadful pause is o'er:—the rolling floods,

Impetuous, dashing with terrific roar  
 Descend, hoarse-thund'ring on the beach.  
 In this stupendous scene, behold the hand  
 Omnipotent of Him, who rides sublime  
 Upon the foaming surge! He rules the storm,  
 Curbs the wild winds, and bids the waves *be still!*  
 Submissive, at his call, the boist'rous waves  
 At once subside; the howling winds are hush'd,  
 And all is still as death—save where the waters,  
 Controul'd, subdu'd, o'eraw'd, by power divine,  
 With deep and hollow murmurs, slow retire  
 To their appointed bounds.

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## Inscription

FOR THE  
 TOMB OF GUTHRUN THE DANE,

*In St. Mary's Church, Hadleigh:*

BY NATHAN DRAKE, M. D.

*Guthrum, Guthrun, or Gormo, the Dane, was one of those chieftains or sea-kings, who, towards the close of the ninth century, issuing from the heart of Scandinavia, carried all the horrors of the most savage warfare throughout the coasts, and even the interior of England.*

*Educated in the religion of Odin, the acknowledged god of slaughter and desolation, these fierce warriors conceived themselves alone entitled to happiness in another world, in proportion to the violence of their own death, and the number of the enemy whom they had slain on the field of battle.*

As in their ferocity, therefore, was founded their sense of virtue, and their hope of immortality, we cannot wonder at the cruelties which marked their course. "The cruel Guthrum," says one of our oldest historians, "arrived in England A. D. 878, at the head of an army of Pagan Danes, no less cruel than himself, who, like inhuman savages, destroyed all before them with fire and sword, involving cities, towns, and villages, with their inhabitants, in devouring flames; and cutting those in pieces with their battle-axes, who attempted to escape from their burning houses. The tears, cries, and lamentations of men, women, and children, made no impressions on their unrelenting hearts; even the most tempting bribes, and the humblest offers of becoming their slaves, had no effect. All the towns through which they passed exhibited the most deplorable scenes of misery and desolation; as venerable old men lying with their throats cut before their own doors; the streets covered with the bodies of young men and children, without heads, legs, or arms; and of matrons and virgins, who had been first publicly dishonoured, and then put to death\*."

It was into the camp of this ferocious leader of piratical invasion, that our patriot king, the unrivalled Alfred, was introduced, in the disguise of a harper; a stratagem which, enabling him to detect the insecurity of his foes, and their want of discipline, led, very shortly afterwards, to their compleat defeat at Eddington in Wiltshire.

With Alfred the first result of victory was clemency and benevolence; to Guthrum and his followers, now prostrate at his feet, he profered, not only mercy and forgiveness, but protection and territory, provided they would abandon paganism, embrace christianity, and be regulated by the laws of civilized society.

To these terms Guthrum joyfully, and, as the event proved, sincerely acceded, himself and thirty of his officers being immediately baptized in the presence of Alfred. Part of his army was sent into Northumberland, and the remainder, with their chief and his

\* J. Walingford, apud Gale, tom. 1. p. 536.

retinue, settled in East Anglia, Guthrun fixing on the scite of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, as a central situation for his capital, or heað-licge.†

Here he continued to reside and reign nearly eleven years, inviolably observing the laws and the religion of Alfred, and preserving his own people within the strictest bounds of peace and good order. No stronger proof, indeed, can be given of the integrity and fidelity of Guthrun, than that no sooner had he ceased to govern, than the Danes of East Anglia showed signs of turbulence and disaffection, and took the earliest opportunity of co-operating with their countryman Hastings, in his invasion of England, A. D. 893.

Guthrun died, according to the testimony of history, a sincere convert to christianity, about the year 889, and was buried within the ground now occupied by the present church of Hadleigh. An ornamental gothic arch, in the wall of the south aisle, is said to mark the grave where this celebrated warrior rests. It is evidently, however, of a date some centuries posterior to the age of him over whom it is placed, and was probably designed merely to rescue from oblivion the traditionary spot of his interment.

In consequence of some repairs which, in 1767, were carried on in this church, termed, in the will of Dr. Pykenham, Ecclesia Sanctæ Mariæ, the supposed tomb of Guthrun was opened; when, deep beneath the surface, was discovered a massy grave of stone, the floor of which was tessellated with small square glazed tiles, and covered with some light blue ashes; circumstances which seem to corroborate the record, and the local appropriation of antiquity.

O stay thee, stranger, o'er this hallow'd ground  
In solemn silence pause! Here sleeps the chief  
Whom royal Alfred, with a christian's zeal,  
From deeds of savage slaughter, from the rites  
Of Odin, bath'd in blood and breathing war,  
Turn'd to the living God:—GUTHRUN THE DANE.

† From this Saxon term *heað-licge*, appears to have been derived the modern name of *Hadleigh*.



Here oft, repentant of the erring course  
 That stain'd his dawn of manhood, hath he bow'd  
 His head in meekness ; with a pilgrim's faith  
 Abjur'd the idols of his native land ;  
 Pray'd for redeeming grace ; and, sighing deep,  
 Dropp'd the lone tear upon his Saviour's cross :  
 Then, hence retiring, with a patriot's care,  
 Rul'd his brief realm, and kept his vow of peace.

O ye, who, mid the strife of battle, burn  
 With lust of fame or pow'r ! Say, have ye felt,  
 E'en in the glow of conquest, when the car  
 In triumph bore you o'er the tented field,  
 Felt ye a throb of joy so keenly sweet,  
 Such thrilling rapture as did Guthrun feel,  
 When, free from ruthless rage, and thirst of blood,  
 The storm of vengeful passion lull'd to rest,  
 Here, prostrate at St. Mary's shrine, he felt  
 His heart within him yearning for his God.

Go, stranger, if perchance to thee belong  
 The honour'd name of father, teach thy sons,  
 That not in deeds of rapine or of spoil,  
 Pow'rs forceful arm, or vict'ry's crimson steel,  
 Consists the virtue or the good of man ;  
 That he, who bade them breathe and live, alone  
 Looks on the heart, alone vouchsafes to dwell  
 In that pure bosom, where, with peace, reside  
 The sister-forms of piety and love.

## AN EPISTLE

TO CARTERET LEATHES, Esq.

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM BROOME, LL. D.

*The following unpublished poem of Broome's may be considered as a literary curiosity. It is printed from a proof sheet, in the possession of the editor of this volume, with MS. additions in the hand-writing of the author, and apparently corrected by him for another volume of poems.*

*William Broome was a native of Cheshire, and was educated on the foundation at Eton. He was afterwards sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, by the contributions of his friends, and proceeded to the degree of B. A. 1711. M. A. 1716. and LL. D. Com. Reg. 1728. In 1713 he was presented by lord Cornwallis to the rectory of Sturston, where he married a wealthy widow. In 1720 he was presented by his lordship, to whom he was chaplain, to the rectory of Oakley. In 1728 he was presented by the Crown to the rectory of Pulham, in Norfolk, which he at first held united with Oakley, and afterwards with the vicarage of Eye, to which he was presented in the same year 1728. He died at Bath Nov. 16th, 1745, and was interred in the abbey Church. Of Broome, says Dr. Johnson, though it cannot be said that he was a great poet, it would be unjust to deny that he was an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant. His power of words and numbers fitted him for translation; but in his original works, recollection seems to have been his business more than invention. What he takes, however, he seldom makes worse; and he cannot be justly thought a mean man, whom Pope chose for an associate, and whose co-operation was considered by Pope's enemies as so*

important, that he was attacked by *Henley* with this ludicrous distich:

“Pope came off clean with *Homer*: but they say,  
“*Broome* went before, and kindly swept the way.”

His publications are “*A Miscellany of Poems*, 1727.” 8vo. “*A Sermon preached at the Assizes in Norwich*, “*Aug. 8th*, 1737.” 4to, and “*A Coronation Sermon*” in 1727.

He appeared early in the world as a translator of the *Iliad* into prose, in conjunction with *Ozell* and *Oldisworth*; but how their several parts were distributed is not known: and in the volumes of poetry, published by *Lintot*, commonly called “*Pope’s Miscellanies*,” several of his early pieces were inserted. When the success of *Pope’s* translation of the *Iliad* gave encouragement to a version of the *Odyssey*, *Pope*, weary of the toil, called *Broome* to his assistance, who translated eight books; viz. the 2nd, 6th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 23rd; and wrote all the notes. Towards the close of his life, he amused himself with translating several of the odes of *Anacreon*, which are inserted in the *Genl. Mag.* under the signature of *CHESTER*.

THE air serene and calm, one summer’s day,  
O’er *Euston’s* spacious heath I took my way;  
Where tim’rous hares their coverts sometimes make,  
And lie secure beneath the furze or brake:  
Where bleating sheep, not to be number’d, stray,  
Whose young and sportive lambs around ’em play;  
Then passing by that stately mansion,\* where  
Extreme delights I’ve oft been wont to share;

\* *Euston* was formerly the property of *sir Henry Bennet*, *knt.* who, for his adherence to the house of *Stuart*, was appointed secretary of state by *Charles the 2nd*, and created *baron Arlington*, *vicount Thetford*, and *earl of Arlington*. He built the hall; and left an only daughter and heiress, *Isabella*, who married *Henry Fitzroy*, one of the natural children of *Charles the 2nd*, by the duchess of *Cleveland*, who was created by his father *earl of Euston*, and duke of *Grafton*, and who by his marriage inherited *Euston*. The mansion is large and commodious, built with red brick, and destitute of superfluous decorations either within or without. It is almost surrounded by trees of uncommon growth, and of the most

Whether the Tudors portraits I beheld  
 Down from the last Plantagenet reveal'd;  
 Or the Charleses drawn by fam'd Vandike,  
 Which connoisseurs have never fail'd to strike:  
 Seeing each awful and majestic grace,  
 Finely exprest upon the monarch's face;  
 I forward rode, and cross'd a rapid rill,  
 Whose streams o'erflowing Rushforth pastures fill;  
 Then soon subsiding fertilize the soil,  
 And amply recompence the mower's toil;  
 Now Norfolk's wide champagne salutes the view,  
 Affording pleasure in each prospect new:  
 Here corn thick waving hides the furrow'd lands,  
 And seems to court industrious reapers hands;  
 While careful farmers much exulting see  
 The promis'd harvest with their wish agree.  
 This scene thus ending, next I turn my eyes  
 On lofty trees which at a distance rise;

healthy and luxuriant appearance; and near it glides the river-  
 Ouse, over which is thrown a neat and substantial wooden bridge.  
 The scenery about the house and park combines the most delight-  
 ful assemblage of rural objects that can well be imagined, and is  
 justly celebrated by the author of "the Farmer's Boy:"

"Where noble Grafton spreads his rich domains  
 Round Euston's water'd vale, and sloping plains;  
 Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,  
 Where the kite brooding unmolested flies;  
 The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,  
 And sculking foxes, destined for the chase."

On an elevated situation in the park, which consists of 1456  
 acres, stands the Temple. This elegant structure was designed for  
 a banqueting-house, and was built by the celebrated Kent in 1716.  
 It is in the Grecian style of architecture, consisting of an upper  
 and lower apartment, and forms a pleasing object from many  
 points of view in the neighbourhood, and commanding an extensive  
 prospect,

"points the way,  
 "O'er slopes and lawns, the park's extensive pride!"

The domain of Euston is of considerable extent; its circumfe-  
 rence is between 30 and 40 miles, including a great number of  
 villages and hamlets. Views of Euston hall and of the temple are  
 given in "Storer's and Greig's Illustrations of Bloomfield, 1806,"  
 4to. and 8vo.

By them directed, right my course I steer,  
 More satisfied when I perceive 'em near;  
 A seat † most elegant, and neighb'ring park,  
 By them distinguish'd much I first remark:  
 Then near East-Harling church, whose spires so high  
 Ascend, the house where you reside I spy;  
 My journey ending, there well pleas'd I stay,  
 Where books I read, or else compose the lay;  
 And where, these lov'd diversions when I'd change,  
 Through verdant meads near winding streams I range;  
 Into whose current gliding not too fast,  
 The twisted line I distant from me cast.  
 The greedy perch perceiving no deceit,  
 With eagerness sucks in the tempting bait;  
 The silver eel, when hook'd, writhes often round,  
 Its hold to break,—in vain such efforts found;  
 The tyrant pike voracious and o'ergrown,  
 When he has gorg'd it, on the bank is thrown:  
 These in the basket then laid side by side,  
 In triumph home I bring, the fisher's pride.  
 Thus merchants, when they to the Indies go  
 Or east or west, and think each voyage slow,  
 Till diamonds of Golconda they explore,  
 Or gold desir'd from the Peruvian shore;  
 Returning safe to harbour, joy express,  
 That they securely what they wish possess.  
 I sometimes wander in each shady grove,  
 As there the muses always lik'd to rove,  
 Where oft I fancy every chrystal spring  
 Like those near Pindus, where they us'd to sing  
 Of Venus now and her all-conqu'ring charms,  
 Then of the Titans, and great Jove in arms:

† The seat of William Croftes, esq. at West-Harling, in Norfolk.

How, when the Greeks fierce war with Trojans wag'd,  
 On each side Gods and Goddesses engag'd,  
 Or how Æneas dangers and his doom  
 Caus'd Latian states to rise and pow'ful Rome;  
 The mem'ry of whose chiefs transmitted down,  
 They flourish still immortal in renown.  
 When these have there been my delightful themes,  
 Retiring home they crowd into my dreams.  
 To mount my horse now tempted, free the reins,  
 I swiftly gallop'd o'er adjacent plains;  
 Till on a sudden I observ'd a wood,  
 Where rang'd in rows a thousand fir-trees stood;  
 And by approaching nearer could survey  
 That rural edifice\* where dwells De Grey.

---

## JOURNAL

*Of a very young Lady's Tour from Canonbury to Aldeburgh, &c. written hastily on the road, as occurrences arose. (Only twenty-four copies were printed to save the trouble of transcribing.)*

*Those parts only have been selected which more immediately relate to the county of Suffolk.*

LETTER I.

Sudbury, Sep. 13th, 1804.

MY dear sister P. let me hope that your suavity  
 Will not take offence at my sport, or my gravity;  
 In describing my Travels I've much to relate,  
 And I'm sure you will kindly allow me to prate.

As soon as the coachman had fasten'd the door  
 Upon father, and sister, and me, and one more,

\* At Merton in Norfolk, the seat of Thomas De Grey, esq. and now the residence of the Rt. hon. lord Walsingham.

Down Houndsditch we drove, and by Whitechapel  
church,

And our London friends now fairly left in the lurch.

\* \* \* \* \*

At length in good time we're to Sudbury come,  
And (thanks to friend M—) have got a good room ;  
Good lamb, and good ducks, good pye, and good wine ;  
On which it is soon our intention to dine.

A secret, dear sister, I've now to disclose ;

We were join'd, whilst at dinner, by two smart  
Suffolk beaux ;

You may smile, and suppose this is excellent luck,  
But one's married, the other's most desp'rately struck ;  
A rich beautiful cousin of yours and of mine,  
This adorable swain thinks completely divine.

We've been strolling an hour, to survey this old  
town ;

One street we walk'd up, another walk'd down ;  
The barges examin'd, and new navigation,  
Not the first in the world, nor the first in the nation ;  
And are safely return'd, without any affright,  
To our snug little inn ; and shall stay here all night.  
And now we are thinking of supper d'ye see,  
So no more at present, my dear sister P.

LETTER II.

*Ipswich, Sep. 14th.*

A new scene, my dear sister, from Sudbury com-  
mences ;

So charming a scene, it delights my young senses ;  
I need not inform you I look'd wond'rous big,  
As to Babergh I rode all the way in a gig !

At the mansion arrived, how delighted was I  
Such beautiful gardens and grounds to espy !  
We examin'd the dairy, the orchard, the grapery,  
And escap'd without injuring at all my fine drapery ;

Rich cakes and ripe fruits form'd our morning regale;  
 Whilst new milk was thought pleasanter far than old  
 ale;

And, when with reluctance we mounted the chaise,  
 I could not help singing out loud in its praise,

Oh! what a sweet place is this Babergh;

Indeed 'tis a sweet pretty place!

To make some amends for departing so soon  
 (For we left it an hour at least before noon,)

We brought away stores of provision and fruit,

And such as an epicure's palate might suit;

Two brace of young birds, and a fine sort of plum;

A sack-full of pears all as sound as a drum;

Cob-nuts, golden pippins, grapes, and mulberries  
 galore,

Pearmains, red streaks, with nonp'reils, and many  
 sorts more.

Just before we pass'd over the Brett's purling rill,

We saw Kersey church on the slope of a hill;

Then to Hadleigh proceeded, which much we ap-  
 prov'd,

Secur'd some refreshment, and then onward mov'd.

At Hintlesham nothing appear'd that was frightful,

The country's delicious, the roads are delightful;

Such beautiful turnips sure never were seen,

(The roots are cream white, and the tops are dark  
 green;)

And I fear you will think me a mere London bumkin,

When I tell you how much I was pleas'd with a pumpkin.

At Sproughton (you'll scarce think it worth the  
 remarking)

The pigs were all grunting, the dogs were all barking;

Mr. Collinson's grounds called the Chantry are plea-  
 sant,

An excellent haunt for hares, partridge, and pheasant.



And now, to make short of this travelling story,  
 At Ipswich we're landed and I'm in my glory;  
 At a table well stor'd with ham, chicken, and pudding,  
 And a house that one scarcely can fail to be good in!  
 And I'm sure you'll be pleas'd with my news, when I  
 tell

That our dear cousin Pem looks enchantingly well.  
 You'll, I hope, not expect that I now should say more;  
 That I'm your's most sincerely I've told you before.

## LETTER III.

*Ipswich, Sep. 15th.*

Whilst at Ipswich abiding, you'll expect not much  
 news;  
 I shall not talk of rubbers, of snugs, or fine views.  
 The churches are numerous, the market place spa-  
 cious;  
 The streets are well pav'd, and the shops are capa-  
 cious.

This morning to Woodbridge I went with a beau,  
 To smell at the mud whilst the water was low:  
 Yet the ride was quite cheerful, the country quite  
 charming,  
 And the red coats, tho' numerous, are not much  
 alarming.

Both at Ipswich and Woodbridge are barracks  
 immense,  
 Full enough, beyond doubt, for the nation's defence;  
 For our troops one and all are so loyal and hearty,  
 They despise the vain-boastings of proud Bonapartè;  
 And should he or his legions presume to come o'er,  
 Gallant Britons they'd find to receive him on shore.

## LETTER IV.

*Ipswich, Sep. 16th.*

The weather this day was so dreadfully hot,  
 That for some time to come it will not be forgot.

Being Sunday, we've all been to church; you'll be  
sure,

Where the prayers were well read, and the doctrine  
was pure.

At St. Lawrence a beautiful painting we saw  
Of our Lord to the Doctors expounding the law :  
Captain Porter (they talk of it much to his praise)  
Completed this picture in less than six days.

This ev'ning we walk'd on the wall and the green,  
To admire a large river that could not be seen ;  
For the tide was run out, and the evening was dark,  
Yet the walk was made pleasant by kind Mr. Spark.

So my time, my dear sister, is happily spent,  
For my friends are cheerful, and I'm quite content.  
And to-morrow, I believe, we to Aldeburgh shall  
steer,

When again from your sister you'll probably hear.

LETTER V.

*Aldeburgh, Sep. 17th.*

Permit me, dear sister, to greet you once more,  
Not from shady retreats, but from Aldeburgh's rough  
shore.

Thro' Woodbridge and Wickham our post horses  
rattled,

Whilst the ride we enjoy'd, and incessantly prattled.  
'Twas a custom in Suffolk, I've heard trav'lers tell,  
To drink health to all friends who live round Wick-  
ham well ;

But I'm sure sister Sarah was ready to jump,  
When she found the old well was transform'd to a  
pump.

At last passing Snape church, on Snape common,  
believe me,

A friend in the coach with intent to deceive me,

To a number of sticks my attention directed,  
Which for May-poles, she said, had been lately  
erected.

But that this was mere joking, I very well knew,  
For presently many tall ships pass'd in view ;  
And you cannot but guess how my heart was in  
motion,

When at length we obtain'd a full view of the ocean.  
The first moment I could, to the shingles I stalk'd,  
And close to the loud-sounding billows I walk'd,  
Where astonish'd indeed for some moments I stood,  
Admiring the wonderful strength of the flood ;  
But quickly found out it was time to be walking,  
Being caught by a wave as I only stood talking ;  
And one of my legs got so copious a dipping,  
That I speedily hopp'd away, laughing, but dripping ;  
And thought myself happy so snug to retreat,  
For, like cats, I dislike to be wet in my feet.

But, although from the surges we steer'd far away,  
I got pretty well sous'd with the splash of the spray.

And now at the Lion behold us again,  
Where for two nights at least we've agreed to remain ;  
And shall great havock make with the Aldeburgh  
soals,

Which here in fine seasons they catch in large shoals ;  
And for lobsters, so plentiful here do they buy them,  
I believe in my heart I shall venture to try them.

But, behold, the clouds louring the welkin deform,  
And some symptoms appear of a terrible storm ;  
The winds whistle hollow, the breakers rise high ;  
And a signal for pilots we just can descry.  
Down the beach with all haste they are dragging  
the boat ;

“Cheerly, cheerly, my lads ! huzza ! she's afloat !”

With speed quick as lightning they dash thro' the  
 wave;  
 And will joyful return, for the ship they can save.  
 But I really am put in a terrible fright;  
 And so, my dear sister, I wish you good night,

LETTER VI.

*Aldeburgh, Sep. 18th.*

This morning to rambling was wholly applied;  
 On the beach we first walk'd till disturb'd by the tide;  
 Then we mounted the terrace, a beautiful place,  
 Whence the views are immense o'er the ocean's wide  
 space:  
 Saw the church, with some beautiful gardens indeed,  
 With abundance of flowers, and with scarcely a weed.  
 Mr. Wyndham's pavilion is gracefully neat,  
 And the Marquis† may boast of his rural retreat.  
 Mr. Vernon's parterres so luxuriantly bloom,  
 That they vie with Arcadia's most fragrant perfume;  
 But friend Wade's pretty cottage, plac'd close to the  
 sea,  
 I declare, is a palace sufficient for me.  
 And the views all around were so wonderful fine,  
 I reluctantly left them, though summon'd to dine.

LETTER VII.

*Aldeburgh, Sep. 19th.*

At length, my dear sister, your father's young  
 daughter  
 Has fairly been plung'd head and heels in the water.  
 Having made up my mind that I'd have a good dip,  
 I went into a waggon that swims like a ship;  
 And if Molly Argyle had but seen me jump in,  
 I think 'twould have added an inch to her chin;

† Of Salisbury.

“ For if my dear child the rude billows should smother,  
 “ I’m certain I never should see such another ;”

To speak truth, I did make a small bit of a squalling,  
 When first in the salt waves I found myself falling.  
 But of one point ’tis needless to have the least doubt,  
 As fast as I possibly could I crept out ;

And, shaking my ears like a tragedy queen,  
 I could hardly imagine I’d really been in.

But, as now to the sea I’m no longer a stranger,  
 I have thrown away ev’ry idea of danger.

This whole journey has been so productive of pleasure,

That I’m really delighted and charm’d beyond measure :

I’ve been seeing new objects from morning to noon,  
 And am only concern’d that we left them so soon.

But now the scene changes, and homeward we  
 pace,

Recollecting the vestige of each charming place ;  
 Till at Ipswich once more we’re arriv’d full of glee,  
 And now for the present farewell to the sea !

LETTER VIII.

*Ipswich, Sep. 20th.*

Our next route, my dear sister, ’s intended for  
 Harwich,

So behold us at Ipswich remounting our carriage ;  
 But, as travellers must frequently find to their cost,  
 There’s a proverb call’d Reckoning more fast than  
 your host.

As Stoke Bridge is repairing, the road lies thro’  
 the river,

Where, when the tide rises, the ford’s not very clever ;  
 And by prudent observers ’tis well understood,  
 That ’tis not very pleasant to *stick in the mud* ;

So we try'd the old bridge, and, as sure as a fiddle,  
 We flounder'd before we got half to the middle ;  
 Yet, as money does all things, the workmen were  
 willing

To prepare us a road, if we gave them a shilling.  
 This obstacle conquer'd, we drove on like Jehu,  
 Till Freston's old tower appear'd full in our view ;  
 The Orwell's fring'd banks like enchantment look'd  
 gay,

And gave a new zest to the charms of the day.

Next to Shotley proceeding, we reach'd Shotley  
 Ferry,

Where we find some good brandy to make our hearts  
 merry ;

But the worst of it is (tho' we laugh and are glad,)  
 Not a passage-boat here is, alas ! to be had ;  
 But we shall not be kept very long in suspence,  
 For a small two-oar'd wherry is soon going hence.

And now thro' a very deep water we glide,  
 Whilst the sea roughly rolls with the swell of the tide ;  
 For just at the junction of the Orwell and Stour  
 Our two Charons were tugging at least half an hour ;  
 And the surge was so high when we got to the shore,  
 That our landing detain'd us full ten minutes more.

But now we're at Harwich, and thankful am I,  
 Our inn's the Three Cups, and our dinner draws nigh.  
 But first for a walk to survey this old borough,  
 To peep at the church, and the church-yard go  
 thórough.

On the opposite shore Landguard Fort boldly stands,  
 Well secur'd by Britannia's invincible bands.  
 Long, long may our Monarch the honour retain  
 Of being King of the Islands that govern the Main !

## THE GLORIES OF BURY.

Bury has been so frequently described by different writers, that it will be amply sufficient to refer the reader to a list of the principal works relating to the subject: they are, "Corolla varia contexta per Guil. Haukinum, Scholarcham Hadleianum in Agro Suffolciensi. Cantabr. ap. Tho. Buck, 1634." 12mo. "Antiquitates S. Edmundi Burgi ad annum 1272 perductæ. Autore Joanne Battely, S. T. P. Archidiacono Cantuariensi. Opus Posthumum. Oxoniæ, 1745." 4to. "Bury, and its Environs, a poem, Lon. 1747." by Dr. Winter, fol. "A Description of the ancient and present state of the Town and Abbey of Bury St. Edmund's, in the county of Suffolk. Chiefly collected from ancient authors, and MSS. The second edition with corrections. Containing an account of the Monastery, from the foundation to its dissolution; with a list of the Abbots, and the several Benefactors to the Town. To which is likewise added, a list of the post and stage coaches, &c. to and from Bury; with the distance of the several towns to which they go. Bury, 1771." 12mo. This edition was revised by the Rev. Sir John Cullum, bart. and the third, under the superintendance of that profound antiquary, the Rev. George Ashby, rector of Barrow, appeared in 1782. "An Historical and Descriptive Account of St. Edmund's Bury, in the county of Suffolk: comprising an ample detail of the origin, dissolution, and venerable remains of the Abbey, and other places of Antiquity in that ancient Town. By Edmund Gillingwater, author of the History of Lowestoft, &c. Bury, 1804." 12mo. "An Illustration of the Monastic History and Antiquities of the Town and Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury. By the Rev. Richard Yates, F. S. A. of Jesus College, Cambridge: chaplain to his majesty's royal hospital, Chelsea, and rector of Essa alias Ashen. With Views of the most considerable Monasterial Remains. By the Rev. William Yates, of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, 1805." 4to. "Notes concerning Bury St. Edmund's, in Com. Suffolk, extracted out

"of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Oxford's library, by  
"Mr. Wanley." folio.

Tho' pompous structures, *Bury's* ancient boast,  
Are now in heaps of cumbrous ruins lost;  
Piles that in ages past *Canutus* rear'd  
When *Edmund's* ghost, as legends say, he fear'd :  
Tho' now the traveller views with wond'ring eyes  
Where broken walls in craggy fragments rise ;  
An abbey's grandeur, and a prince's court,  
O'ergrown with ivy, mould'ring into dirt ;  
Yet let them not these dreary scenes bemoan,  
But tell the modern glories of the town.  
If *Henry's* guilt in tow'rs destroy'd appear,  
The greater name of *Edward* we revere.  
He, virtuous prince, for love of learning prais'd,  
Here for her sons a noble building \* rais'd ;

\* *Bury* seems very early to have enjoyed the benefit of a Free School; for abbot *Sampson*, in 1198, erected a school-house, and scuted a stipend on the master, who was required to give gratuitous instruction to forty poor boys. This building stood near the shire-hall, and the street received from it the name *School-hall-street*, which it still retains. The Free Grammar School, founded by *King Edward the 6th*, seems to have been but a revival of the former ancient institution. Its original situation was in *East-gate-street*, but that being found inconvenient, a new school-house was erected in *North-gate-street* by public contribution. The bust of the founder stands over the door in the front of the building; and under his arms, at the upper end of the school room, are these verses :

*Edvardus Sextus posuit Virtutis Alumnis.  
Gratis disce, puer, Regia namque Schola est.*

There are forty scholars on the foundation, and it is free for all the sons of towns-people, or inhabitants. This seminary is superintended by an upper and under master; and adjoining to the school is a handsome house for the former. The present head master is *Benjamin Heath Malkin*, D. C. L. well known to the literary world by several publications of considerable merit. In 1719 was published in 8vo. "Nomina Quorundam e Primariis olim Regiæ Grammaticalis Scholæ Burie St. Edmundi, inter Icenos celeberrimæ, carminibus illustrata, (miscellaneous quibusdam adjectis) edita a *Joan. Randall*, A. M. Coll: Christi, Buriensis vuper Scholæ Magistro, nunc a Sacris in Agro Norfolciensi." Mr. *Randall*, was presented to the rectory of *Kirkeby-Kam*, Norfolk, in 1690, by sir *Nevil Catelyne*, bart. He died April 20th, 1699, aged 49; and lies buried in that church. His inscription is inserted in "*Blomefield's Norfolk*," vol. 3. 36. 8vo. edition.



Where em'ulous youths are gradually inur'd  
 To tread her paths by rising pleasures lur'd;  
 Here their young souls first caught the gen'rous flame,  
 To reach at greatness by a virtuous fame.  
 Some brighter genii have, by Leedes's \* art,  
 Acquir'd what Rome, what Athens could impart,

\* Edward Leedes was, for the long period of 40 years, the much respected master of the Free Grammar-School at Bury; and under his auspices it attained the highest degree of respectability. He died the 20th of December 1707, in the 80th year of his age, and lies buried in the chancel of the church of Ingham, where a neat mural monument is erected to his memory, on which is the following inscription:

EDWARDUS LEEDES  
 Scholæ BURIENSIS Magister  
 Post multos utiles inutilesque  
 per annos quadraginta  
 tanquam in orbe actōs  
 Labores  
 Una cum Dilectissima Conjūge  
 ANNA Filia THOMÆ CURTIS Cleri  
 Ecclesiæ BRANDONENSIS Rectoris  
 Hic requiescit  
 Faxit Deus optimus maximus  
 ut Die ultimo  
 Ubi judicabuntur vivi et mortui  
 Hinc Resurgentes  
 Audiant sibi dictum  
 Engē Boni servi  
 An. Dom : 1707

Ille } ob } 13o. Cal: Decembr } A: Ætat } 80mo  
 Hæc } } 13o. Cal: August } } 60mo

He published "Methodus Græcam Linguam docendi, (multâ Grammaticorum Arte omissâ) ad Puerorum Captum accommodata, et ab Edwardo Leedes, (Cui id Rei creditum est intra Scholam Buriensum, in Pago Suffolciensi) In usum Discipulorum tradita: Londini 1720," The following Dedication which contains a long list of the names of those, who were educated at Bury School; and which, in fact, comprises the sons of all the principal families in the county, is prefixed to this little work:

"Omnibus inter ICENUM POPULUM quicunque orti aut oriundi sunt de Gente.

Feldingorum, Maynardorum, Northorum, Cornwallium, Croftorum, Cullumorum, Cordellorum, Bloisorum, D'ewsorum, Pottorum, Polhorum, Porterorum, Readorum, Reynoldorum, Capellorum, Castletonum, Wyllisium, Thompsonum, Ventrisium, Hollandorum, (parcant celeberrima Nomina Homini Rustico, si

Here first instructed, now the realm they grace,  
 High in their merit, as advanc'd in place ;  
 Such I would mention with respectful awe,  
 Lights of our church, or guardians of our law.  
 Here Bristol's earl \* was bred, illustrious peer ;  
 Honor unstain'd, mankind in him revere,  
 To liberty a sure, a steady friend,  
 Of all his actions this the noble end.

Two prelates† here began their learned search,  
 By worth distinguish'd! fathers of the church !

*non eo ordine, quo potuit Fecialis, ea disponat*) Botelerorum, Robinsonum, Frestonum, Wineyevorum, Coppingerorum, Hammerorum, Herviorum, Harviorum, Springorum, Calthorporum, Cropliorum, Wigmoreum, Waldgraviuum, Warnerorum, De Greyorum, Glascocorum, Russelorum, Chichleorum, Shepheardorum, Tyrellorum, Hodgesium, Scrivenerium, Dadorum, Doughtiorum, Daversorum, Daviorum, Glemhamorum, Goldingorum, Goldwellorum, Fiskorum, Weldorum, Jerminorum, Peytonum, Milcentium, Gipsium, Cloptonum, Townshendorum, Brandorum, Maddocium, Mottorum, Lucasium, Bickliorum, Bakerorum, Baldocorum, Rushbrookorum, Maltwardorum, Actonum, Sheltonum, Nortonum, Buxtonum, Eldredorum, Corranceorum, Longorum. *In Pago Eboracensi*, Wyvillorum, Beckwithorum, Daltonum, Tanckredorum, Legardorum. *In Episcopatu Dunelmensi*, Dodsworthorum, Carrium, Batesium. *In Pago Northumbriensi, optimè de se meritâ* Widdringtoniorum, Greiorum, Luckorum: *Necnon & Nominis minoris* (at vero non *minoris* si *Virtus* quicquam ad *Nomen* confert) ubicunque sunt, Batteleiorum, Clagettorum, Oldhamorum, Lynsordorum, Wottonum, Baronum, cæterisque cunctis, qui in SCHOLA BURIENSI aut jam dant operam Literis, aut olim dederunt, aut in posterum dabunt, hanc suam Methodum docendi discendiq; Græcam Linguam, dat, dicat, *Edwardus Leedes*, 8 Idus Aprilis ineuntis post Christum Anni 1690. He also published "*Luciani Dialogi, à Leedes, Cantab. 1704,*" 12mo.

\* John Hervey, the 1st earl of Bristol. Having distinguished himself in the common's house, he was for the nobleness of his extraction, the antiquity of his family, and his many eminent virtues, advanced to the dignity of a baron of the realm in 1703. And having strenuously asserted the succession of George the 1st to the crown of these realms, he was, in consideration thereof, created earl of Bristol in 1714. His lordship was twice married, and died Jan. 20, 1750-1.

† Robert Butts was the son of the Rev. William Butts, rector of Hartest, decended from a younger branch of the ancient family of that name, which was seated at Thornage in Norfolk, amongst

Who, while their sov'reign's gracious smiles they share,  
Adorn those mitres they are call'd to wear.

Here first that great, that venerable sage, †  
Imbib'd rare science in his greener age:  
Who on the awful bench now foremost deals  
Strict justice round with equitable scales.  
If in Rome's capitol the list'ning throng,  
With deep attention, heard a Tully's tongue;  
Thus in the seat of judgment Reynolds charms,  
Virtue protects, and guilty souls alarms;

whom was the celebrated Dr. Butts, physician to Henry the 8th, and the great friend of archbishop Cranmer and the reformation. Being educated at Bury school, he was from thence admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the degree of B. A. 1707. M. A. 1711. and S. T. P. Com. Reg. 1728. In 1703, he was appointed one of the preachers at Bury. In 1717 he was presented by the earl of Bristol to the rectory of Ickworth. In 1723, he was nominated one of his majesty's chaplains in ordinary. In 1731, he was installed dean of Norwich; and the year following was consecrated bishop of that see. In 1738, he was translated to Ely, where he died in 1748, in the year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral, where there is a handsome monument erected to his memory, of which an engraving is given in Bentham's Ely." His publications are "A Sermon preached at the cathedral of Norwich, 1719, on king George the 1st accession to the throne." "The Charge to his Clergy at his primary visitation in 1734," 4to. "A Sermon before the House of Lords at Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, June 11th, 1737, being the Anniversary of his Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne," 4to. "The Charge to his Clergy at his primary visitation of his Diocese of Ely, 1740."

Nicholas Clagett was the son of the Rev. Nicholas Clagett, archdeacon of Sudbury, rector of Thurlow Parva and Hitcham, and one of the preachers at Bury. Having received his education at the Free-Grammar-School at Bury, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the degree of B. A. 1705. M. A. 1709. and S. T. P. 1724. In he was appointed dean of Rochester; in 1731 he was consecrated bishop of St. David's; and in 1743 translated to the see of Exeter. He died in 1746 in the 63d year of his age, and was buried in

† The Rt. hon. sir James Reynolds, knt. was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and proceeded to the degree of B. A. 1701, and to that of M. A. 1705. He represented the borough of St. Edmund's Bury in the parliaments of 1714, and 1722. In 1730, he was appointed chief baron of the court of exchequer, and died in 1738, in the 53d year of his age. He lies buried, with his wife, in the south aisle of St. James Church, Bury, where two elegant mural monuments, inclosed with iron railing, are erected to their memories. He is represented sitting in his robes of justice; on each side is a weeping figure, and above his coat of arms, with other embellishments. His character is recorded in a latin inscription of considerable length on the pedestal, and is given in "Gillingwater's History of Bury," p. 184.

How vast his talents, how sincere his heart,  
 Let those who hear, let those who feel impart :  
 Should fair Astræa, in his room decree,  
 Such would her orders, such her sentence be }  
 As he would form, and we rejoice to see.

An Hanmer \* too went hence, none more admir'd  
 In sciences of public life—tho' now retir'd ;  
 But no retirement can a genius shrowd,  
 It darts like light'ning thro' the blackest cloud.

Tho' Hervey † bloom our *Bury* must not claim,  
 His riper worth reflects a brighter fame ;  
 Thrice has he been our corporation's choice,  
 To senates sent by an united voice ;

\* Sir Thomas Hanmer, bart. a distinguished statesman and polite writer, was born about 1676, and received his education first at Westminster school, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford.

In 1708, he was chosen one of the knights of the shire for the county of Suffolk, and sat in parliament nearly thirty years, either as a representative for that county, for Flintshire, or for the borough of Thetford. In this venerable assembly he was soon distinguished; and his powerful elocution, and unbiassed integrity, drew the attention of all parties: in 1713, he was chosen speaker; which office, difficult at all times, but at that time more particularly so, he discharged with becoming dignity. All other honors and emoluments he declined. Having withdrawn himself by degrees from public business, he spent the remainder of his life in an honorable retirement amongst his books and friends; and there prepared an elegant and correct edition of the works of Shakespeare. This he presented to the university of Oxford; and it was printed there in 1743, in 6 vols. 4to. with elegant engravings by Gravelot, at the expence of Sir Thomas. His first wife was Isabella, the daughter and heir of Henry Bennet, earl of Arlington, and the widow of Henry, Duke of Grafton; and his second, the daughter and heiress of Thomas Folkes of St. Edmund's Bury, but by neither of them had he any issue. It was said of him, that he married an old woman for love, and a young woman for money, and was not very fortunate in either of them. He died at his seat at Mildenhall, May 6th, 1746, and was buried in the church of Hanmer, Flintshire, where there is a monument erected to his memory with a long Latin inscription from the pen of Dr. Friend, and translated by the hon. and rev. Mr. Aston. See *Gent. Mag.* May 1747.

† Thomas Hervey, the 2nd son of John the 1st earl of Bristol, by his 2nd wife, Elizabeth, sole daughter and heir of sir Thomas Felton, of Playford, bart. He represented the borough of St. Edmund's Bury in the parliaments of 1727, 1734, and 1740; and died in 1775.

Where strenuous he maintain'd his country's cause,  
 And, like another Tully, gain'd applause.  
 His eloquence soon struck a Walpole's ear,  
 Statesman judicious, penetrating, clear,  
 Whose eagle eyes can see, whose candour own  
 Virtues so rare, and merit in its dawn.  
 Forgive, my lord, these faint efforts of praise.  
 In my rough numbers, and unpolish'd lays :  
 Had I your genius, or your sterling wit!  
 O could I write such lines as you have writ!  
 I'd strike the trembling lyre, nor fear to sing  
 How godlike George, our father, and our king,  
 The just reward of services allows,  
 And the patrician coronet bestows.  
 Fain would my muse employ her vent'rous wing,  
 But dreads what poets of rash Icarus sing.

As high distinction ne'er can me entice  
 To cringe to folly, or to flatter vice,  
 My honest lays flow only from esteem,  
 Tho' far,—too far unequal to my theme.

Next beauty calls—still a more arduous part,  
 Too great for mine—worthy the highest art.  
 Now is the season, \* when the sprightly fair  
 In shining crowds to *Bury* town repair.

\* Bury has three annual fairs, the first on the Tuesday, and two following days in Easter week; the second for three days before, and three days after the feast of St. Matthew, Sep. 21st; and the third on the 2nd of Dec. for two or three days. The alderman, for the time being, who is lord of the fairs, has a right to prolong them at pleasure. The second, which is the principal, and probably the most antient, usually continues three weeks. The charter for it was granted to the abbot in 1272, by king Henry the 3rd, and it was formerly one of the most celebrated marts in the kingdom. It was then held, as it is still on the extensive space, called the Angel-hill, where different rows of booths were assigned to the manufacturers of Norwich, Ipswich, Colchester, London, and other towns; and even to some foreigners, especially the Dutch. On

He, who professes skill in female charms,  
 Whose heart each amiable beauty warms,  
 Whose pencil too can every brightness trace,  
 Alone must draw the glories of the place.  
 To Ickworth,\* lovely maid, first let him pay  
 Due homage.—Her 'tis freedom to obey;  
 Her sprightly graces each beholder wound,  
 While she, unconscious, spreads her triumphs round.  
 Peculiar sweetness charming Smyth † displays,  
 We're lost in raptures, while we wond'ring gaze.  
 Both, in each feature, happily disclose  
 In fairest light the stem from which they rose.  
 Celestial deities of old thus shew'd  
 How Berecynthia was in them renew'd.

Th' enchanting aspect of Cornwallis ‡ tells  
 How much good-nature in her bosom dwells ;

this occasion, Bury was the resort of persons of the highest distinction, for whom the abbot kept an open table ; while those of inferior rank were entertained, in the refectory, by the monks. We are told that the widowed queen of France, sister to Henry the 8th, and wife of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, came every year from her residence at Westhorpe, with her noble consort, to attend this fair, where she had a magnificent tent prepared for the reception of the numerous people of rank who resorted thither to pay their respects to her, and a band of music for their diversion. This fair, in regard to the business transacted at it, has been on the decline for half a century past, and become rather a place of fashionable resort, than a temporary mart, as most of the merchandise and goods, now brought hither, are articles of luxury and fancy. John Lydgate, the famous poet, who was a monk of Bury, wrote an elegant Latin Poem on Bury Fair, in 1435. There is a modern dramatic piece, entitled " Bury Fair ;" and also " The Bury Fair Election Ball," a poem 12mo. A curious account of this fair is contained in " An Historical Account of Sturbridge, Bury, and the most celebrated fairs in Europe and America," printed at Cambridge, about 1774. 8vo.

\* Lady Anne Hervey, the 2nd daughter of John, the 1st earl of Bristol, by his 2nd wife Elizabeth, the sole daughter and heir of sir Thomas Felton of Playford, bart. She died unmarried July 15th, 1771.

† Lady Louisa Carolina Isabella Hervey, the 4th daughter of the above mentioned. She married, in 1731, sir Robert Smyth, bart. of Smith Street, Westminster.

‡ Elizabeth, the wife of Charles, the first earl Cornwallis : she was the eldest daughter of Charles, the 2nd viscount Townshend, by his first wife Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, lord Pelham.

A copious fancy, men'ry, réas'ning strong,  
 The boast of men, not less to her belong.  
 Who sees her virgin sister \* but admires  
 A group of Cupids kindling dangerous fires?  
 Or whom will not that lustre still surprise,  
 Which emanates so quick from Townshend's eyes?

In Davers, he'll observe, is blended seen  
 With rural innocence the courtly mien;  
 How Cytherea and Minerva strove  
 To Chester which should most indulgent prove!  
 Well may we then that charmer's pow'r confess,  
 Whom rival goddesses were proud to bless.

Each glance of Monk our painter will employ,  
 For she is form'd to give unbounded joy;  
 Another of that name he here will meet,  
 With virtue lovely, and in temper sweet.

Fauquier's complexion can't his notice 'scape;  
 Nor the exactness of bright Affleck's shape;  
 Within her sister's tresses, sleek as jet,  
 That wanton urchin Cupid weaves his net.

Dalston from nothern climes has deign'd once more  
 To visit *Bury*, and our bliss restore;  
 Once more we view the dimpled maid, who roves  
 In morning walks, thro' Saxham's plains and groves;

\* Dorothy, the eldest daughter of Charles, the 2nd viscount Townshend, by his 2nd wife Dorothy, the daughter of Robert Walpole of Houghton in Norfolk, esq. and sister to sir Robert Walpole, first earl of Orford. She married in 1743 Dr. Spencer Cowper, dean of Durham, and died without issue in 1779.

And while she passes o'er the groves and plains,  
By nymphs is envy'd,—languish'd for by swains.

Here's Lambert too, whose absence Ipswich mourns,  
Its glory half extinct, till she returns;  
Her form majestic, noble is her air;  
We can't but love—yet, while we love—despair.

Here dancing sprightly Wollaston inspires;  
Here Stiles infuses various soft desires;  
More than our eyes are pleas'd; a Syren's tongue  
Charms in her voice, and holds th' attentive throng.

Would perfect symmetry the critic trace,  
'Tis in each Bacon's, and in Barker's face.  
Young Barnardiston justly may command  
The nicest touches of a master hand;  
And if he chuses further still to range,  
Not less the bloom of Capel or L'Estrange.  
Let him shew how humility and ease  
Make Gooday's conversation always please;  
Or, when the cheeks of modest Coleman flush,  
How fine's the tincture of each rosy blush.  
Let him relate how Spencely, and how Hayes,  
By conduct strict, esteem deserve and raise.  
Medcalf, how winning gay, let him reveal,  
Turner how cheerful, Eldred how genteel!  
How oft De Grey has thrown unerring darts!  
How numbers here to Lee resign their hearts;  
If health's retriev'd while in deep seas she laves,  
No wonder 'tis—for Venus sprung from waves.

Thus far with transport—but we must lament  
That of the Fitzroy race none Euston sent,



Since in the dawn of Caroline† all see  
 What her meridian blaze will shortly be,  
 And may presage what conquests she will gain,  
 Like her, who flourish'd in great Nassau's reign;  
 Like her majestic; none with her could vie,  
 Who led the stars in Granville's galaxy.  
 Delightful Alston, and engaging Soame,  
 By cruel fate were both detain'd at home;  
 How amiable they, could I rehearse—  
 Such gems would radiate, and preserve my verse,

These are faint sketches of an artless hand;  
 A thousand more perfections round me stand,  
 Beyond my utmost reach:—Let him, whose muse  
 Sublimest heights can reach, the subject chuse;  
 A full reward from beauty's smiles he'd find,  
 And never-fading bays his temples bind.

## THE CHURCH-YARD,

*St. Edmund's Bury.*

*The two Church-yards belonging to this town, which in fact constitute but one, form an extensive area of several acres, and are kept in excellent order: an alley of lofty poplars runs diagonally across them, and makes a very pleasant promenade. Nearly in the centre is a small plot of ground, inclosed with high iron railing, and planted with trees of different kinds. In this place*

† The 2nd daughter of Charles, the 2nd duke of Grafton, by Henrietta, daughter of Charles, marquis of Worcester. She married, in 1746, William, the late earl of Harrington.

is the receptacle provided by the late James Spink, Esq. banker of Bury, for himself and family. The tombs and other memorials for the dead are extremely numerous, and contain various ancient inscriptions; among others two epitaphs are deserving of notice for their remarkable singularity, viz: the one on Charles Granger, a shoe-maker; and the other on Joan Kitchen. There are two singular memorials likewise for persons, who had been midwives; the one had brought into the world 2,237, and the other 4,323 living children. When the Abbey was in its prosperity, there were standing within the precincts of it three churches, besides the Abbey Church; viz: St. Margaret's, St. Mary's, and St. James's. The remains of the west end of St. Edmund's, which bound the Church-yard on one side, exhibit a singular and motly appearance. One of the octagon towers, which formerly terminated either end, is still standing, and has been converted into a stable. Three arches, once the entrances to the three aisles, have been filled up with modern buildings, and converted into as many neat houses. In the Church-yard stands Clopton's Hospital, a handsome brick building with projecting wings, founded and endowed in 1730, agreeably to the will of the late Poley Clopton, M. D. as an asylum for six poor men and as many women, three of either sex out of each parish. The front exhibits the arms of the founder; and a Latin inscription below records the object of the institution. On the opposite side of the Church-yard stands the Shire Hall. It is a building of modern erection, on the site of the ancient Church of St. Margaret, and contains two convenient courts. The Church-gate is a noble specimen of Anglo-Saxon architecture. It stands opposite to the west end of the Abbey Church, to which it served as a magnificent portal. It is 80 feet in height, of a quadrangular form, and remarkable for the simple plainness and solidity of its construction. The Church-yard has been frequently engraved.

HAIL, sacred shade! where, oft, in youthful sports,  
 My blissful hours of sweet retirement sped;  
 Far, from the busy croud, and noise of courts,  
 Meek eyed Simplicity hath, hither, fled.

Beneath thy friendly umbrage, as I stray,  
 No rude, no sullen guest my bosom fires;  
 Impervious to the sun's meridian ray,  
 Thy hallow'd solitude my soul inspires.

Here, Sophocles, in sweetest accents, pour'd  
 Instruction's early lesson o'er my mind;  
 Here, op'ning Fancy, first, in numbers soar'd,  
 And, Reason, juvenile delights refin'd.

Here, too, Lavinia, first, my wishes caught,  
 All gentle, list'ning to my tale of love;  
 And, here, Orestes sooth'd mine anxious thought,  
 Friendship's pure energy, intent to prove.

Nor are thy smiles forgot, ill-fated youth\*!  
 Whose conscious spirit took untimely wing;  
 Thy lips the sacred oracles of truth  
 Were doom'd, but in an heav'nly choir, to sing.

The dear companions of thy early dawn,  
 A goodly train, enrich'd with nature's bloom,  
 In pensive step, and slow, approach thy urn,  
 And drop the tear of friendship on thy tomb.

\* John Dalton, esq. late of Caius College, Cambridge.

Whilst one, above the rest by thee belov'd,  
 Lorenzo,† glowing with a milder flame;  
 Him the sweet knowledge of thy virtues mov'd,  
 In elegiac strains, to sing thy name.

Hail! sacred shade!—thrice, hail! serene retreat!  
 Parents and kindred friends endear thy bow'rs;  
 Hope breathes a whisper that we, soon, shall meet;  
 And, that eternity shall, then, be ours!

## A DAY AT ALDEBURGH,

October 3rd, 1806.

To Mrs. ———

BY THE REV. CHARLES EDWARD STEWART, M. A.

*Aldeburgh has of late years grown into much repute, and become a fashionable watering-place; and for invalids possesses considerable advantages. The strand, to which the descent is remarkably easy, is not more than forty or fifty yards from most of the lodging houses; and during the ebb of tide, and frequently for weeks*

† Thomas Kerrich, esq. He was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the degree of B. A. in 1758. In 1774 he married Isabella, one of the sisters of Philip Bowes Broke, of Nacton, esq. He served the office of sheriff for the county of Norfolk in 1783, and died at Geldeston, in that county, Dec. 15th, 1809.

together, is peculiarly adapted for walking and bathing, as the sand is very hard and firm, and the bathing-machines, of which several are kept, afford the greatest security and comfort. To the attractions of the beach, Aldeburgh adds another, which cannot fail to delight the lover of nature. The magnificent terrace, on the summit of the hill behind the town, commands a view that embraces many beautiful features; for not only does the eye wander over the boundless expanse of Aldeburgh and Hollesley Bays, richly studded with their moving treasures, and separated from each other by the promontory of Orford-ness; but it is also gratified with a view of a rich country, through which flows the Alde, and adds to the scene a beauty of no common kind.

You desire me, dear Mary, to tell you in rhyme,  
 At Aldeburgh how I've been passing my time:  
 I went for my health, being bilious and nervous,  
 Sent by Dr. Dispatch, (gracious heaven preserve us),  
 And call'd upon Waddington,\* meaning to dine,  
 Whose wife gives good humour, and he wit and wine;  
 And Eliza,† who makes it her study to please,  
 Receiv'd me with equal politeness and ease.

\* The Rev. Richard Waddington was of Jesus College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the degree of B. A. 1761, and M. A. 1764. He was presented by his College to the rectory of Cavendish in 1780, and died July 26th 1808, in the 70th year of his age. His character is pourtrayed, in the following lines, by his friend Mr. Stewart;

“ Firm was his faith, from bigotry refin'd,  
 His hand was liberal, as his heart was kind;  
 By friends respected, by his flock rever'd,  
 To every tender relative endear'd;  
 Thus did he live, and thus resign his breath,  
 Lov'd in his life, lamented in his death:  
 And here, in hope, beneath this sacred stone,  
 In sure and certain hope, lies WADDINGTON.”

† His Nièce.

After dinner, the ladies retiring—at last,  
 My old friend and myself talk'd of times that are past,  
 Days of joy, that must ne'er be expected again,  
 Days I think of with pleasure, how mingled with  
 pain!

For however we flatter, it must be confest,  
 That old times were most happy, old friends are the  
 best.

But a truce to this subject, which brings to my mind  
 What at Melford I lost, and shall ne'er again find.

Next we went to the rooms, where we happily met  
 Of the ladies a winning and voluble set;  
 Sweet souls, when the pleasures of evening begin,  
 They can talk without ceasing, yet constantly win.  
 But indeed men and women were eager to talk,  
 Of the royal\* review, by his Highness of York,  
 Of a new real† Peer, of last summer's creation,  
 Of the state of the fashions, and state of the nation,

\* On Friday, Oct. 3rd 1806, the garrisons of Ipswich and Woodbridge, consisting of the Royal Horse and Foot Artillery, the 6th (or Inniskilling) Dragoons, the 7th and 11th Light Dragoons; the Shropshire, Leicestershire, East Middlesex, Hertford, West Suffolk, West Kent, East York, Durham, and Northamptonshire regiments of Militia, were reviewed by the Duke of York on Rushmere Heath. About ten o'clock his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, and several General Officers, came upon the ground. A Royal salute was immediately fired by the Artillery, and the whole army instantly fell in line and presented arms, Officers saluting, and the different bands playing God save the King. The review then commenced; and notwithstanding the rain that fell during the day, it was gone through to the entire satisfaction of his Royal Highness, who expressed himself highly pleased with the exact manner in which the troops performed all their military evolutions. The whole was under the command of Lord Charles Fitzroy, Lord Paget, and Major Gen. Robinson, and if the day had been fine, a grander military spectacle could not have been witnessed, as there were not less than 12,000 men under arms, well appointed, and in the highest state of discipline.

† Says T . . . . . n to H . . . . n, "A real Peer I am:"  
 Says H . . . . n to T . . . . . n, "You're only R . . . . . m."

Of the rise of provisions, the fall of the stocks,  
 Lord Lauderdale's mission, and death of Charles  
 Fox,

Whose loss all true friends of democracy shocks:  
 But who is that embonpoint lady, so gay,  
 So profuse of her beauties, in muslin array?  
 It is Mrs. Bonton, whose lov'd husband's away.  
 While he braves ev'ry toil of the seas, and explores,  
 To accumulate wealth, distant India's shores,  
 Her concern for his absence no tongue can express,  
 Poor soul, she forgets every part of her dress:  
 And regardless of danger, exposes to sight,  
 To the heats of the day, and the colds of the night,  
 Arms, shoulders, breasts, bosom, bewitchingly white;  
 And, while we admire all the beauties we can see,  
 Leaves, with great generosity, nothing to fancy.

Now the raffles commenc'd, and I found, to my cost,  
 All my money, and all, but my temper, was lost:  
 After raffling, we hasten'd four tables to fill,  
 With cassino and commerce, and whist and quadrille.  
 For me, I must own I was quite over-aw'd  
 At whist, when oppos'd to the new made Sir Maude,  
 Plain Mannerly late, but the King, do you see,  
 First gave him a title, then added a De,  
 And now he is call'd Sir Maude De Mannerly.  
 Would a title were mine, how 'twould tickle my ear,  
 "Yes, Sir Charles," "no, Sir Charles," from my  
 partner to hear;  
 When prepar'd to my skill a just tribute to pay,  
 "Why, Sir Charles, I protest, that was excellent  
 "play."  
 How delightful to hear all the company round  
 Repeating, by turns, the agreeable sound.

If I stroll'd on the beach, or paraded the street,  
 "That's Sir Charles," all the people would cry that  
 I meet ;  
 And, what would complete all the bliss of my life,  
 Dear Mary, you'd be Lady S——; my wife.





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Part the Second.

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CIRCUMSTANCES AND EVENTS,

*HISTORICAL, POLITICAL,*

LEGENDARY AND ROMANTIC.

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*“ Give me, Cesario, but that PIECE OF SONG,  
“ That OLD and ANTIQUE SONG, we heard last night;  
“ Methought, it did relieve my passion much;  
“ More than light airs, and recollected terms  
“ Of these most brisk, and giddy-paced times.  
“ Come, but one Verse.—  
“ Mark it, Cesario, it is OLD and PLAIN;  
“ The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
“ And the freemaids, that weave their thread with bones,  
“ Do use to chant it: it is SILLY sooth,  
“ And dallies with the innocence of love,  
“ Like the old age.”*

*SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.*



THE

## Humble Address

OF GEORGE PARISH, AND EDWARD BELL, ESQRS.

*Bellmen of the Borough of Ipswich,*

IN FULL POTS ASSEMBLED.

*These Lines are a burlesque on the following Address, which was presented by the Borough of Ipswich to his Majesty, on his providential escape from the knife of Peg Nicholson.*

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

“The humble address of the Bailiffs, Burgesses and Commonalty of the ancient Borough of Ipswich, in Great Court assembled.

“ We YOUR MAJESTY’S dutiful and loyal subjects, the Bailiffs, Burgesses, and Commonalty of the ancient Borough of Ipswich, beg leave humbly to offer YOUR MAJESTY our sincere and hearty congratulations on YOUR MAJESTY’S providential escape from the late desperate attempt made upon YOUR MAJESTY’S sacred person; an attempt, which at once endangered YOUR MAJESTY’S life, and the happiness of all YOUR MAJESTY’S subjects.

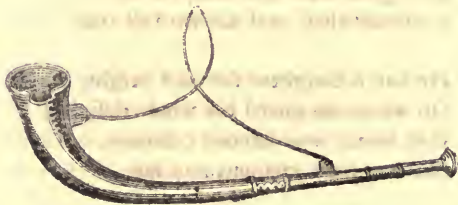
“ Fully sensible of the innumerable blessings we enjoy under YOUR MAJESTY’S mild government, we fervently pray that YOUR MAJESTY’S most valuable life may be preserved many years, and that YOUR MAJESTY may long reign over a free, happy, and loyal people. Given under our common Seal, the 18th of August, 1786.”

*The BELLMEN of IPSWICH, unwilling to be outdone in loyalty to HIS MAJESTY, have composed an Address, equally as full of MAJESTY as that presented by their worthy Masters to HIS MAJESTY, of which the following is an exact copy.*

To his *Majesty* most excellent,  
 With humble duty, we present,  
 In lines, replete with *Majesty*,  
 As lights upon the starry sky,  
 Your *Majesty* to congratulate,  
 In being sav’d from th’ attack of late,  
 Th’ attack against your royal life  
 By womans’ hand and blunted knife.  
 How could she dare to lift on high  
 Her hand to stab your *Majesty* ?  
 That wicked hand, with rage so fierce,  
 Your *Majesty*’s kind heart to pierce !  
 ’Twas happy for your *Majesty*  
 That Providence was standing by,  
 Or else, perhaps, your *Majesty*  
 Might have received a blow so sly,  
 As would have killed your *Majesty*.

What sorrow would the land o'erspread  
 T'have heard *your Majesty* was dead?  
 Your subjects would have wept full sore,  
 T'have seen *your Majesty* no more.  
 Our thanks unfeign'd we send on high  
 To Him, who sav'd *your Majesty*,  
 And hope that he will hear our cry,  
 And long preserve *your Majesty*.

Given under *our* own great seal,  
 The *lanthorn, staff, and midnight bell*.



## THE SUFFOLK WONDER:

*Or a Relation of a Young Man, who, a month after his death, appeared to his Sweetheart, and carried her on horseback behind him for forty miles in two hours, and was never seen after but in his grave.*

*The following Tale is taken from "A Collection of Old Ballads. Corrected from the best and most ancient Copies extant. With Introductions Historical, Critical, or Humourous. Illustrated with Copper Plates." London, 1723-5, 12mo. 3 vol.*

*It is thought to bear a considerable resemblance to the celebrated German Ballad of Leonore, by Bürger.*

A wonder stranger ne'er was known,  
Than what I now shall treat upon ;  
In *Suffolk* there did lately dwell  
A farmer rich, and known full well.

He had a daughter fair and bright,  
On whom he plac'd his whole delight ;  
Her beauty was beyond compare,  
She was both virtuous and fair.

There was a young man living by,  
Who was so charmed with her eye,  
That he could never be at rest,  
He was by love so much possess'd :

He made address to her, and she  
Did grant him love immediately ;  
But when her father came to hear,  
He parted her, and her poor dear.

Forty miles distant was she sent,  
 Unto his brother's, with intent  
 That she should there so long remain,  
 Till she had chang'd her mind again.

Hereat this young man sadly griev'd,  
 But knew not how to be reliev'd ;  
 He sigh'd and sobb'd continually,  
 That his true love he could not see.

She by no means could to him send,  
 Who was her heart's espoused friend ;  
 He sigh'd, he griev'd, but all in vain,  
 For she confin'd must still remain.

He mourn'd so much, that doctor's art  
 Could give no ease unto his heart,  
 Who was so strangely terrify'd,  
 That in short time for love he dy'd.

She that from him was sent away  
 Knew nothing of his dying-day,  
 But constant still she did remain,  
 And lov'd the dead, altho' in vain.

After he had in grave been laid  
 A month or more, unto this maid  
 He came in middle of the night,  
 Who joy'd to see her heart's delight.

Her father's horse, which well she knew,  
 Her mother's hood and safe-guard too,  
 He brought with him, to testify  
 Her parent's order he came by.

Which when her uncle understood,  
 He hop'd it would be for her good,  
 And gave consent to her straightway,  
 That with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind,  
 They pass'd as swift as any wind,  
 That in two hours, or little more,  
 He brought her to her father's door.

But as they did this great haste make,  
 He did complain his head did ache ;  
 Her handkerchief she then took out,  
 And ty'd the same his head about :

And unto him she thus did say,  
 Thou art as cold as any clay ;  
 When we come home a fire we'll have ;  
 But little dream'd he went to grave.

Soon were they at her father's door,  
 And after she ne'er saw him more :  
 I'll set the horse up, then he said,  
 And there he left this harmless maid.

She knock'd, and straight a man he cry'd,  
 Who's there? 'Tis I, she then reply'd ;  
 Who wonder'd much her voice to hear,  
 And was possess'd with dread and fear.

Her father he did tell, and then  
 He star'd like an affrighted man ;  
 Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,  
 Cry'd out, my child, how cam'st thou here.



Pray sir, did you not send for me,  
 By such a messenger, said she?  
 Which made his hair stare on his head,  
 As knowing well that he was dead.

Where is he? then to her he said,  
 He's in the stable, quoth the maid;  
 Go in, said he, and go to bed,  
 I'll see the horse well littered.

He star'd about, and there could he  
 No shape of any mankind see;  
 But found his horse all on a sweat,  
 Which made him in a deadly fret.

His daughter he said nothing to,  
 Nor none else, tho' full well they knew  
 That he was dead a month before,  
 For fear of grieving her full sore.

Her father to the father went  
 Of the deceas'd, with full intent  
 To tell him what his daughter said,  
 So both came back unto this maid.

They ask'd her, and she still did say,  
 'Twas he that then brought her away;  
 Which when they heard, they were amaz'd,  
 And on each other strangely gaz'd.

A handkerchief she said she ty'd  
 About his head; and that they try'd,  
 The sexton they did speak unto,  
 That he the grave would then undo:

Affrighted, then they did behold  
 His body turning into mould ;  
 And though he had a month been dead,  
 This handkerchief was 'bout his head.

This thing unto her then they told,  
 And the whole truth they did unfold ;  
 She was thereat so terrify'd,  
 And grieved, that she quickly dyed.

Part not true love, you rich men then,  
 But if they be right honest men  
 Your daughters love, give them their way,  
 For force oft breeds their lives decay.

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### ABBOT REEVE'S LAMENT:

BY MRS. J. COBBOLD, OF HOLY WELLS, IPSWICH.

*John Reeve, alias Melford, was the last, who presided over the rich and noble Abbey of Bury St. Edmund. He was a native of Melford, and was elected Abbot in 1514. Of his life but few particulars are known. In 1522, a commission was directed to him to ascertain the bounds of Ipswich, a jury impanneled, and their return filed in chancery. At the grand funereal solemnity of Abbot Islip of Westminster, in 1532, he was the principal assistant. On Nov. 4th, 1539, after having in vain endeavoured to avert the*

*fatal blow by several most humiliating concessions, he was compelled to surrender his splendid and wealthy monastery into the rapacious hands of Henry the VIIIth. An annual pension of 500 marks was assigned him; and he retired from the splendor and magnificence of the abbatial palace and dignity to a private station, in a large house at the south-west corner of Crown Street, which was the Exchequer Room belonging to the Abbey, and which has undergone less alteration than any other of the same age in the town; and where, in 1768, his arms were still to be seen in one of the windows, with a scroll beneath, inscribed*

**Dominus Johannes Belford Abbas.**

*He appears, however, to have fallen a victim to the severity of the change; as he very soon sunk under the weight of disappointment and sorrow, occasioned by the havoc and devastation made in his church and abbey, the overthrow of that religion to which he was so firmly attached, and the degrading necessity he was under of resigning his honors and his dignity. These causes operated so strongly upon his mind, as to produce that chagrin and vexation, which shortened his life, and brought him to the grave on the 31st of March following, after having survived the degradation of his order, and the loss of his abbey, for the short space only of four months.*

*Amongst the numerous monuments and ancient grave-stones in the church of St. Mary, was that of this pious and learned man. He was interred in the middle of the chancel, and over his grave was originally placed a very large flat-stone of grey marble, embellished at the four corners with the arms of the abbey, impaling those of his own family, and also his effigy in brass, in full pontificals, with a mitre on his head, and a crosier in his hand. But this ancient stone was most indecently broken and removed in 1717, by some Goths of the 18th century, to make room for a new one to cover the remains of a Mr. Sutton, who was buried in the very grave of the Ex-Abbot. On the stone was the following inscription:*

Virtis quem Dominum ac Abbatem noverit olim,  
 Illius hic recubant ossa sepulta Viri.  
 Suffolce Welforda nomen-nato Johannem  
 Dixerunt Kemys\* progeniesque pater.  
 Magnanimus, prudens, doctus fuit atque benignus,  
 Integer, et voti religionis amans.  
 Regni qui cum Henrici Octavi viderat annum  
 Ter decimum ac primum, Martis atque dies  
 Unum terque decem ..... flamine terras  
 Decidit. D anime parte benigne Deus. 1540.

*Abbot Reeve appears to have been one of the ancestors of the family of that name lately resident at Harleston in Norfolk, if we may judge from the almost exact similarity of the arms. The Reeves were situated in London at the time of the Restoration; but how long before that period is uncertain, though probably for a considerable time. In the church of St. Sepulchre some memorials for them may still be seen. The family was burnt out of London by the great fire in 1667; and with the remains of their fortune, one branch purchased the Inn at Stonham, in this county, called Stonham-Pye, where they resided for many years. From thence their descendants removed to Harleston, where lately resided Mr. William Reeve, an eminent surgeon, and of considerable property. The Rev. William Reeve, his only son, Vicar of Horne, and Denham, a person of great learning, charity, and generosity, died in 1786, and in him this branch of the family became extinct. Another branch resided at Bildeston, a descendant of which, Mr. Read Reeve, was lately living at Lavenham.*

MAJESTIC arches, consecrated walls,

Ye sacred fanes, that saints and men revere;  
 Each scene that venerating love recalls,  
 Be yours my latest sighs, my parting tear!

\* Weever writes *Kemis*, but this is evidently a mistake for *Revis*, or *Reves*. He has likewise *osso* for *ossa*, *viro* for *vir*, and *progenie* atque for *progeniesque*.

Oft has my soul, with pride and rapture, trac'd  
 The blest events that gave your shrines to fame;  
 And often have I seen your altars grac'd  
 With splendours, worthy of the christian's name.

When on my ear the solemn anthem stole,  
 To midnight gales in swelling chorus giv'n,  
 Transported, fir'd, my elevated soul  
 Rose with the strain, anticipating heav'n.

Bear witness, saints, I never proudly fail'd  
 To raise from earth the homage-bending knee;  
 And ever with fraternal love I hail'd  
 The dear fraternal "Benedicite."

With gentlest skill I sooth'd the mourner's woe,  
 I bade religion's voice her vot'ries cheer;  
 And 'twas my purest bliss on earth to know  
 That innocence and friendship harbour'd here.

And here I hop'd my bones might calmly rest,  
 Some sculptur'd lines my life, my death approve;  
 And oft my grave, with soften'd footsteps prest,  
 Speak plaintive lessons of religious love.

The hope how vain! and can I live to see  
 These sacred arches mould'ring into dust?  
 Or chang'd to halls of wanton minstrelsy,  
 To scenes of riot and polluted lust?

Oh, no! that wretchedness is spar'd—I feel  
 A sick'ning swoon its welcome influence shed,  
 And bless the chilly dews that o'er me steal,  
 As death's kind angel hovers round my head.

Perchance this spoil, so impiously begun  
 By wretched men, will not destroy the whole :  
 All righteous Providence ! Thy will be done !  
 O Lord of heav'n and earth ! *Receive my soul !*

The falt'ring accents sunk to broken sighs—  
 And o'er the *Abbot Reeve* the brothers hung ;  
 With holy sighs and tears they clos'd his eyes ;  
 And then with solemn pomp his *Requiem* sung.

### His Epitaph.

With mem'ry's grateful tribute *Bury* owns  
 Her mitred Lord : here rests his humble bones :  
 His honour'd birth shall Suffolk's *Melford* claim ;  
*John* his baptismal, *Reeve* his natal name.  
 Heroic, prudent, learned and benign,  
 And just was he, and lov'd his vows divine.  
 The day he saw, when our eighth Henry's hand  
 For one and thirty years had rul'd this land !  
 And when the spring, her charming course begun,  
 In March an equal term of days had run ;  
 Sped by the angels bright, he reach'd his goal ;  
 O gracious God ! have mercy on his soul !

## A SONG OF AN ENGLISH KNIGHT,

*that married the Royal Princess Mary, Sister to King Henry the VIIIth. which Knight was afterwards made Duke of Suffolk.*

To the tune of "Who list to lead a Soldier's life."

*Charles Brandon, the celebrated Duke of Suffolk, was son and heir of Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer to Henry, Earl of Richmond, at the battle of Bosworth. The family is represented to be of great antiquity, and to have assumed its name from the lordship of Brandon in this county.*

*He was remarkable for the dignity and gracefulness of his person, and his robust and athletic constitution. He distinguished himself in tilts and tournaments, the favorite exercises of Henry, by his consummate dexterity, gallantry, and valour. He was brought up with that prince, studied his disposition, and exactly conformed to it. That conformity gradually brought on a stricter intimacy, and from thenceforth his advancement to royal favor and honors was rapid and extraordinary.*

*His first creation to nobility was to the title of viscount Lisle, the 5th of Henry VIIIth. for his eminent services in the campaign against France; and soon after he was raised to the dignity of Duke of Suffolk. It was thought at the time the king conferred this honor upon him, that he intended him a far greater, by giving him his sister Mary in marriage, who had long won his heart by her beauty, grace, and accomplishments. But policy and the etiquette of courts forbade their union, and consigned the young and beautiful Mary to the arms of an aged and infirm monarch. For just at this period, Lewis the XIIth. of France, seeking the alliance of the English King, a match was made up between him and the princess, to*

the great grief of the duke ; who, however, though he dearly loved her, had sufficient honor not to use the least means for preventing the marriage. After her short-lived and unnatural union with that monarch, the duke became her husband. When the news was brought to Henry, he seemed much dissatisfied with it, and at first kept Suffolk at a distance ; but the king of France and others interceding in his behalf, he was soon reconciled, and the duke had no small share afterwards in the administration of affairs. During the period of that capricious reign of vanity, extravagance, and blood, he preserved his influence to the last, and died, in the estimation of his king and country, in the year 1545, with this character, that although a better courtier than a statesman, yet he used his prince's favors with so much moderation, as not to disoblige any one. He was interred in the south aisle of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor Castle.

The duke had four wives ; and by the Princess Mary, his third wife, he had one son, Henry, who was created, the 17th of Henry VIIIth. Earl of Lincoln ; and two daughters, of which Frances married, first, Henry Grey, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, and secondly, Adrian Stokes ; and Eleanor, Henry Earl of Cumberland.

This nobleman is one instance that Henry was not altogether incapable of a cordial and steady friendship ; and Suffolk seems to have been worthy of the favor, which, from his earliest youth, he had enjoyed with his master. The king was sitting in council when informed of his death ; and he took the opportunity both to express his own sorrow for the loss, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared, that during the whole course of their friendship, his brother-in-law had never made one attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word to the disadvantage of any person. " Is there any one of you, my lords, who can say as much ?" When the king subjoined these words, he looked round in all their faces, and saw that confusion, which the consciousness of secret guilt naturally threw upon them.



*The duke generally resided, with his royal consort, at his noble mansion of Westhorp Hall, in this county. The cloister, the chapel, with its painted windows, and the original furniture, were kept up till about half a century ago, when it was entirely pulled down, and the furniture and materials dispersed.*

EIGHTH Henry ruling in this land,  
 He had a sister fair,  
 That was the widow'd Queen of France,  
 Enrich'd with virtues rare:  
 And being come to England's court,  
 She oft beheld a knight,  
 Charles Brandon nam'd, in whose fair eyes,  
 She chiefly took delight.

And noting in her princely mind,  
 His gallant sweet behaviour,  
 She daily drew him by degrees,  
 Still more and more in favour:  
 Which he perceiving, courteous knight,  
 Found fitting time and place,  
 And thus in amorous sort began,  
 His love-suit to her grace:

I am at love, fair queen, said he,  
 - Sweet let your love incline,  
 That by your grace Charles Brandon may  
 On earth be made divine:  
 If worthless I might worthy be  
 To have so good a lot,  
 To please your highness in true love  
 My fancy doubteth not.

Or if that gentry might convey  
 So great a grace to me,  
 I can maintain the same by birth,  
 Being come of good degree.  
 If wealth you think be all my want,  
 Your highness hath great store,  
 And my supplement shall be love ;  
 What can you wish for more ?

It hath been known when hearty love  
 Did tie the true-love knot,  
 Though now if gold and silver want,  
 The marriage proveth not.  
 The goodly queen hereat did blush,  
 But made a dumb reply ;  
 Which he imagin'd what she meant,  
 And kiss'd her reverently.

Brandon (quoth she) I greater am,  
 Than would I were for thee,  
 But can as little master love,  
 As them of low degree.  
 My father was a king, and so  
 A king my husband was,  
 My brother is the like, and he  
 Will say I do transgress.

But let him say what pleaseth him,  
 His liking I'll forego,  
 And chuse a love to please myself,  
 Though all the world say no :  
 If plowmen make their marriages,  
 As best contents their mind,  
 Why should not princes of estate  
 The like contentment find ?

But tell me, Brandon, am I not  
 More forward than beseems?  
 Yet blame me not for love, I love  
 Where best my fancy deems.  
 And long may live (quoth he) to love,  
 Nor longer live may I  
 Than when I love your royal grace,  
 And then disgraced die.

But if I do deserve your love,  
 My mind desires dispatch,  
 For many are the eyes in court,  
 That on your beauty watch :  
 But am not I, sweet lady, now  
 More forward than behoves ?  
 Yet for my heart, forgive my tongue,  
 That speaks for him that loves.

The queen and this brave gentleman  
 Together both did wed,  
 And after sought the king's good-will,  
 And of their wishes sped :  
 For Brandon soon was made a duke,  
 And graced so in court,  
 Then who but he did flaunt it forth  
 Amongst the noblest sort ?

And so from princely Brandon's line,  
 And Mary's did proceed  
 The noble race of Suffolk's house,  
 As after did succeed :  
 From whose high blood the lady Jane,  
 Lord Guilford Dudley's wife,  
 Came by descent, who, with her lord,  
 In London lost her life.

## CAPTAIN DEATH:

WRITTEN BY ONE OF THE SURVIVING CREW.

*History, perhaps, cannot afford a more remarkable instance of desperate courage than that, which was exerted on December 23rd, 1757, by the officers and crew of an English privateer, called the *Terrible*, equipped with 26 guns, and manned with 200 men, under the command of Capt. William Death. On the 22nd he engaged and made prize of a large French ship from St. Domingo, after an obstinate battle, in which he lost his own brother, and sixteen seamen. Having secured his prize with forty men, he afterwards fell in with the *Vengeance*, a privateer of St. Maloes, carrying 36 large cannon, with a complement of 360 men, which attacked and recaptured his prize. Both ships then bore down upon the *Terrible*, whose main-mast was shot away by the first broadside. Notwithstanding this disaster, the *Terrible* maintained such a furious engagement against both, as can hardly be paralleled in the British annals. The French commander and his second were killed, with two-thirds of his complement; but the gallant Capt. Death, with the greater part of his officers, and almost his whole crew, having shared the same fate, his ship was boarded by the enemy, who found no more than 26 persons alive, 16 of whom were mutilated by the loss of leg or arm, and the other ten grievously wounded. The ship itself was so shattered, that it could scarcely be kept above water; and the whole exhibited a most dreadful scene of carnage, horror, and desolation. The victor itself lay like a wreck; and in this condition made shift, with great difficulty, to tow the *Terrible* into St. Maloes, where she was not beheld without terror and astonishment. This adventure was no sooner known in England, than a liberal subscription was raised for the support of Death's widow, and the surviving crew.*

*The strange combination, mentioned by some writers, of one of the Terrible's Lieutenants being named Devil, the Surgeon Ghost, and of her having been fitted out at Execution-Dock, seem entirely destitute of foundation.*

*The gallant Capt. Death was a native of this county, and his widow and daughters resided, after his death, at Mistley in Essex.*

THE muse and the hero together are fir'd,  
 The same noble views have their bosoms inspir'd ;  
 As freedom they love, and for glory contend,  
 The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend :  
 And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath  
 To one British hero,—'tis brave captain Death !

His ship was the Terrible,—dreadful to see !  
 His crew were as brave, and as gallant as he ;  
 Two hundred, or more, was their good complement,  
 And sure braver fellows to sea never went :  
 Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath  
 In fighting for Britain, and brave captain Death.

A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,  
 And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her course :  
 The French privateer and the Terrible met ;—  
 The battle begun,—all with horror beset :  
 No heart was dismay'd,—each as bold as Macbeth ;—  
 They fought for Old England, and brave captain  
 Death.

Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, heard, and  
 felt ;

A sight that the heart of Bellona would melt ;

The shrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with  
 blood,  
 And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood;—  
 The flood from the days of old Noah and Seth,  
 Ne'er saw such a man as our brave captain Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,  
 Our brave captain dropp'd,—and soon after his  
 mate;—

Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,  
 That soon died the waves to a crimson from green:  
 And Neptune rose up, and took off his wreath,  
 And gave it a Triton to crown captain Death.

Thus fell the strong Terrible, bravely and bold;  
 But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold;  
 The French were the victors,—though much to their  
 cost,—

For many brave French were with Englishmen lost.  
 And thus, says old Time, from good queen Elizabeth,  
 I ne'er saw the fellow of brave captain Death.

## Epistle

FROM MARY, QUEEN OF FRANCE,\*

TO

CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

*Mary, youngest sister of Henry the VIIIth, was one of the most beautiful women of her time; and when only sixteen years of age was betrothed to Louis the XIIth. She was sent over to France with a splendid retinue, and Louis met her at Abbeville,*

\* A Portrait of this Lady is given in Gent. Mag. August, 1805. p. 697.

where the espousals were celebrated, on the 9th of October, 1514. He was enchanted with the beauty, grace, and numerous accomplishments of the young princess, but died in less than three months after the marriage. His successor Francis the 1st. proposed the Queen dowager's return to England, to which king Henry consented, after having made the best conditions he could for his sister, and taken security for the payment of her dowry. This done, some of the English nobility were appointed to go over into France to receive the Queen, and conduct her back; amongst whom was the Duke of Suffolk; who, upon his arrival, renewing his suit, and being already in her good graces, found it no difficult matter to gain his point; and wisely concluding that Henry might not so readily consent to his marrying the dowager of France, as he would have done to his marrying the princess his sister, he would not delay his happiness, but had the marriage privately solemnized before he left that country.

It is known, however, that Suffolk had entirely gained her affections long before she was married to the French monarch. For soon after his arrival she asked him, whether he had now the courage, without farther reflection, to espouse her? And she told him, that her brother would more easily forgive him for not asking his consent, than for acting contrary to his orders. But this was most probably done with the king's connivance. It is, however, certain, that no other subject durst have ventured upon a Queen of France, and a sister of the inexorable Henry the VIIIth.

It is remarkable, that neither this princess nor her sister had any great pride or ambition; for although they both had been wedded to monarchs, we find that the eldest sister, Margaret, after having buried her first husband, James the Vth of Scotland, chose one of her nobles for a second, and married Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus.

The Duchess died at the Manor House of Wes-

thorp in 1533, and was first buried in the abbey church of Bury St. Edmund; but at the dissolution of that monastery, her remains were removed to the church of St. Mary, and interred on the north side of the altar; and over them was placed a plain table monument. This tomb, simple and unadorned, was for some time supposed to be only a cenotaph; but on opening it in 1731, a covering of lead, evidently inclosing a human body, was found, with this inscription on the breast, "Mary Queen of France, 1533." Notwithstanding this discovery, the tomb continued without any external memorial of the rank of the person deposited beneath it, till 1758, when Dr. Symonds of Bury had it repaired at his own expence, and a marble tablet inserted with the following inscription:

Sacred to the Memory  
of MARY TUDOR,  
Third Daughter of Henry VII. King of England,  
AND QUEEN OF FRANCE;  
who was first married, in 1514, to  
LEWIS XIIth, KING OF FRANCE;  
and afterwards in, 1517, to  
CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
She died in his Life-time, 1533,  
at the Manor of Westthorp, in this County;  
and was interred in the same Year in the  
MONASTERY OF ST. EDMUND'S BURY,  
and was removed into this Church  
after the Dissolution of the ABBEY.

LET these soft lines my kindest thoughts convey,  
And tell thee what I suffer by thy stay.  
Did seas divide us, this might well excuse  
Thy negligence, and my fond heart abuse?  
But Calais from the Kentish strand is seen;  
A gentle current only rolls between.  
Nor needs my Suffolk, like Leander, brave  
A present death in every breaking wave,  
When, guided only by a glimmering light,  
He cross'd the stormy Hellespont by night.



Tall ships, with flying sails and labouring oars,  
 Attend to land thee on the Gallic shores.  
 But thou art chang'd—that ardor is expir'd,  
 Which once thy wishes with impatience fir'd ;  
 When Savoy's blooming dutchess strove in vain  
 From me the conquest of thy heart to gain.  
 Invited by great Henry's martial fame,  
 The haughty princess, with her brother, came  
 To compliment the King for Tournay gain'd ;  
 Where, in a rich pavilion entertain'd,  
 Thy noble form th' unguarded Fair surpriz'd ;  
 Nor were her tender wishes long disguis'd ;  
 Whatever Flattery, Love, or wanton Art,  
 Could do, she practis'd to seduce thy heart.  
 Great Anthony, by such allurements gain'd,  
 For Cleopatra all his glory stain'd :  
 But thy firm faith no injury receiv'd ;  
 For you still lov'd, or I was well deceiv'd.  
 Nor were my virgin vows less true to thee,  
 When young Castile address'd the court for me.  
 The charms of proffer'd empire I resign'd ;  
 Brandon was more than empire to my mind :  
 While, without rivals, in thy breast I reign'd,  
 My thoughts the pageantry of power disdain'd.  
 But, ah ! what changes human joys attend !  
 On fickle turns our brightest hopes depend.  
 Victorious Henry's arms still meet success ;  
 The vanquish'd Gauls at last propose a peace.  
 By Wolsey's policy their terms succeed ;  
 The long contending nations are agreed ;  
 And I the public victim am decreed,  
 Condemn'd to share the Christian Monarch's bed,  
 And curs'd with that magnificence I fled.  
 I knew my rank no private choice allow'd,  
 And what a Princess to her country ow'd.

These splendid maxims should have sway'd my  
 breast,  
 But Love entirely had my soul possess'd.  
 How oft I wish'd my kinder destiny  
 Had sunk the Queen in some obscure degree ;  
 While, crown'd by rural maids with painted flowers,  
 I rang'd the fields, and slept in verdant bowers ;  
 Belov'd of some young swain, with Brandon's face,  
 His voice, his gesture, and his blooming grace,  
 In all but birth and state resembling thee !  
 Then unmolested we had liv'd, and free  
 From all the curst restraints which greatness brings ;  
 While grots, the meads, the shades, and purling  
 springs,  
 The flowery valley, and the gloomy grove,  
 Had heard of no superior name to Love.  
 Such scenes of this inglorious life I drew,  
 And half believ'd the charming fiction true,  
 Till real ills dissolv'd the pleasing dreams,  
 The groves and vallies fled, the lawns and silver  
 streams.  
 The gay fantastic paradise I mourn'd ;  
 While courts and factions, crowns and cares, return'd.  
 With sighs I still recal the fatal day,  
 When no pretence could gain a longer stay.  
 The lovely Queen my parting sorrow saw,  
 Nor Henry's presence kept my grief in awe.  
 No rules of decent custom could control,  
 Or hide the wide disorder of my soul,  
 When shipp'd for France, before the dancing wind  
 The navy fled, and left my hopes behind.  
 With weeping eyes I still survey'd the strand,  
 Where on a rising cliff I saw thee stand ;  
 Nor once from thence my stedfast sight withdrew,  
 Till the lov'd object was no more in view.

“Farewell, I cry’d, dear charming youth! with thee  
Each chearful prospect vanishes from me.”

Loud shouts and triumphs on the Gallic coast  
Salute me; but the noisy zeal was lost.  
Nor shouts nor triumphs drew my least regard,  
Thy parting sighs, methought, were all I heard.  
But now at Albeville by Louis met,  
I strove the thoughts of Suffolk to forget;  
For here my faith was to my monarch vow’d,  
And solemn rites my passion disallow’d:  
However pure my former flames had been,  
Unblemish’d honour made them now a sin.  
But scarce my virtue had the conquest gain’d,  
And every wild forbidden wish restrain’d;  
When at St. Dennis, with imperial state  
Invested, on the Gallic throne I sate;  
The day with noble tournaments was grac’d,  
Your name amongst the British champions plac’d,  
Invited by a guilty thirst of fame,  
Without regard to my repose, you came.  
The lists I saw thee entering with surprize,  
And felt the darting glances of thine eyes.

“Ye sacred Powers, I cry’d, that rule above!  
Defend my breast from this perfidious love!  
Ye holy Lamps! before whose awful lights  
I gave my hand; and ye religious rites!  
Assist me now; nor let a thought unchaste,  
Or guilty wish, my plighted honour blast!”  
While passion, struggling with my pious fears,  
Forc’d from my eyes involuntary tears.  
Some tender blossom thus, with leaves enlarg’d,  
Declines its head, with midnight dew o’ercharg’d:  
The passing breezes shake the gentle flower,  
And scatter all around a pearly shower.

From this distracting hour I shunn'd thy sight,  
 And gain'd the conquest by a prudent flight.  
 But human turns, and sovereign destiny,  
 Have set me now from those engagements free.  
 The stars, propitious to my virgin love,  
 My first desires and early vows approve ;  
 While busy politicians urge in vain,  
 That public reasons should my choice restrain ;  
 That none but York's or Lancaster's high race,  
 Or great Plantagenet's, I ought to grace !  
 Nor Suffolk wants a long illustrious line,  
 And worth that shall in future records shine.  
 They own'd thy valour when thy conquering lance  
 Carry'd the prize from all the youth of France.  
 Thy merit Henry's constant favour shows,  
 And Envy only can my choice oppose.  
 Thy noble presence, wit, and fine address,  
 The British and the Gallic court confess.  
 Alançon's shape, and Vendôme's sparkling eye,  
 Count Paul's gay mien, and Bourbon's majesty,  
 No longer are admir'd, when thou art by.  
 There nothing wants to justify my flame,  
 The statesmen grant, but a poor empty name.  
 And what's the gaudy title of a King ?  
 What solid bliss can royal grandeur bring ?  
 When thou art absent, what's the court to me,  
 But tiresome state, and dull formality ?  
 This toy a crown I would resign, to prove  
 The peaceful joys of innocence and love.

THE

## Pleasant History of the King

AND

## LORD BIGOD OF BUNGAY.

Tune "Dunwich Roses."

*Hugh Bigod was the descendant of Roger Bigod, who, at the time of the Norman Survey, was in possession of 117 manors in this county. The family came over with William, the Conqueror; and for their eminent services at the battle of Hastings, Roger was thus richly rewarded. His brother, Hugh Bigod, was created by King Stephen Earl of East Anglia; and in 1166 was advanced, by Henry the II<sup>nd</sup>. to the title and dignity of Earl of Norfolk, and died attainted in 1177. He was succeeded by his son Roger Bigod, who, though heir to the Earldom of Norfolk, and to the stewardship of the royal household, was obliged to purchase both by the payment of 1000 marks, in consequence of the attainder of his father. In the time of King John, he joined the refractory Barons, and was one of the most active amongst them in procuring for the people that great palladium of English liberty, MAGNA CHARTA. He, dying in 1220, was succeeded by his son Hugh, the subject of the following Ballad.*

*The Castle of Bungay is conjectured to have been built by this powerful family. During the intestine commotions, in the turbulent reign of Stephen, it was so strongly fortified by Hugh Bigod, and stood besides in such an advantageous situation, that he was accustomed to boast of it as impregnable; and is reported by Holinshed to have made use of this expression;*

"Were I in my Castle of Bungaye,

"Upon the Water of Waveney,

"I would ne set a button by the King of Cocknaye."

*On the accession of Henry the II<sup>nd</sup>. however, this nobleman, who had invariably espoused the cause of*

Stephen, was obliged to give a large sum of money, with sufficient hostages, to save this castle from destruction. Joining afterwards in the rebellion of Henry's eldest son against his father, he was deprived by the king of the castle of Bungay, as well as of Framlingham; but they were both restored, with his other estates and honors, to his son and heir, whose posterity enjoyed them for several generations. Hugh died in 1225.

In the reign of Henry the IIIrd. this castle was demolished; and in the 10th. year of Edward the 1st. Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, obtained permission to embattle his house, erected on the site of the ancient castle. He endowed his second wife, Alice, with this manor; and having no children, settled all his castles, towns, manors, and possessions on king Edward, and his heirs. The castle, borough, and manor of Bungay, are supposed to have been given by that monarch to his fifth son, Thomas de Brotherton, and to have been carried, by the marriage of his daughter and co-heiress, into the family of the Uffords.

The records, belonging to this castle, perished in the dreadful fire, which consumed the town, in 1688.

The mutability of human affairs is strikingly evinced by the present state of this once flourishing edifice; once the baronial residence of the great and powerful, where

“ Stately the feast, and high the cheer,  
 “ Girt with many an armed peer;  
 “ Illumining the vaulted roof,  
 “ A thousand torches flam'd aloof;  
 “ From massy cups, with golden gleam,  
 “ Sparkled the rich metheglin's stream;  
 “ To grace the gorgeous festival,  
 “ Along the lofty-windowed hall;  
 “ The storied tapestry was hung,  
 “ With minstrelsy the rafters rung”——

it is now become the habitation of the lowest class of people; a great number of wretched hovels having been raised against its walls, and let out in lodgings to the poor.

THE King has sent for Bigod bold,  
 In Essex whereat he lay,  
 But Lord Bigod laugh'd at his Poursuivant,  
 And stoutly thus did say :  
 " Were I in my castle of Bungay,  
 Upon the river of Waveney,  
 I would ne care for the King of Cockney."

Hugh Bigod was Lord of Bungay tower,  
 And a merry Lord was he,  
 So away he rode on his berry-black steed,  
 And sung with license and glee,  
 " Were I in my castle of Bungay,  
 Upon the river of Waveney,  
 I would ne care for the King of Cockney."

At Ipswich they laugh'd to see how he sped,  
 And at Ufford they star'd, I wis,  
 But at merry Saxmundham they heard his song,  
 And the song he sung was this :  
 " Were I in my castle of Bungay,  
 Upon the river of Waveney,  
 I would ne care for the King of Cockney."

The Baily he rode and the Baily he ran,  
 To catch the gallant Lord Hugh,  
 But for every mile the Baily rode,  
 The Earl he rode more than two :  
 Says, " Were I in my castle of Bungay,  
 Upon the river of Waveney,  
 I would ne care for the King of Cockney."

When the Baily had ridden to Bramfield oak,  
 Sir Hugh was at Ilksall bower ;  
 When the Baily had ridden to Halesworth cross,  
 He was singing in Bungay tower—  
 “ Now that I’m in my castle of Bungay,  
 Upon the river of Waveney,  
 I will ne care for the King of Cockney.”

When news was brought to London town,  
 How Sir Bigod did jest and sing,  
 “ Say you to Lord Hew of Norfolk,”  
 Said Henry, our English King,  
 “ Though you be in your castle of Bungay,  
 Upon the river of Waveney,  
 I’ll make you care for the King of Cockney.”

King Henry he marshal’d his merry men all,  
 And through Suffolk they march’d with speed.  
 And they march’d to Lord Bigod’s castle wall,  
 And knock’d at his gate, I rede ;  
 “ Sir Hugh of the castle of Bungay,  
 Upon the river of Waveney,  
 Come, doff your cap to the King of Cockney.”

Sir Hughon Bigod so stout and brave,  
 When he heard the King thus say,  
 He trembled and shook like a May-mawther,  
 And he wish’d himself away ;  
 “ Were I out of my castle of Bungay,  
 And beyond the river of Waveney,  
 I would ne care for the King of Cockney.”

Sir Hugh took three score sacks of gold,  
 And flung them over the wall,



Says, "Go your ways, in the Devil's name,  
 Yourself and your merry men all!  
 But leave me my castle of Bungay,  
 Upon the river of Waveney,  
 And I'll pay my shot to the King of Cockney."

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THE FAKENHAM GHOST:

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

This Ballad is founded on a well-known fact. The circumstance, says Bloomfield, occurred long before I was born; but is still related by some of the oldest inhabitants in that part of the country.

Fakenham Wood, near Euston Hall, is, perhaps, the largest in the county, and covers an extent of 314 acres. It was the frequent resort of Mr. Austin and his family, at the time that Bloomfield was with him, on a Sunday afternoon, in the summer months. Here the farmer was wont to indulge his juniors with a stroll to recreate them after the labors of the week; and this was the Poet's favorite haunt in his boyish days, whenever his numerous occupations left him sufficient leisure to muse on the beauties of nature.

A view of Fakenham from Euston Park, taken near "the darksome copse that whisper'd on the hill," and presenting the "White Park Gate" through which the terror-struck villager fled, when pursued by the long-eared apparition, is given in "Storer's and Greig's "Illustrations of Bloomfield," 1806," 4to. and 8vo.

THE lawns were dry in Euston park;
 (Here truth inspires my tale)
 The lonely footpath, still and dark,
 Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
 And fearful haste she made
 To gain the vale of Fakenham,
 And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
 But follow'd faster still ;
 And echo'd to the darksome copse
 That whisper'd on the hill ;

Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
 Bespoke a peopled shade ;
 And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
 And hov'ring circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer
 That sought the shades by day,
 Now started from her path with fear,
 And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew ; and darker fears
 Came o'er her troubled mind ;
 When now, a short quick step she hears
 Come patting close behind.

She turn'd ; it stopt !...nought could she see
 Upon the gloomy plain !
 But, as she strove the Sprite to flee,
 She heard the same again.

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame :
 For, where the path was bare,
 The trotting Ghost kept on the same !
 She mutter'd many a pray'r.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
 She tried what sight could do ;
 When through the cheating glooms of night,
 A MONSTER stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
 It follow'd down the plain !
 She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
 And said her pray'rs again.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
 The white park gate in view ;
 Which pushing hard, so long it swung
 That *Ghost* and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !
 Her heart-strings like to crack :
 For, much she fear'd the grisly ghost
 Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,
 As it had done before :...
 Her strength and resolution spent,
 She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surpris'd :
 Out came her daughter dear :
 Good-natur'd souls ! all unadvis'd
 Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierc'd through the night,
 Some short space o'er the green ;
 And there the little trotting sprite
 Distinctly might be seen.

An *Ass's Foal* had lost its dam
 Within the spacious park ;
 And simple as the playful lamb,
 Had follow'd in the dark.

No Goblin he ; no imp of sin :
 No crimes had ever known.
 They took the shaggy stranger in,
 And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
 Upon the cottage floor :
 The matron learn'd to love the sound
 That frighten'd her before.

A favourite the Ghost became ;
 And, 'twas his fate to thrive :
 And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
 And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale ;
 And some conviction too :...
 Each thought some other Goblin tale,
 Perhaps, was just as true.

A MERRY SONG,

ON THE

DUKE'S LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESS OVER THE DUTCH.

Tune "Suffolk Stiles."

Southwold Bay, commonly called Sole-Bay, is celebrated as the theatre of a most obstinate and sanguinary naval engagement, which took place on the 20th. of May 1672, between the combined fleet of England and France on the one side, and that of the Dutch on the other. The former consisted of 101 sail, 35 of which were French, carrying 6,018 guns, and 34,530 men; and the latter of 91 men of war, 54 fire-ships, and 23 tenders. James, Duke of York, commanded the Red squadron; the Count D'Étreès the White; and the Earl of Sandwich the Blue: the Dutch were commanded by De Ruyter, opposed to the Duke of York; Blankart to Count D'Étreès, and Van-Ghent to the Earl of Sandwich. Cornelius De Witt was on board the Dutch fleet, as deputy from the States.

The combined fleet lay in the Bay, in a very negligent posture, extending from Easton-ness to Menes-Mere. The Earl of Sandwich, an experienced officer, had given the Duke warning of the danger; but received such an answer, as intimated that there was more of caution than of courage in his apprehensions. Upon the appearance of the enemy, every one ran to his post with precipitation; and many ships were obliged to cut their cables in order to be in readiness. Sandwich, though determined to conquer or to die, so tempered his courage with prudence, that the whole fleet was visibly indebted to him for its safety. He hastened out of the Bay, where it had been easy for De Ruyter, with his fire-ships, to have destroyed the combined fleet, which was crowded together; and by this wise measure, he gave time to the Duke of York, and to Count D'Étreès, to disengage themselves. He himself, meanwhile, rushed into the battle; and by presenting himself to every

danger, drew upon him all the bravest of the enemy. He killed *Van-Ghent*, and beat off his ship; he sunk another, which ventured to lay him aboard, and three fire-ships, that endeavoured to grapple with him. And though his vessel was torn in pieces with shot, and of 1000 men, which she contained, nearly 600 were killed, he continued still to thunder with his artillery in the midst of the enemy. But another fire-ship, more fortunate than the first, having laid hold of his vessel, her destruction was inevitable. Warned by *Sir Edward Haddock*, his captain, he refused to make his escape, and bravely embraced death as a shelter from that ignominy, which a rash expression of the Duke's had thrown upon him.

During this fierce engagement with *Sandwich*, *De Ruyter* remained not inactive. He attacked the Duke of York, and fought him with such fury for more than two hours, that of two and thirty actions in which he had been engaged, he declared this combat to have been the most obstinately disputed. The Duke's ship was so shattered, that he was obliged to leave her, and shift his flag to another. His squadron was overpowered by numbers, till *Sir Joseph Jordan*, who had succeeded to *Sandwich's* command, came to his assistance; and the fight being more equally balanced, was continued till night, when the Dutch retired, and were not pursued by the English. The loss sustained by the two maritime powers was nearly equal. The Dutch lost three ships of war; and their loss in men is supposed to have been very great, as the publication of it was forbidden by the States. Two English ships were burned, three sunk, and one taken; and about 2,500 men killed and wounded. The French suffered very little, having scarcely been engaged in the action. It is supposed that they had received secret orders to spare their ships, and let the Dutch and English weaken themselves by their mutual animosity. On the 27th. which was *Whit-Mouday*, there was a great merry-making on board the fleet; and so sudden and unexpected was the approach of the enemy, that many officers and sailors, who were on shore at *Southwold*,

Dunwich, Aldeburgh, and the adjacent country, could not get on board their ships, although large sums of money were offered for boats to carry them off; but were obliged to remain spectators of the fight. Many likewise were disporting and regaling themselves at Framlingham fair, as the traditionary accounts of the Southwolders testify to this day. Owing to a calm and thick fog, little more than smoke could be discerned on shore; but by the report of the guns, a violent concussion was felt in all the houses of Dunwich, Southwold, Walderswick, and even as far as Lowestoft. During the engagement, the Southwolders, apprehensive of danger from the enemy, were seized with such a panic, that they mustered a strong guard, and suffered no country people, who came flocking into the town to behold the fight, to repass the bridge, before victory smiled on the English.

ONE day as I was sitting still
 Upon the side of Dunwich hill,
 And looking on the ocean,
 By chance I saw De Ruyter's fleet
 With Royal James's squadron meet,
 In sooth it was a noble treat
 To see that brave commotion.

I cannot stay to name the names
 Of all the ships that fought with James,
 Their number or their tonnage,
 But this I say, the noble host
 Right gallantly did take its post
 And cover'd all the hollow coast
 From Walderswyck to Dunwich.

The French who should have join'd the Duke,
 Full far astern did lag and look

Although their hulls were lighter,
 But nobly faced the Duke of York,
 Tho' some may wink, and some may talk,
 Right stoutly did his vessel stalk
 To buffet with De Ruyter.

Well might you hear their guns, I guess,
 From Sizewell-gap to Easton Ness,
 The show was rare and sightly :
 They batter'd without let or stay
 Until the evening of that day
 'Twas then the Dutchmen ran away,
 The Duke had beat them tightly.

Of all the battles gain'd at sea
 This was the rarest victory
 Since Philip's grand Armado.
 I will not name the rebel Blake,
 He fought for horson Cromwell's sake,
 And yet was forced three days to take
 To quell the Dutch bravado.

So now we've seen them take to flight,
 This way, and that, where'er they might
 To windward or to leeward ;
 Here's to King Charles, and here's to James,
 And here's to all the captains names,
 And here's to all the Suffolk dames,
 And here's the House of Stuart.

THE

Most rare and excellent History of the
DUTCHESS OF SUFFOLK'S,

AND HER HUSBAND

Richard Bertie's Calamities.

To the tune of "Queen Dido."

Catherine, Dutchess of Suffolk, was the sole daughter and heir of William, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, by the Lady Mary Salines, his second wife, descended from a noble family in Spain, and who had accompanied the Infanta, Catherine of Arragon, into England, on her marriage with Arthur, Prince of Wales, and was one of her maids of honor, after her marriage with Henry the VIIIth. Her father, Lord Willoughby, was in possession of the lordships and manors of Ufford, Bredfield, Sogenowe, Winderfelde, Woodbridge, Orford, Wykes-Ufford, Parham, Baudesey, and Campys in this county; and dying in Suffolk in the year 1501, was buried in the collegiate church of Mettingham.

Being under age at the time of her father's death, and as she was sole heiress to the barony, and to very large estates, her wardship was granted to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. In the 26th of Henry the VIIIth she, making proof of her age, had livery of the lands of her inheritance; and afterwards became the fourth wife of that great Duke, her guardian, by whom she had issue two sons, Henry and Charles, who died, both of them, in 1551, in the Bishop of Lincoln's house at Bugden, Hunts, of the sweating sickness.

She afterwards married Richard Bertie, esq. of Bersted, in Kent, a person singularly accomplished and learned in the French, Italian, and Latin languages. By him she had issue Peregrine Bertie,

so called from being born in a foreign country, viz. at Wesel, one of the hans towns in the dutchy of Cleveland; and a daughter Susan, who married first Reginald, the fifth Earl of Kent, and secondly Sir John Wingfield.

The Dutchess of Suffolk and her husband Richard Bertie were eminent for their services in the cause of the reformation. Active and zealous in its promotion, they were obliged, during the sanguinary persecutions of Queen Mary, to provide for their safety by quitting the kingdom. The hardships, which they underwent during their exile, were so singular and severe, that they were afterwards, commemorated, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth in the following curious old ballad.

In further confirmation of the truth of the above poetic history, we are enabled to adduce the copy of an inscription, which is placed at the east entrance of the porch of the church of St. Willebrode in Wesel, and which was transcribed by General Bertie, Aug. 22nd 1784:

Anno Dom. 1555, 12o Octobris
 In hoc Ecclesie Vesaliensis Propylæo
 natus est, ideoq; appellatus
 PEREGRINUS BERTIE
 Baro WILLOUGHBY de Eresby in Regno Angliæ,
 Domini RICARDI BERTIE et CATHARINÆ
 Ducissæ Suffolciæ Filius,
 Qui Conjugali inter se, et piâ erga Deum Fide insignes,
 Ob Professionem Religionis à Papismo repurgatæ
 Sponte ex Angliâ profugerunt, Maria Regnante,
 A. D. MDLIII.
 Idem PEREGRINUS BERTIE,
 Postea Regnante ELIZABETHA
 A. D. MDLXXXVIII.
 Copiarum Anglicarum in Fœderato Belgio
 Sub Felicissimis illius REGINÆ Auspiciis Militantium
 LOCUM TENENS GENERALIS constitutus est,
 Et Posteros deinceps reliquit,
 Qui etiamnum Inclarescunt Titulo
 Comitum de Lindsey, et Jure Hæreditario
 Magnorum Angliæ Camerariorum.

Hunc Lapidem, partim vetustate exeso, partim Militum vi fracto,
 Instauravit CAROLUS BERTIE,
 MONTACUTI Comitis de LINDSEY Filius, et
 Serenissimi D. CAROLI Secundi Magnæ Britanniæ Regis
 Ad plerosq; Sac. Rom. IMPERII ELECTORES
 Aliosq; Germaniæ Principes Ablegatus Extraordinarius.
 A. D. MDCLXXX.

The Duchess deceased Sep. 19th, 1580, and was buried at Spilsby in Lincolnshire: and her husband on April 9th, 1582, in the 64th year of his age. There is a portrait of the Dutchess in "the Imitations of Original Drawings by Hans Holbein, published by J. Chamberlaine. 1792—1800."

WHEN God had taken for our sin,
 That prudent prince king Edward away,
 Then bloody Bonner did begin
 His raging malice to bewray:
 All those that did God's word profess,
 He persecuted more or less.

Thus whilst our lord on us did lowre,
 Many in prison he did throw,
 Tormenting them in Lollard's tower,*
 Whereby they might the truth forego:
 Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
 Were burning in the fire, that Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots fill'd,
 And many places more beside,
 At Coventry was Saunders kill'd,
 At Worcester eke good Hooper dy'd:
 And to escape this bloody day,
 Beyond sea many fled away.

* There is a place so named, composing part of the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth.

Amongst the rest that sought relief,
 And for their faith in danger stood,
 Lady Elizabeth was chief,
 King Henry's daughter, of royal blood,
 Which in the tower prisoner did lye,
 Looking each day when she should die.

The dutchess of Suffolk seeing this,
 Whose life likewise the tyrant sought ;
 Who, in the hopes of heavenly bliss,
 Within God's word her comfort wrought:
 For fear of death was forc'd to fly,
 And leave her house most secretly.

Thus for the love of God alone,
 Her land and goods she left behind ;
 Seeking still for that precious stone,
 The word and truth so rare to find :
 She with her nurse, husband and child,*
 In poor array their sighs beguil'd.

Thus through London they passed along,
 Each one did take a several street,
 Thus all along escaping wrong
 At Billingsgate they all did meet,
 Like people poor in Gravesend barge,
 They simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Gravesend town,
 With journeys short on foot they went,
 Unto the sea-coast came they down,
 To pass the seas was their intent:
 And God provided so that day,
 That they took ship and sail'd away.

* Susan, afterwards Countess of Kent.

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
 In Flanders they did arrive ;
 This was to them great ease of mind,
 And from their heart much woe did drive :
 And so with thanks to God on high,
 They took their way to Germany.

Thus as they travell'd still disguis'd,
 Upon the highway suddenly,
 By cruel thieves they were surpriz'd,
 Assailing their small company :
 And all their treasures and their store,
 They took away, and beat them sore.

The nurse, in midst of all their fright,
 Laid down their child upon the ground,
 She ran away out of their sight,
 And never after that was found :
 Then did the dutchess make great moan,
 With her good husband all alone.

The thieves had there their horses kill'd,
 And all their money quite had took,
 The pretty baby almost spoil'd,
 Was by their nurse also forsook.
 And they far from their friends did stand,
 And succourless in a strange land.

The sky likewise began to scowl,
 It hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort,
 The way was long and wond'rous foul,
 This I may now full well report,
 Their grief and sorrow was not small,
 When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the dutchess bore the child,
 As wet as ever she could be,
 And when the lady kind and mild
 Was weary, then the child bore he ;
 And thus they one another eas'd,
 And with their fortunes seem'd well pleas'd.

And after many a weary step,
 All wet-shod both in dirt and mire ;
 After much grief, their hearts yet leap ;
 For labour doth some rest require:
 A town before them they did see,
 But lodged there they could not be.

From house to house then they did go,
 Seeking that night where they might lie ;
 But want of money was their woe,
 And still their babe with cold doth cry,
 With cap and knee they court'sy make,
 But none of them would pity take.

Lo, here a princess of great blood
 Doth pray a peasant for relief,
 With tears bedewed as she stood,
 Yet few or none regard her grief.
 Her speech they could not understand,
 But some gave money in her hand.

When all in vain her speeches spent,
 And that they could no house-room get,
 Into a church-porch * then they went,
 To stand out of the rain and wet :

* Of St. Willebrode, at Wesel in Germany, where the Duchess fell in labor, and was delivered of a son, called Peregrine, who was afterwards Lord Willoughby de Eresby. For a character of this nobleman, see "Fragmenta Regalia," p. 50, Caulfield's Ed. 1814, 4to. where there is a good portrait of him.

Then said the dutchess to her dear,
O that we had some fire here.

Then did her husband so provide,
That fire and coals they got with speed:
She sat down by the fire-side,
To dress her daughter that had need:
And whilst she dress'd it in her lap,
Her husband made the infant pap.

Anon the sexton thither came,
Finding them there by the fire:
The drunken knave, all void of shame,
To drive them out was his desire;
And spurned out the noble dame,
Her husband's wrath he did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
He wrung the church keys out of his hand,
And struck him so that all the blood
His head run down as he did stand;
Wherefore the sexton presently
For aid and help aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste,
And took the dutchess and her child,
And with her husband thus they past,
Like lambs beset with tygers wild,
And to the governor were brought,
Who understood them not in aught.

Then master Bertue brave and bold
In Latin made a gallant speech,
Which all their miseries did unfold,
And their high favour did beseech;

With that a doctor sitting by,
Did know the dutchess presently.

And thereupon arising strait,
With words abashed at this sight,
Upon them all that then did wait,
He thus broke forth in words aright :
Behold within your sight (quoth he)
A princess of most high degree.

With that the governor and all the rest,
Were much amaz'd the same to hear,
Who welcomed this new-come guest,
With reverence great, and princely cheer :
And afterwards convey'd they were,
Unto their friend prince Cassimere.

A son she had in Germany,
Peregrine Bertue call'd by name,
Sirnam'd the good lord Willoughby,
Of courage great and worthy fame ;
Her daughter young that with her went,
Was afterwards countess of Kent.

For when queen Mary was deceas'd,
The dutchess home return'd again,
Who was of sorrow quite releas'd,
By queen Elizabeth's happy reign :
Whose goodly life and piety,
We may praise continually.

ADMIRAL VERNON'S
ANSWER TO
Admiral Hosier's Ghost.

WRITTEN IN 1740,

By John Price, a land-waiter, in the port of Poole.

In Dr. Percy's "Reliques of Antient Poetry," vol. 2. p. 376. is an admirable ballad, intituled "Hosier's Ghost," being an address to Admiral Vernon, in Porto-Bello harbour, by Mr. Glover, the author of Leonidas. The case of Hosier was briefly this:

In April 1726, he was sent with a strong fleet to the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, he lay inactive on that station, until he became the jest of the Spaniards. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruizing in those seas, till far the greater part of his crews perished by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.—The ballad concludes,

"O'er these waves, for ever mourning,
" Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,
" If to Britain's shores returning,
" You neglect my just request:

"After this proud foe subduing,
" When your patriot friends you see,
" Think on vengeance for my ruin,
" And for England—sham'd in me."

In 1739, Vice-Admiral Vernon was appointed commander in chief of a squadron then fitting out for destroying the settlements of the Spaniards in the West Indies; and, weighing anchor from Spit-

head on the 23rd of July, arrived in sight of Porto-Bello, with six ships only, under his command, on the 20th of Nov. following. The next day he commenced the attack of that town; when, after a most furious engagement, on both sides, it was taken on the 22nd, together with a considerable number of cannon, mortars and ammunition, and also two Spanish ships of war. He then blew up the fortifications, and evacuated the place for want of land forces sufficient to retain it; but first distributed 10,000 dollars, which had been sent to Porto-Bello for paying the Spanish troops, among the forces for their bravery.

The two houses of parliament joined in an address of congratulation upon this success of his majesty's arms; and the nation, in general, was wonderfully elated by an exploit, which was certainly magnified much above its intrinsic merit.

HOSIER! with indignant sorrow,
 I have heard thy mournful tale;
 And, if heav'n permit, to-morrow
 Hence our warlike fleet shall sail.
 O'er those hostile waves, wide roaming,
 We will urge our bold design,
 With the blood of thousands foaming,
 For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow,
 Who now triumphs here with me,
 Storm'd and plunder'd Porto-Bello,
 All my thoughts were full of thee.
 Thy disast'rous fate alarm'd me;
 Fierce thy image glar'd on high,
 And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me,
 To revenge thy fall, o die.

From their lofty ships decending,
 Thro' the flood, in firm array,
 To the destin'd city bending,
 My lov'd sailors work'd their way.
 Strait the foe, with horror trembling,
 Quits in haste his batter'd walls ;
 And in accents, undeseembling,
 As he flies, for mercy calls.

Carthagena, tow'ring wonder !
 At the daring deed dismay'd,
 Shall ere-long by Britain's thunder,
 Smoaking in the dust be laid.
 Thou, and these pale spectres sweeping,
 Restless, o'er this wat'ry round,
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
 Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,
 To thy injur'd ghost I swear,
 By my hopes of future glory,
 War shall be my constant care :
 And I ne'er will cease pursuing
 Spain's proud sons from sea to sea,
 With just vengeance for thy ruin,
 And for England sham'd in thee.

ON THE
REMOVAL OF THE MARKET CROSS,

At Ipswich :

BY MR. BARNARD BARTON.

Edmond Dandy, esq. a Portman of Ipswich, and a very rich and religious man, erected at his own expence the Market-Cross in the year 1510, during his Bailiwic. He was one of the Representatives for the Borough in the Parliaments of 1511, and 1514; and served the office of Bailiff three times, viz. in 1498, 1503, and 1510. In 1514, he founded a Chantry in the Church of St. Lawrence for a Secular Priest to offer, at the altar of St. Thomas the Martyr, in behalf of himself and his relations, amongst whom he reckoned Thomas Wolsey, the celebrated Cardinal, then Dean of Lincoln, and his parents Robert and Jone Wolsey, deceased. He nominated Sir James Crowfield the first priest; and to him and his successors he gave his house in St. Lawrence Parish, adjoining to the Crown in King's Street, for a residence, and his lands in Sproughton, Stoke and Alnesborne, for a maintenance. This Mr. Dandy was one of the most respectable men of the town; all his daughters married gentlemen of good fortune; and the issue of one of them was the wife of the Lord Keeper Bacon. He died in May 1515, and was buried in the church of St. Lawrence. Mr. Beaumont, who was Minister of that parish in 1729, says, that there was part of a white stone, then placed in one of the windows of the chancel, on which there had been brasses, and on which was the following inscription :

Here under lies buried the body of Edm Dandy Some Time Portman and Bailief of Ipswich. The Antient Founder of ye Market Cross and of the Alms houses in Lady Lane. to Every one of wch he gave an 100 of wood

agst winter to the maintenance whereof he gave certain Lands in Holbrook to ye Bailibes of Ipswich and their Successors for ever. He dyed May 1515 and had Issue by Alice his wife daughter of Bacon Wm Dandy of Cretingham in Suff who married Agnes daughter of Thomas Aluard of Ipswich Robert Dandy married Joice daughter of Thomas Read of Beccles in Suff. John Dandy Jone Dandy and Agnes Dandy.

On a broken black stone, which was under the little seats in the north side of the chancel, and which seems to be a part of the flat stone which lies at the chancel door, was the following inscription :

Here lies intombd the body of Anne Dandy, daughter of Bacon of Blakenham first Wife of Edmd Dandy Portman & bailief of this Town by whom She had Issue Wm. Dandy of Cretingham who married Agnes daughter of Thomas Aluard of Ips. Esq Robert Dandy Portman & bailief of this Town who married Joan daughter of Wm Read of Beccles and Margaret his Wife daughter of Pooley Johanna dandy Agnes dandy married to Wm Fernly of London Esq by whom She had Issue Jone Fernly married to Sir Nicholas Bacon Lord Keeper Jone dandy upon which Posterity God have Mercy.

His second wife Margaret, after his death, became an Abbess. Hawes. 597.

The deed for the foundation of the Chantry in the church of St. Lawrence is copied from Tanner's MSS. into the Register Book of that parish.

An account of his charitable bequests to the town of Ipswich extracted from his Will, may be scen at large in "An Account of Gifts and Legacies that have been given and bequathed to Charitable Uses in the Town of Ipswich, &c. 1747." 8vo. pp. 163. 164. 195.

Lost to our view that ancient Cross, so fair,
 Its timeless fate full oft we must deplore ;
 Regret shall breathe her murmurs in the air,
 And anger loud her rage indignant pour.

Thence knights of shire exhausted oft their breath,
 And thence the rising senator was nam'd ;
 From thence 'twas told when monarchs sunk in death,
 But now, alas ! no more the relic 's fam'd.

Proud of the produce of their native soil,
 There Ceres' sons displayed the golden grain,
 Courting the meed of industry and toil,
 The farmer's honest recompense of gain.

Tried and condemn'd, without judicial form,
 While modern structure o'er antique prevails ;
 That kind asylum from the wintry storm
 The hand of "brief authority" assails.

No more the traveller shall its dome admire,
 Its patron goddess with her scales and sword ;
 With Wolsey's gate no more its name aspire ;
 Nor to the moralist a theme afford.

From forth its canopy no more shall sound
 The trump of war, with terror's fierce acclaim ;
 Nor pomp heraldic scatter pleasure round,
 And to the joyous crowd sweet peace proclaim.

Peace to its manes ! doom'd no more to live,
 Unless in memory's ever-fading page ;
 The mournful muse this verse alone can give,
 A feeble record for remoter age.

An Heroic Epistle

FROM

WILLIAM DE LA POLE, DUKE OF SUFFOLK,

TO MARGARET,

THE QUEEN OF HENRY THE VI.

William De La Pole, Duke of Suffolk, was a brave and skilful officer, and during the latter part of the glorious reign of Henry the Vth. served with much reputation in the wars of France, and was made a Knight of the Garter. Upon the death of that king, he was left in France with the Earl of Salisbury, for the defence of the English acquisitions there; and in 1424, upon the taking of the city of Maine, was made governor thereof. In 1442, in consideration of his manifold services, he obtained a grant to himself, Alice his wife, and their issue male, in reversion, of the Earldom of Pembroke, in case Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, should die without issue male. In 1444, he was created Marquis of Suffolk; and obtained a grant to himself, his wife and the heirs of their bodies of the manors of Nedging, and Kettlebaston, to hold by the service of carrying a golden sceptre, with a dove on its head, upon the coronation-day of the king's heirs and successors; as also another sceptre of ivory, with a golden dove on its head, upon the day of the coronation of the then queen, and all other queens of England, in time to come. In 1443, he was sent over to France, apparently to settle the terms of a truce, which had then been begun, but in reality to procure a suitable match for the king. The princess, selected to be the partner of his throne, was Margaret of Anjou, the daughter of Regnier, titular king of Sicily. The treaty of marriage having been soon brought to a conclusion

by Suffolk, he was sent as the king's proxy to espouse the princess, and conduct her to England. He enjoyed ever afterwards a high degree of favor with the queen, through whose means he was made Lord Chamberlain, Lord High Admiral, and raised to the dignity of Duke of Suffolk. This nobleman is accused of having been concerned, with the Cardinal of Winchester, in the murder of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; and after the death of the Cardinal, governed every thing with uncontrolled sway. His conduct soon excited the jealousy of the other nobility; and every odious and unsuccessful measure was attributed to him. He was charged with mismanagement; waste of the public treasure; the foul murder of the duke; and the loss of divers provinces in France; with many other high crimes and misdemeanours; for which he was committed to the Tower; and though the queen interposed and effected his release, yet the popular resentment against him was so strong, that the king, to skreen him as much as possible, sentenced him to five years banishment. This was considered by his enemies as an escape from justice; and when the Duke left his castle at Wingfield, and embarked at Ipswich, with an intention to sail to France, the captain of a vessel was employed to intercept him in his passage. Being seized near Dover, his head was struck off on the gunwale of a boat in 1449, and his body thrown into the sea; but being cast on shore, it was removed to Wingfield, and interred in the chancel of the collegiate church, where under a purfled arch with a bouquet on the point, and a quatrefoil in the pediment on a freestone altar-tomb is his recumbent figure in stone with whiskers, pointed helmet, gorget of mail, gauntlets, square-toed shoes, a lion at his feet and under his head a helmet without a crest. On the front of the tomb are four plain quatrefoils with shields.

It is recorded of the Duke, that when his father and three brothers had lost their lives in the service of their country, in the wars with France, he spent thirty years in the same campaign, and for seventeen years never returned home. Once he was taken prisoner, whilst

only a knight, and paid £20,000 for his ransom; fifteen years was he a privy counsellor, and thirty years a knight of the garter. He married Alice, the widow of Sir John Philip, *knt.* and the daughter of Thomas Chaucer of Ewelme and Donington in Oxfordshire, the son of Goeffery Chaucer, the famous poet, by whom he obtained vast possessions.

In the "Paston Letters" are three written by this Duke, Vol. 1. pp. 32. 39. For an account of the Family and Monuments at Wingfield, see "Gough's Sepulchral Monuments, Pt. 2. p. 249."

In the chancel of the church of Wingfield are some noble monuments of the De La Poles, whose arms adorn the font, the east window, and the pulpit.

About a quarter of a mile north west of the church are the remains of the castle, built by Michael De La Pole, the 1st Earl of Suffolk, whose arms, with those of Wingfield, cut in stone, remain on each side of the entrance. It stands low, without any out-works for its defence. The south front, or principal entrance, is still entire.

By the marriage of Catherine, the daughter and heir of Sir John Wingfield to Michael De La Pole, the 1st Earl of Suffolk, this manor and the extensive estates attached to it were carried into that noble family, in which it continued for several generations. While in their possession, they obtained a licence to convert the manor-house into a castle, and to inclose and impark all the woods and lands belonging to it.

Against the south wall of the chancel is hung a pedigree of the De La Poles, neatly written on parchment, with their arms beautifully emblazoned; and to which is prefixed the following title: "An exact account of the most noble Family of the De La Poles, from their first settling at Wingfield, until the extinction of the Family, collected by Wm. Bedford, M. A. appointed and licensed Curate of Wingfield, April 26th, 1684, by Anthony, Lord Bishop of Norwich; and confirmed in the same by Wm. Lord Bishop of Norwich, and after by Jno. Lord Bishop of Norw. and after confirmed in the same by Chs. Lord Bishop of Norwich, this

Monumental Table was drawn and fix'd up here by the said Wm. Bedford : July 14th. 1701. and since transcribed by Thomas Folkard : July 22d. 1725."

The Duke is supposed to have written the following Letter to his paramour, Q. Margaret, a little before his death. The incidents are chiefly taken from the First and Second Parts of Shakespeare's historical play of Henry the VIth.

On Royal Margaret, from the Kentish strand
 Receive these tokens of thy Suffolk's hand,
 And may kind love the sacred charge convey,
 And love-born zephyrs waft it on its way
 To thee, thou pride, thou pleasure of my life,
 Thou more than friend, than sister, or than wife !

At this sad hour, left friendless and alone,
 With my lost greatness all my friends are flown.
 Ah, fickle greatness ! and ah, friends unkind !
 Faith, friendship, duty, vanish into wind !
 Say, will my pen prove faithful to my woes,
 And the sad story of my grief disclose,
 This last sad scene of all my sorrows tell,
 And bid the darling of my soul farewell ?

When pass'd the dread decree that bade me roam,
 For five long years, an exile from my home ;
 And when Oppression, sanctifi'd by Might,
 And Rapine, hallow'd by the name of Right,
 Had seiz'd with impious hand my fair domains,
 My native forests, and paternal plains ;
 And when keen Malice, watchful to destroy,
 Raz'd my proud domes, once fill'd with mirth and joy ;
 Firm and unmov'd the dreadful tale I hear,
 Nor think the mighty ruin worth a tear.
 Lamp of my life ! I shed for thee alone
 The frequent tear, and heav'd the ceaseless groan.

Still present to my soul, in act to part,
 Thy dear idea clung around my heart ;
 Ah ! had not there thy image been enshrin'd,
 That heart had danc'd all lightly as the wind :
 Scorn paid with scorn, I then had left the land,
 And courted pleasure on another strand.
 Pride of thy sex ! believe me, whilst I swear'
 Thou wert alone the cause of all my care ;
 I swear by all my former feats of arms,
 And by an oath more sacred, by thy charms.

I go, sad exile, (such the stern decree !)
 For five long years from happiness and thee ;
 To pass the night in woe, and waste away,
 In sad complaints and vain, the lengthening day.
 For to the stranger in a friendless land
 Time counts the tedious hours with sparing hand ;
 His lazy sands almost forget to run,
 And the long lingering year rolls slowly on ;
 The lagging months in sad succession flow,
 The day too lingers, and the hours move slow.

But oh, my Queen, if Suffolk still be dear,
 Still harsher notes than these must grate thy ear,
 For Fate's dire laws, unknowing to relent,
 Pronounce a harsher doom than banishment !
 For me no more soft smiling Hope prepares
 The treasur'd joy to calm my present cares ;
 No more my Hero hangs the friendly light
 To guide her true Leander through the night :
 Life's fickle sea tempestuous gales deform,
 And, my light lost, I perish in the storm.

Brief be the tale—All hopes of pardon o'er,
 I sought with sorrowing step the Kentish shore :
 Grief my companion, Fortune was my guide,
 With heavy heart I scal'd the vessel's side ;

Th' attendant crew with ready hands unbind
 The spreading sails, and stretch them to the wind ;
 And the swift vessel, loosen'd from the strand,
 Flies from the sinking hills and lessening land.
 To Gallia's coast we plough'd the smiling main,
 And ah ! we all but gain'd the friendly plain ;
 When lo ! a pirate mark'd our hasty flight,
 And swiftly chas'd us, unprepar'd for fight ;
 And now, to reach in peace the friendly shores,
 The bending sailors ply their equal oars,
 And every art is tried, and every sail
 Expanded waves to catch the fleeting gale.
 But all in vain to reach the friendly shores,
 The bending sailors ply their equal oars,
 And every art is tried, and every sail
 Expands in vain to catch the fleeting gale :
 The swift pursuer o'er the watery waste
 Urges his course, and, with increasing haste,
 Approaching near prepares the missile fight,
 And furious force arrests our fruitless flight ;
 Close by our side, the leader gave the word,
 With vengeful rage the ruffians haste on board.
 Though unprepar'd for war, our numbers few,
 Yet still we strove against the lawless crew ;
 Awhile th' unequal conflict we maintain,
 Then sink o'erpower'd beneath the conqueror's chain :
 The ruthless ruffians with vindictive breath
 Pour bitter threats on all, and menace death,
 But chief to Suffolk, as his happier hand
 Had maim'd the leader of the ruffian band.
 Rous'd by their threats, impatient of the wrong,
 I bore but little, nor that little long ;
 Rashly I told them, for my rage burst forth,
 My rank, my name, my titles, and my birth :

But those gay pageants all unuseful prove,
 Nor rank regard they, nor can titles move.
 Those envied honours, impotent to fame,
 Heighten'd their fury, and increas'd their flame.

Now whilst his lot each wretched captive mourns;
 To Kent's dread shore the bounding bark returns.
 Flush'd with success, each nerve the robbers strain,
 Hoist the broad sail, and measure back the main ;
 And soon we view, for well they plied their oars,
 The rising mountains, and approaching shores,
 Th' approaching shores we view with anxious eye,
 Drop the vain tear, and heave the fruitless sigh.

Whilst in dumb sorrow on the deck I lay,
 And cast a long glance o'er the watery way,
 Th' unfeeling leader wounds my anguish'd ear
 With many a foul reproach and many a sneer ;
 Arraigns my warlike deeds, insults my name,
 Nor spares th' unfeeling wretch my Margaret's fame ;
 Then, pointing to the strand, he cries, " Tis nigh,
 That is thy destin'd port, prepare to die !"

I heard unmov'd, and now th' increasing gales
 Propitious blew, and fill'd the swelling sails,
 Near and more near we draw, we gain the strand,
 And the sharp keel divides the yellow sand.

A cliff there is, which rears its rocky steep
 In awful state, and trembles o'er the deep,
 Scarce can the wanderer on the beach below
 Lift his tir'd eye to gain the mountain's brow.
 For oft from mortal view thick vapours shroud
 Its misty top, and wrap it in a cloud ;
 What time with rising ray the Lord of light
 In eastern climes exalts his banners bright,
 Or when, more mild, in purple tints array'd,
 Forth from the west he casts a lengthening shade.

Here must I fall, fast by the rolling main
 (Nor was the mutter'd spell* pronounc'd in vain,
 When rose th' infernal spirit, whilst by night
 The sorceress plied th' unutterable rite,)
 Herè bid adieu to crowns, to cares, and strife,
 To Margaret and to joy, to love, and life.

But ere my body, on the cold beach spread,
 Is mangled thrown, and number'd with the dead,
 Let me, to sooth my sorrows, let me cast
 One parting view on all my pleasures past,
 Nor will my fate deny this transient stay,
 Nor will my Margaret blame the lengthen'd lay.

In youthful bloom I plac'd my sole delight
 In warlike exercise and feats of fight ;
 And, more mature, I left the listed plain,
 And sought renown in tented fields to gain ;
 But when to Tours, thy residence, I came,
 Unnumber'd beauties fann'd my rising flame ;
 I gaz'd in speechless rapture on thy charms,
 Forgot the tented plain, the feats of arms,
 Forgot the listed field, the marshal'd host,
 And all the warrior in the lover lost.
 Thus I, who 'scap'd the sword and javelin's power,
 Launch'd by the foe in danger's darkest hour,
 Who 'scap'd th' embattled war and ambush'd fight,
 Who 'scap'd dire force by day, and fraud by night,
 Undaunted by the woes that wait on arms,
 Fall, vanquish'd fall, the victim of thy charms.

Oh! vale of Tours, and Loire, mæandering flood,
 On whose green bank my Margaret first I view'd,

* *Bot.* Tell me what fates await the Duke of Suffolk ?
Sp. By water shall he die, &c.

See Shakespeare, 2d. Part of Henry VI. A. 1. S. 3.

Oh lovely stream ! and oh enchanting grove !
 How often have you heard my tale of love !
 Mæandering Loire ! how often hast thou seen
 This faded form upon thy banks of green,
 Seen me with folded arms and visage pale,
 Seen my despair, and heard my hapless tale !
 And she, the nymph that holds her airy reign
 'Mid the steep rocks that tremble o'er the plain,
 Lone Echo, musing maid, was wont to stray
 Where'er I went, the partner of my way ;
 Whether I wander'd by the neighbouring tide,
 Or vent'rous climb'd the mountain's cultur'd side ;
 Or whether choice my wandering steps invite
 To where, unenvious of the mountain's height,
 Of lordships wide and princely treasures vain,
 The Benedictine* rears his stately fane :
 Aloft in air the gorgeous mansion springs,
 And towers disdainful of the pomp of kings :
 Where'er I wander'd, still the nymph was nigh,
 Answer'd my griefs, and gave me sigh for sigh.
 With what delight, amid the landscape gay,
 The slow stream winds his pleasurable way,
 With such delight my life's smooth current roll'd,
 By fate allow'd my Margaret to behold.
 And, ah ! so sad, so languid, and so slow,
 When doom'd by fate thy presence to forego !
 Whilst in mute wonder on thy face I gaze,
 Dire doubts distract, alarm me, and amaze ;
 I think, I pause, and many a scheme revolve,
 Till at the last I fix'd my firm resolve ;

* Marmoutier, a noble convent of Benedictines of the regulation of St. Maur. This magnificent structure stands about half a league from Tours, on the banks of the river Loire, by the side of the cliff which skirts the river almost from Blois to Tours, and its lofty spire rises above the height of the rock.

Soon was my plan propos'd, and soon approv'd,
 I woo'd for Henry, for myself I lov'd,
 And gave, in change for thee, thy sire to reign
 O'er fertile Anjou, and the fields of Maine.
 Then straight, for love like mine ill brook'd delay,
 To England's court I bent my hasty way,
 And soon the tale to Henry's ear convey'd,
 Whilst soft persuasion gave me all her aid ;
 He heard the oft'-told tale with favouring ear,
 And sigh'd in secret for the pictur'd fair :
 I mark'd the gradual growth of young desire,
 And added fuel to the rising fire ;
 I nurs'd the flame, and, when maturer grown,
 I urg'd the timorous King that flame to own.
 When the proud barons, insolent and vain,
 Thy rank, thy country, and thyself disdain,
 And when the noisy crowd, still prone to strife,
 Scorn'd the bought nuptials, and the dowerless wife,
 " Hence with the idle tale, enrag'd I cried,
 Kingdoms are well exchange'd for such a bride,
 It now alone remains to waft her o'er
 From Gallia's coast to England's happier shore."

I spoke. Th' attendant lords, with zealous care,
 And costly art my princely train prepare ;
 Soon in her port my gallant vessel rode,
 And soon receiv'd with joy her precious load.
 And soon my beauteous queen was wafted o'er
 From Gallia's coast to England's happier shore.

When bright in all her charms my Margaret came,
 Faction was hush'd, and pride forgot to blame ;
 Thy beauty was the theme of every tongue,
 Was prais'd by grave and gay, by old and young ;
 That winning air, that heavenly smile, disarm'd
 E'en envy's self, enamour'd of thy charms ;

She dwells in rapture on thy faultless face,
Majestic mein, and more than mortal grace.

How did thy charms thy Suffolk's bosom move!
How deeply did he drink the draught of love!
For not the crown that bound thy beauteous brow
Woke my warm wish, or drew the venal vow:
I scorn'd the pageant toys, for, bless'd with thee,
Ah, what were sceptres, what were crowns to me!
Nor gorgeous crowns, nor regal sceptres move;
I listen'd only to the voice of love.

But now, alas! far other thoughts arise,
Far other scenes distract my closing eyes!
For, ah! the ruthless ruffian chides my stay,
And envious death denies this short delay;
Denies me longer on the theme to dwell:
More lov'd than life, my beauteous Queen, farewell!



THE REASON FOR TAKING DOWN THE IPSWICH CROSS

AT LENGTH DISCOVERED.

In 1812, it was deemed necessary, in furtherance of the improvements that were then taking place in the town, to pull down the Market Cross, which was effected with great difficulty, as the timber and every part of it were in most excellent preservation. As a remnant of antiquity, one cannot but regret its loss.

We have already seen that it was erected by Edmund Dandy in 1510: some further notices of it, extracted from the accounts of the Treasurer of the Corporation, may not be uninteresting.

Benjamin Osmond, by will dated June 1619, gave 50£. towards building the Cross. In 1628, 34£. was paid to the Town, in lieu of 50£. which was given by B. Osmond towards building of the new

Cross. Paid to Thomas Allen in part of the framing of the Cross, 23£. More paid to him by warrant for building the same Cross, 10£. More paid to said Allen in full of 38£. for framing the said Cross. Several entries are in the above accounts respecting the timber taken from Ulveston Hall lands for the use of the Cross, and of the sums paid by the corporation to Tooley's Charity for it. 10th. May, 1660, the Cross was ordered to be beautified for the proclamation of King Charles the IInd. and five or six great guns to be provided at the Common Quay; and to be discharged at the same time. 12th. April 1694, it was ordered, that a new Justice be set up on the Cross, and the Cross repaired, at the charge of the Town. 15th. April, 1723, ordered, that the town Treasurer repair the Market Cross at the charge of the Corporation; and this year, the thanks of the Corporation were ordered to Francis Negus, Esq. for his present of the Statue of Justice, which was brought from his seat at Dallinghoe. This gentleman represented the Borough in the Parliaments of 1717, 1722, and 1727. The Arms on the Cross, above each pillar, were those of Ipswich; of the families of Dandy, Bloss, Long, Sparrowe; and the two Tradesmen's marks of C. A. and B. K. M.

The Cross was a large octagon building of wood; the roof being supported by eight pillars, and surmounted with a well-executed figure of Justice, with her usual attributes. It was twenty-seven feet diameter, and about fifty feet in height to the top of the figure. This figure has been since placed over the entrance of the New Corn-Exchange, having been first transformed into that of Ceres, by an exchange of the sword and scales for the sickle and wheat ears. This gave occasion to the following *jeu d'esprit*:

- " Long, in Ipswich Market-place,
- " *Astræa* look'd, with languid face,
- " Upon the proud Agrarian race,
- " Broken her sword, her scales uneven;
- " Resolv'd that corn again shall rise,
- " *Ceres* the lofty space supplies,
- " And holds her sample to the skies,
- " While scorn'd *Astræa* flies to heaven!"

Long must *Ipswich* alas! thy fair *Structure* deplore,
 And deeply lament thy sad loss,
 An act so *Vandalic* her feelings must wound,
 And make each *Antiquarian* look *cross*!

And 'strange to relate, no *memorial* would now
 This *Structure* have e'er handed down,
 For no ardor its *Freemen* or *Natives* inflam'd,
 Had it not been for one *Ran** of the town!

How a *Body* so learned and *Worshipful* too
 Could by *dæmon* have e'er been inspir'd,
 To pull down a *Fabric*, so goodly and fair,
 And which even a *Gilpin*‡ admir'd:

Was *this* then the cause, that poor souls they suppos'd
 The *Figure of Justice* on high,
 Tho' hood-wink'd, their *plans* and *designs* might
 o'erlook,
 Therefore *shudder'd* to see it so high?

Or did they conclude that this Goddess was *blind*,
 Because hood-wink'd and *bandaged* about,
 And thence wish'd for some being their *merits to see*,
 And to trumpet their *acts* with a shout?

* In 1812, Mr. Raw, of Ipswich, published by subscription a handsomely engraved View in Aqua-tinta of the *Market Cross, and Town-Hall*, from a Drawing by that ingenious artist, Mr George Frost. It is a valuable memorial and record of the latest state and appearance of those two antient and venerable Buildings.

‡ "The Market-House is an old Rotunda, with a figure of Justice on the top: the form is not unpleasing."
 Gilpin's Observations on several parts of the Counties of Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex, 1809. 8vo.

Or did the dread *Emblem* she held in her hand,
 Raise their fears; and their conscience astound,
 That if in the *balance* they fairly were weigh'd,
 Alas! they should *wanting* be found?

Or, *inflam'd* with that *spirit*, which *bodies* like this
 In their *senses* most *sober* obey,
 They resolv'd at their *Meetings* that *Punch* should
 preside,
 And that *Negus** be scouted away?

Or since vice is so prevalent, was it their aim
 Its wide-spreading course for to end;
 By removing each *nuisance* so *cross grained*, and thus
 The *ways* of the town to *amend*?

Alas! no such reasons occasion'd this act,
 No such thoughts did their bosoms inspire:
 No: the cause was the *claims of poor Papists*, alas!
 The horror of *fagot* and *fire*.

To a *Borough* so loyal and *Protestant* too
 They deem'd it the foulest disgrace,
 To suffer a *Symbol* so *Popish* to stand,
 And that in so *public* a place.

So *Dowsing-like*§ down with the *Structure* they pull'd,
 Of a moment without e'en the loss;
 And thus they for ever each *Sinner* debarr'd
 From again *looking up to the Cross*.

* The donor of the Statue.

§ William Dowsing, of Stratford, was appointed the principal of the Parliamentary Visitors in 1643, to inspect and remove all superstitious images, paintings, inscriptions &c. from the churches in this county; which to the regret of all modern Antiquaries he most effectually did. "The Journal" of this tasteless and fanatical zealot was published in 1786, in 4to. by R. Loder of Woodbridge.

But tho' to a *Sign so idolatrous* they
 The greatest antipathy bore ;
 Yet these *Inconsistents* we *Persian-like* see
 The *Rising Sun* fondly adore !

Tho' *Freemen*, yet what a disgrace to that name,
 How unworthy of such a behest ;
 When we see them *Petition** that none shall be free
 To *worship* as they shall *think best*.

And so warm are these zealots, so full their *Address*
 With the cry of " *No Popery*" stor'd,
 That was e'en some poor Taylor found *cross-leg'd*,
 I ween,
 They would soon drag him off from his board.

Or e'en some poor wight to look *cross-grain'd* and sad,
 When touched by a *Bum-Bailiff's* hand ;
 I've no doubt they'd denounce him a *Papist* at once ;
 And a dangerous pest to the land.

Then tremble, poor *Norwich*,† and doff off thy *Whig*,
 And learn to dissemble and fawn,
 Or else they'll *Petition t' Unmitre* thine head ;
 And to *strip* from thine elbows the *Lawn* !

But no: let us augur a far better thing,
 Which fancy in prospect now weaves,
 That you'll carry your point, and at these *dotards*
 still
 Be enabled to *laugh in your sleeves* !

* This alludes to the Petition from the Borough against Catholic Emancipation.

† The pious and liberal-minded Dr. Henry Bathurst, bishop of Norwich, a firm and zealous advocate of catholic emancipation.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, was the only son of Catherine, Duchess of Suffolk, by Richard Bertie, esq. her second husband; of whom some account is given at page 147.

In the year 1586, he distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in the room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of the following old Ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomia on English valor, has always been a favorite with the people.

His Lordship married Mary, the daughter of John Vere, Earl of Oxford, and left issue by her, who died in 1624, five sons and a daughter. He deceased in 1601, and was buried at Spilsby in Lincolnshire, where a monument was erected to his memory.

The subject of this Ballad may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says, in the Dedication to his version of Homer's Frogs and Mice, concerning the brave and memorable retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, through the whole Spanish army, under the Duke of Parma, for three miles together.

Both Captain Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

To the extraordinary history of his mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, at page 147, the following description of her monument in Spilsby church may, perhaps, be deemed an interesting addition. Under the arch, which separates the aisle from the chancel, is a large monument of stone, richly gilt and ornamented. In two recesses are the busts of a man and woman; the man in armour, the woman with a ruff, &c. The mo-

nument has a large projecting base, on the front of which is the following inscription :

SEPVLCHRVM D RICHARDI BERTIE ET D CATHERINÆ
DVCISSÆ SVFFOLKIÆ BARONISSÆ DE WILVBY DE
ERESBY CONIVG ISTA OBIIT XIX SEPTEMB. 1580.
ILLE OBIIT IX APRILIS 1582.

On the top of the base stand three whole-length figures supporting escutcheons ; and on the base itself are eight more escutcheons. The front is supported by three pillars. In six divisions are engraved passages of scripture, and at the bottom are five escutcheons.

In the Gent. Mag. vol. 77. pt. 1. p. 209, is an engraving of the plate, in two compartments, originally prefixed to the Ballad entitled, "The most rare and excellent History of the Duchess of Suffolk, &c." See also "Fuller's Church History," Book 8, p. 38.

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field :
The most couragious officers
Were English captains three ;
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

The next was captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee :
The other captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas ! there were no more,
Thèy fought with fourteen thousand then
Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble pikemen,
 And look you round about ;
 And shoot you right you bow-men,
 And we will keep them out :
 You musquet and calliver men,
 Do you prove true to me,
 I'll be the foremost man in fight,
 Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

And then the bloody enemy
 They fiercely did assail,
 And fought it out most furiously,
 Not doubting to prevail ;
 The wounded men on both sides fell
 Most pitious for to see,
 Yet nothing could the courage quell
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours to all mens view
 This fight endured sore,
 Until our men so feeble grew
 That they could fight no more ;
 And then upon dead horses
 Full savourly they eat,
 And drank the puddle water,
 They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
 They kneeled on the ground,
 And praised God devoutly
 For the favour they had found ;
 And beating up their colours,
 The fight they did renew,
 And turning tow'rd's the Spaniard,
 A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
 And bullets thick did fly ;
 Then did our valiant soldiers
 Charge on most furiously ;
 Which made the Spaniards waver,
 They thought it best to flee,
 They fear'd the stout behaviour
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
 Come let us march away,
 I fear we shall be spoiled all
 If here we longer stay ;
 For yonder comes lord Willoughbèy
 With courage fierce and fell,
 He will not give one inch of way
 For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy
 Was quickly put to flight,
 Our men pursued courageously,
 And caught their forces quite :
 But at last they gave a shout,
 Which echoed through the sky,
 God, and St. George for England !
 The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England
 With all the speed might be,
 And soon our gracious queen was told
 Of this same victory :
 O this is brave lord Willoughbèy,
 My love that ever won,
 Of all the lords of honour
 'Tis he great deeds hath done.

To th' souldiers that were maimed,
 And wounded in the fray,
 The queen allow'd a pension
 Of fifteen pence a day ;
 And from all costs and charges
 She quit and set them free:
 And this she did all for the sake
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
 And never be dismaid ;
 If that we have but one to ten,
 We will not be afraid
 To fight with foraign enemies,
 And set our nation free :
 And thus I end the bloody bout
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.



THE ORIGIN OF THE

MONDAY NIGHT'S CLUB, AT IPSWICH.

This Club was first established in the year 1725, and consisted of an unlimited number of members. They met alternately at each other's houses on every Monday evening ; and although there were many wig members amongst them, yet, in politics, they were all most decided tories. The club ceased to exist in the year 1812.

The following Song, which was sung at their annual dinner, was written by the late Dr. Clubbe. He had practised for many years in Ipswich, both as a Surgeon, and as a Physician ; and died at his house in Brook-street, after a long and painful illness, April 25th, 1811, in the 71st. year of his age. The Doctor

was the eldest son of the Rev. John Clubbe, rector of Whatfield, and vicar of Debenham, the author of an admirable piece of irony, levelled against modern antiquaries, "*The History and Antiquities of Wheatfield.*" Of the Doctor, who was a man of considerable humour, and of a most chearful disposition, many pleasant anecdotes are still in the recollection of his friends. To a pun, or a facetious story he was no enemy. His medical acquirements had deservedly obtained for him the highest esteem of the public; while the suavity of his manners, and the sociability of his character, had justly endeared him to a large circle of acquaintance. He published "*A Treatise on the Inflammation in the breasts of lying-in Women, 1779,*" 8vo. and "*On the Venereal Poison, 1782,*" 8vo. He lies buried in the church-yard of St. Stephen, Ipswich, and in the church a neat mural monument has been erected to his memory, with the following inscription in Capitals:

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN CLUBBE,
LATE A VERY EMINENT
PHYSICIAN, IN THIS PLACE,
WHO DIED 25TH. APRIL 1811,
AGED 70 YEARS.

His well known probity,
Universal benevolence,
Friendly disposition, obliging temper
And engaging manners
During a long Residence in this Town,
Endeared him to all
Who sought either his acquaintance
As a friend
Or his assistance as a Physician
And his loss
Is as generally lamented.

IN the year twenty-five, as by oral tradition,
A set of Choice Spirits, enliven'd by wine,
Agreed 'mong themselves, in a special commission,
To erect a new banquet at Bacchus's shrine.

All rosy, good humour'd, and full of invention,
 By some proper name the new meeting to dub,
 They agreed one and all, not a voice in dissention,
 It's name shou'd be called, THE MONDAY NIGHT'S
 CLUB.

Prefix'd thus its name, time and place they selected
 When and where they shou'd hold their nocturnal
 carouses ;
 And one night in each week they by vote then directed
 The Club should be held at each others own houses.

To secure its existence came next in discussion,
 For clubs, if not foster'd, fall into decay ;
 They decreed all it's members, in future succession,
 In *Religion* and *Party* shou'd think the same way.

In *Party*, the *Tories* shou'd first be admitted,
 And of them only those who reside in the town ;
 In *Religion*, *Church Priests* shou'd alone be permitted,
 And *both* as the true and staunch friends of the
 Crown.

A wag then exclaim'd, my good friends, you're aware
 Mere *Religion* or *Party* can't keep it from sinking ;
 We must make out a bill of some good wholesome
 fare,
 For no club can exist without eating and drinking.

Let it's fare be quite simple, bread, butter, and
 cheese,
 Hot suppers inflame and distemper the brain ;
 Nice stomachs may then eat or not as they please,
 And sup and re-sup o'er again and again.

Let it's liquors be port, punch, porter and ale,
 In wine says the Proverb there's truth and no care;
 Each member may then in libations regale,
 And toast that first blessing of heaven, the Fair.

The fumes of *tabac* sooth the ennui of thinking,
 Give a truce to the mind to reflect on its lass;
 Long tubes are of course an appendage to drinking,
 For a whiff now and then adds new zest to the
 glass.

Well pleas'd with their banquet, now fully completed,
 They arose, and took each a full bumper in hand;
 Live for ever our Club! with three cheers they re-
 peated,
 Be it envied by all other clubs in the Land.



THE
 SUFFOLK COMEDY.

IN THREE PARTS.

To the Tune of "Phillis the Lovely."

*The following old Legendary Ballad is printed from
 an unique copy in the possession of Mr. Raw, of
 Ipswich.*

PART I.

You young men and maidens of beauty most bright,
 Give ear to my story of love and delight;
 I know that most people will of it approve,
 It shews that some maidens are crafty in love.

It is an old saying we often do hear,
 That maids go a courting when it is leap year ;
 A comical courtship this proves in the end,
 Most people will smile ere my song's at an end.
 Young Cupid he ranges about now and then,
 And maidens are wounded as well as the men ;
 For all must submit to his conquering bow,
 As now by experience you soon all shall know.
 A handsome young lady in London did dwell,
 Whose parents were dead, it is known very well ;
 She had the possession, all in her own hands,
 Of great store of riches, and houses, and lands.
 A gentleman out of the country did ride,
 And at a great milliner's shop in Cheapside
 He took up his lodgings, as I do declare,
 When many a beautiful lady came there,
 Fine gloves, and rich ribbons, and fans there to buy,
 And such other nick-nacks as pleased their eye ;
 The gentleman of them did take a full view,
 And often would pass a fine compliment too.
 This beautiful lady amongst all the rest,
 She came to the milliner's shop I protest,
 And seeing this gentleman, she, for her part,
 That instant was wounded by Cupid's sharp dart.
 This honoured beautiful lady by birth
 Thought him the handsomest creature on earth ;
 So sweet was his carriage, such eloquent ways,
 In person so graceful, exceeding all praise.
 When business was over, this man to be plain,
 Took coach and then rode back to Suffolk again,
 At which the young lady was grieved full sore,
 For he was the person that she did adore.
 The ardour of love was enkindled so great,
 Her fond heart lay panting and fearfully beat ;

So deep was she wounded, she could no more rest,
 The tortures of love so inflamed her breast.
 Then said the young beautiful lady, I find
 That now I am greatly perplex'd in my mind ;
 In love I am deeply entangled, she cry'd,
 Oh ! that I could be, but that gentleman's bride.
 Methinks how delighted I'd be with the choice,
 I do like his temper, and likewise his voice :
 His courteous behaviour, in every degree,
 So fine is, so sweet, and so pleasing to me.
 I never shall rest 'till I find out his name,
 And learn by some method from what place he came ;
 But now if my passion to him I unfold,
 I fear he would slight me and call me too bold.
 But rather than I will quite languish and die,
 In a very short time I am resolved to try,
 Perhaps I by policy then may contrive,
 To gain him I fancy, my heart to revive.

PART II.

Soon after, this beautiful young lady gay,
 In man's fine apparel herself did array ;
 And for this spruce gentleman enquiry made,
 Because now to love him her heart was betray'd.
 They told her from St. Edmund's Bury he came,
 Which is in the county of Suffolk by name ;
 Disguised she rode down to Suffolk we find,
 In order to ease her poor troubled mind.
 In the fair town of Bury then, as it is told,
 This damsel then sought for this gentleman bold,
 And in a short time did find out where he dwelt,
 But who can express now the passion she felt.

This lady then went to a tavern hard by,
 But drest like a man that no one might espie
 That she was a woman, thus in her disguise,
 You'll say that she acted both cunning and wise.
 She sent for this gentleman with a design
 To come and take part of a bottle of wine ;
 And soon to the tavern this gentleman came,
 To visit this stranger of honour and fame.
 The lady was like a young man to behold,
 And said, sir, excuse me for being so bold ;
 Though I am a stranger no harm do I mean,
 In fair London city your face I have seen.
 The gentleman straitway replied in mirth,
 You are not a person of breeding and birth ;
 Is not your intention, I ask, me to cheat ?
 Now what is your business, pray let me intreat.
 Sir, I came from London (I hope no offence)
 To you in great business, and 'ere I go hence,
 The truth of the matter you too soon shall know :
 This set him a sighing, when she talked so.
 They called for a supper, and when it was o'er,
 The gentleman said, sir, I do you implore
 To tell me your business. Then in her disguise,
 She acted her part now both cunning and wise.
 Sir, I have a sister, a lady by birth,
 She is the most beautiful creature on earth ;
 And she is worth hundreds and thousands a year,
 To tell you the truth she does love you most dear.
 My sister lies languishing now for your sake,
 And therefore compassion I hope you will take,
 And slight not a captive, in love so confin'd,
 Your answer I hope will be loving and kind.
 The gentleman answer'd without more ado,
 You question me hardly, but now tell me true,

If that your faces resemble alike,
 Then I with your sister a bargain will strike.
 Dear sir, she is like me in every part :
 Why then I can love her with all my fond heart ;
 If there be no bubble nor trick in the case,
 Your sister's kind proffer I mean to embrace.
 She said, I must ride on to Cambridge with speed ;
 But since you have answer'd so kindly indeed,
 I will ride to London, before you get there,
 And, sir, you shall find that all matters are fair.

PART III.

The gentleman then, between hope and despair,
 His journey to London forthwith did repair ;
 He found where this beautiful lady did dwell,
 And of her good fame he was pleased right well.
 The lady got home, as before she had said,
 And he was admitted by her waiting maid
 To the young lady's presence ; approaching the room,
 To pay her his visit he then did presume.
 Dear honour'd lady, excuse me nor blame,
 From Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk I came,
 I had the good fortune your brother to see,
 Who told me you had a great value for me.
 Sir, what do you mean ? I declare on my death,
 I have not a brother alive on the earth !
 This filled the gentleman with much discontent,
 And he said, on a fool's errand then I am sent.
 So taking his leave, on his going away,
 This beautiful lady she caus'd him to stay ;
 And then unto supper she did him invite,
 The charms of her beauty his soul to delight.

Worthy sir, she exclaimed, right welcome you be,
 But pray now relate the whole matter to me,
 What person it was that made use of my name,
 Because to affront you he was much to blame :
 Dear sir, I am sorry and grieved in heart,
 That you should have had such affront on your part,
 Then all the whole matter he soon did declare ;
 The lady she smil'd, for she could not forbear.

He had but small stomach to eat at the first,
 Her kind entertainment made him to mistrust
 That it was but some juggle the matter to prove,
 He greeted the lady with proffers of love.
 She said, I now fancy that you have red hair,
 Dear madam, you wrong me, I solemnly swear :
 So his wig he pull'd off, and then throwing it down,
 Cry'd, madam, behold now my hair it is dark brown.
 The lady burst out into laughter, and said,
 Your wig will just fit me, as I am a maid ;
 She her head dress pull'd off, and his wig she put on,
 Saying, sir, do I look like a handsome young man ?
 The gentleman's heart then began to rejoice,
 Saying, that is the face and the sweet pretty voice,
 Which I met with at Bury, therefore be not coy,
 For now I am crowned with rapture and joy.
 Why sir, are you sure on it, perhaps you mistake ?
 No madam, I do not, my oath I can take.
 Then how do you like me, sir, tell unto me ?
 Sweet honoured lady, right happy I be.
 Then a lady excuse sir, I beg and intreat,
 For I'm a poor captive who lies at your feet ;
 I now crave your pardon for being so rude
 On such a kind gentleman thus to intrude.
 'Tis true sir, I want not for silver or gold :
 I hope you'll excuse me for being so bold ;

For love is a witchcraft, none can it withstand,
 When little brisk Cupid gets the upper hand.
 Dear lady, your love makes amends for it all,
 And therefore in right happy splendor we shall
 Be crowned with comfort, when we are both ty'd,
 And I shall be bless'd with a beautiful bride.
 At Bow-church in London then married they were ;
 Attended with gentlemen and ladies fair,
 They rode down to Bury, and as many say,
 Great feastings there lasted for many a day.

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## Prologue,

SPOKEN AT THE LOWESTOFT THEATRE,

On Thursday, August 14, 1790.

*On Thursday, August 14, 1790, previously to the performance of the "School for Scandal" by Mr. Hamston's Company of Comedians, the following excellent Prologue, written by a Gentleman of Lowestoft, was spoken by Mr. R. Hamston.*

Votaries of Pleasure ! who delight to gaze  
 On Fashion's scenes, in London's midnight blaze,  
 Such sickening joys Hygeia bids you quit,  
 And offers genuine health for spurious wit.  
 The rosy goddess here her blessings pours,  
 And Peers resort to *Lowestoft's*\* peerless shores.

\* Lowestoft, in whose delightful and invigorating sea-breezes the valetudinarian seeks for health, and the healthy for pleasure, stands upon an eminence commanding a fine and extensive pros-

When college feasts have sore oppress'd the brain  
 With indigestion foul, and vap'rous pain,  
 Each Son of Science, whose great genius halts,  
 Disdains both Scotia's pills, and Glauber's salts;  
 Here drench'd and cleans'd, the mathematic tribe  
 Draw circles on the sand, and tread on Newton's kibe.

With turtle cramm'd, with self-importance big,  
 The pamper'd Cit here mounts his tow'ring gig;  
 A cant'ring poney Madam far prefers,  
 For diff'rent is her spouse's case and hers:

pect of the German ocean; and presents in itself, when beheld from the sea, the most picturesque and beautiful appearance of any town upon the eastern coast. From the height of its situation, and the dryness of its soil, it is not exposed to any of those unwholesome damps and noxious vapors, which arise from low and marshy grounds.

The shore here is bold and steep, being composed of a hard sand, intermixed with shingle, and perfectly free from ooze, and those beds of mud so frequently met with on many shores: this renders it firm and pleasant for walking. The steepness of the beach too is considered of singular advantage in sea bathing, as depth of water can always be obtained, without the machines proceeding far into the sea. Four of them are kept here for the use of the company, by whom this place has of late been much frequented; and the Lodging Houses, in general, command very good views of the sea.

The air at Lowestoft is reckoned remarkably invigorating and healthy; it is keen, but bracing, and particularly adapted to nervous and debilitated constitutions; provided there is no consumptive tendency.

For a more minute and circumstantial account of this Town and its antiquities, I must refer the reader to "An Historical Account of the Antient Town of Lowestoft, in the County of Suffolk. To which is added some Cursory Remarks on the Adjoining Parishes, and a General Account of the Island of Lothingland. By Edmund Gillingwater. London. 1790." 4to. one of the most interesting of our Topographical Works; as well as to "The Lowestoft Guide: containing a Descriptive Account of Lowestoft, and its Environs. By a Lady. Embellished with Engravings. Yarmouth, 1812." 12mo. a very useful and well-written Vade Mecum for the visitant. "Nashe's Lenten Stuff, concerning the Description and first Procreation and Increase of the Town of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, with a New Play never played before of the praise of the Red Herring. Fit of all Clerks and Noblemen's Kitchens to be read; and not unnecessary by all Serving-Men, who have short Board Wages, to be remembered. Lond. 1599." 4to. cont. 83 pages, is well known to every Antiquary. Swinden observes that Nashe, in his "Lenten Stuffe," designed nothing more than a joke upon our staple, red herrings; and being a native of Lowestoft, the enmity of that town and Yarmouth led him to attempt that by humour, which more sober reason could not accomplish.

This from the stomach noxious bile wou'd send ;  
That braces nerves all shatter'd at Mile-end.

Full many a Rake, whoseslender, shrunken shanks  
Trembled 'ere while, like feather-edged planks,  
Finds gentlest zephyrs pristine strength restore,  
Recall'd to life on *Lowestoft's* friendly shore :  
Blesses her fostering air, her strengthening flood,  
And her new turnpike road—for bits of blood.

From Inns of Court young Barristers depart,  
To practice here Demosthenes's art ;  
Like him, to winds and waves they mimic spout,  
And beat th' old stammering Grecian out and out.  
To kinder regions, say, can virtue rove,  
Pure vestal chastity or plighted love ?  
Here no seducers pant for lawless charms,  
But willing Nereids woo them to their arms.  
Great Neptune's self, while virgin beauty laves,  
To Halcyon stillness calms his subject waves :  
Safe is the squeamish fair from every eye,  
For Chloe dips, where Strephon cannot pry :  
Maid, wife, and widow the same passion feels,  
And curl round sea god Nestor neck and heels.

In Fame's fair annals be that spot enrol'd,  
Whose beauties rival Babylon of old ;  
Her hanging gardens\* here display'd we view,  
Which ancient bards in feign'd description drew.

\* The slope of the hill, upon which the town is built, and which was formerly one continued declivity of barren sand, is now converted, by modern improvements, into beautiful Hanging Gardens, reaching, by a gradual descent, from the dwelling houses above to the bottom of the hill, and extending nearly from one end of the town to the other. These gardens are most of them richly planted with various kinds of trees, intermingled with shrubs; and the white alcoves, summer-houses, rustic seats, &c. with which they are interspersed, agreeably diversify the scene, as they peep from the dark foliage which surrounds them, and give to the whole an appearance entirely unique. These sloping gardens are not only delightful to those who possess them, but they also constitute one of the greatest ornaments of the town, and are justly considered as objects of curiosity and admiration.

Here flows a tide that circles Britain's isle,  
 More rich than fable tells of Egypt's Nile ;  
 The sails of commerce here are oft unfurl'd,  
 And navies ride that awe the trembling world.

O'er yonder western landscape's striking scene,  
 Mark how kind nature throws her softest green ;  
 How woods and fields a varied prospect make,  
 And join the margin of th' expansive *Lake*.†  
 Objects so fair, which ev'ry eye must please,  
 The piercing orb of taste with rapture sees ;  
 Admires the bounties of the generous maid,  
 While Paradise revives in *Blund'ston's Glade*.\*

† Although Lowestoft cannot be said to abound in Inxuriance of landscape, yet the eye of the stranger must be gratified by beholding an extensive and beautiful prospect towards the west ; where the Lake of Lothingland, majestically winding, forms a prominent feature in the scene.

The admirers of nature can scarcely enjoy a more delightful prospect than that which is beheld from the church-yard, where sea, lake, and land unite to embellish the picture. The Lake, which approaches very near to the sea, affords glimpses of its transparent waves, with the small vessels gliding over their glassy surface, exhibiting a pleasing emblem of tranquillity, when contrasted with the turbulence of its restless neighbour, with ships of ten-fold magnitude dashing on her bosom.

\* Blundeston is about three miles distant from Lowestoft, and was formerly the residence of the Rev. Norton Nicholls. It is a beautiful spot: the wood, water, and decorations are tastefully disposed, and worthy the admiration, which has been so deservedly bestowed upon them. Mr. Mathias, in an elegant and well-written Memoir of his friend Mr. Nicholls, which is appended to his "Observations on the writings, and on the character of Mr. Gray, &c. 1815," 12mo. thus describes this charming retreat. "Upon the best motives Mr. Nicholls retired from London, and resided constantly with his mother in the cheerless depth, and *then* uncultivated solitude, of his Suffolk Livings, where he passed his time in continued study, and in the exercise of his professional duties. But I must observe that, since his residence there, the country and the neighbourhood have assumed another aspect. As there was no rectorial house upon either of his livings, he fixed upon a place which I could wish that future travellers might visit, and speak of it, as we do of the Leasowes, I mean his *Villa at Blundeston*, which (if barbarous taste should not *improve* it, or some more barbarous land surveyor level with the soil its beauties and its glories,) will remain as one of the most finished scenes of cultivated sylvan delight, which this island can offer to our view. It was his own and his appropriate work ; for scarcely a trace of its uncouth original features can be found or pointed out to the visitant. But to the eye of a mind, like Mr. Nicholls's, the possible excellencies of a place,

Where Science, youth, the great, the gay resort,  
 In health's blest seat let Comus hold his court.  
 If harmless pleasure can your minds engage,  
 Mock not the efforts of our mimic stage;†

yet unadorned, were visible; and even as it then was, there was to be found in its walks and recesses, in which Mr. Gray observed, in his sublime conceits, "that a man, who *could think*, might think." By perseverance and skill he at last surmounted every difficulty which was opposed to him through a long series of years, and he formed and left the scene as it now is. (December, 1809) Throughout the whole, and in every part of it, the marks of a judgment, which cannot be questioned, and of an unerring taste, which was regulated by discreet expense, are so eminently conspicuous, as to proclaim Mr. Nicholls to have been, what a kindred poet so happily terms,

"Un artiste qui pense,  
 Prodigne de genie, et non pas de depense."

Delille, *Les Jardins*, L. 1.

To be a visitor and an inmate guest to Mr. Nicholls at Blundeston in the gay season, when his lake was illuminated by summer suns, and rippled by the breeze; when every tree and shrub, in its chosen position, seemed to wave in homage to its possessor and cultivator; when a happy and youthful company of either sex, distinguished by their talents and accomplishments, was enlivened by the good humour and spirit which presided over the whole; with the charm of music, and with every well-tempered recreation, which the season could present, and with all the elegance of the domestic internal arrangements; it was difficult, indeed, I say, to be a visitor and a guest at Blundeston in that gay season, and not to be reminded of Spenser's imagination;

"For all that pleasing is to eye or ear,

Was there consorted in one harmony;

Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree!"

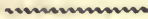
Whoever have been witnesses of the scene will know that I speak of it as they have seen it, and that I have set down nothing in fiction."

As a supplement to this interesting Memoir is annexed an Italian Ode or Tuscan Canzone, addressed to Mr. Nicholls when living, and composed at his Villa at Blundeston. It is entitled "All' Erudito e nell' Amena Letteratura Versatissimo Norton Nicholls Presentandogli L'Aggiunta Ai Componimenti Lirici Scelti de' Più Illustri Poeti D'Italia."

The Rev. Norton Nicholls, the accomplished and intimate friend of Mr. Gray, received the early part of his education at Eton, under the celebrated Dr. Barnard. In 1760, he entered at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the degree of LL.B. in 1766. In 1767 he was presented to the Rectories of Bradwell and Lound, both in this County. He died at his house at Blundeston on the 22d. of Nov. 1809, in the 63th year of his age, and was interred in the chancel of Richmond Church, Surry, where a marble tablet is erected to his memory, the inscription on which is given in *Lysons' Environs*, Supplement p. 429.

† The Theatre, a spacious building, is situate a little to the west of the town, in what is called Bell Lane. It has lately been rebuilt by Mr. Fisher, the present proprietor, and the manager of a respectable company of comedians, who, at regular intervals, pay their devoirs to the inhabitants of Lowestoft and its vicinity.

One glance from you can ev'ry fear beguile,  
 For know we live, like lovers, on a smile.  
 'Gainst light desert if grosser faults prevail,  
 Weigh'd in the Critic's nicely balanc'd scale;  
 To night is our appeal from rig'rous laws,  
 And *Lowestoff's* lenient Justice hears the cause.



THE  
 POLITICK MAID OF SUFFOLK ;  
 OR THE  
 Lawyer, Outwitted.

*The following curious old Ballad is printed from a copy, which was obligingly communicated to the Editor of this Collection by a Gentleman, whose taste, knowledge and collections in antient English Literature stand unrivalled in this County.*

COME all ye young men and maids,  
 Both of high and low degree ;  
 Or you that love a merry jest,  
 Give ear awhile to me.  
 I'd have you give attention  
 To what I have to tell,  
 Then hear it out, I do not doubt,  
 'Twill please you wondrous well.  
 'Tis of a wealthy Lawyer,  
 That did in *Suffolk* dwell,  
 He kept a handsome House-keeper,  
 Her name was called Nell.



He kiss'd and press'd her o'er and o'er;  
 As I to you may tell,  
 Till her apron grew too short before,  
 Alas ! poor Nell !  
 It happen'd on a certain day,  
 As talking they were led,  
 She wept, she wail'd, she wrung her hands,  
 And thus to him she said ;  
 My virgin rose you stole away,  
 O wed me, Sir, said she,  
 Or I, like other girls, may say,  
 Ah ! woe is me !  
 He straight gave her a loving kiss,  
 And without more delay,  
 He took her by the lily white hand,  
 And thus to her did say ;  
 I wish Old Nick may fetch me straight,  
 (A woeful tale to tell)  
 If ever I prove false to thee,  
 My dearest Nell.  
 Then thus with joys and loving toys,  
 They past away the time,  
 'Till seven months were gone and past,  
 (But two left out of nine.)  
 When from her place he turn'd her quite,  
 As I to you may tell,  
 All for the sake of a Lady bright,  
 Alas poor Nell !  
 But when she found she was deceiv'd,  
 She wept and tore her hair ;  
 And cry'd there's no belief in man,  
 It plainly doth appear.

Oh ! how could he so cruel be,  
 Thus to trapan my heart ;  
 But I will be reveng'd on him,  
 Before that we do part.—  
 Now it happen'd to this Lady bright,  
 Who liv'd a mile from town ;  
 That this young lawyer every night  
 Would walk to her from home.  
 Forgetting of his former vows,  
 As I to you may tell,  
 And longing for a richer spouse,  
 He left poor Nell.  
 As Nell was sitting all alone,  
 Lamenting sad one night,  
 A project came into her head,  
 Which made her laugh outright.  
 Thought she, I'll make myself as black  
 As any Devil in Hell,  
 And watch some night for his coming home,  
 Sing, O brave Nell !  
 She to a Chimney-sweeper went,  
 And there a bargain made,  
 For to have his sooty-cloathes,  
 And furthermore she said ;  
 If that my counsel you'll but take,  
 A guinea I'll give to thee ;  
 Then let your little sweeper boy  
 But come along with me.  
 She having learned the lad his tale,  
 Thus unto him did say,  
 If you do act your part aright,  
 You half a crown I'll pay.

She gave him squibs of gunpowder,  
 And all appear'd right well,  
 To frighten her master the lawyer,  
 Sing O brave Nell!  
 And coming to a lonesome wood,  
 In ambush they did lie,  
 The which adjoining to a road,  
 That the lawyer must come by:  
 With a pair of ram's horns on her head,  
 In a lonesome place stood she;  
 But as for black the sweeper's boy,  
 She plac'd him on a tree.  
 It was just about the hour of one,  
 As for a truth we hear,  
 The lawyer he came trudging home  
 From the courtship of his dear:  
 And stepping o'er to shun the dirt,  
 As I to you may tell,  
 She quickly caught him by the skirt,  
 Sing, O brave Nell!  
 Then with a doleful hollow voice,  
 She unto him did say,  
 According to your wish I come,  
 To fetch you hence away.  
 She said, you must along with me  
 Down to my gloomy cell,  
 Except to-morrow by break of day,  
 You wed poor Nell.  
 With that the chimney-sweeper's boy  
 Set fire unto the train,  
 Which flew and crack'd about his head,  
 And made him roar amain.

Dear Mr. Devil, spare me now,  
And mind but what I tell,  
And I to-morrow by break of day,  
Will wed poor Nell.  
Well look you do the Devil cry'd,  
Or mind what I say to thee ;  
Do you see that little Devil,  
That sits on yonder tree :  
If ever you do break your vow,  
As sure as hell is hell,  
That little Devil shall fetch you,  
If you slight poor Nell.  
The lawyer he went trembling home,  
In a most dreadful fright,  
And early in the morning,  
As soon as it was light,  
With trembling joints and staring eyes,  
With looks both wan and pale,  
He came to her, with humble voice,  
Good-morrow, dear Nell.  
With kisses and embraces,  
She granted her consent ;  
And having got a licence,  
Unto the church they went ;  
Where he made her his lawful wife,  
As for a truth I tell,  
And now they live a happy life,  
Sing, O brave Nell !  
She never told to friend or foe,  
The trick which she had play'd,  
Until some months after,  
When she was brought to-bed.

She told it at a gossiping,  
 Which pleased the wenches well,  
 He was glad, and laugh'd and said  
 'Twas well done, Nell.



ON

KING GEORGE THE II<sup>nd</sup>'s LANDING

AT LOWESTOFT,

On his Return from Hanover, the 14th of January,

1736-7.

*His Majesty had been a considerable time on his voyage from Helveotsluis to England, occasioned by stormy and contrary winds, and had been also exposed to the most imminent danger. When the royal barge approached the shore, a body of sailors belonging to Lowestoft, uniformly dressed in seamen's jackets, rejoicing that their King, after having escaped the perils of the ocean, was honouring their native town with a visit, waded into the sea, and, meeting the barge, took it on their shoulders with the King, the Countess of Yarmouth, and all the attendant nobility in it, and carried it to the beach, without suffering it to strike the ground. His Majesty was met at the sea shore by John Jex, esq. of that town, with his carriage, who conducted him to his house: Mr. Jex having the very high honour of being coachman. This mighty monarch landed about twelve at noon, and about two hours after set off for London. Between six and seven o'clock in the evening, Mr. Carrington, one of the King's messengers, arrived at the Post Office in Ipswich, with the agreeable news that his Majesty would be there that night; on which the Bailiffs, Portmen, &c. assembled in their formalities to receive him, at St.*

Margaret's gate. The whole town was immediately illuminated; and Christ Church, the house of Thomas Fonnercau, esq. in particular, made a most splendid appearance. His Majesty did not arrive till a little after eleven, when the crowd was so great at the gate, that the Magistrates could not pay their duty to him there; but repaired to the White Horse and attended him as he came out of his chaise. He immediately went up stairs into the great dining-room, whither they were soon admitted, with several of the Clergy of the town, and had all the honour to kiss his hand. Mr. Bailiff Sparrowc, finding his Majesty was very much fatigued, addressed him in a short, but very handsome speech, setting forth the joy the corporation felt in paying their duty to him, after the many anxious thoughts they had had on account of the great danger that he had experienced. The King came in the same chaise from Lowestoft to Saxmundham, where he was accommodated with a set of Lord Strafford's horses, which brought him hither. The messenger, who was gone forward, left orders for a coach and chaise with four horses each to be hired here, and as many dragoons as could be got together to attend him. His Majesty entered the chaise a little before twelve, and passed through the town, attended with the joyful acclamations of a numerous crowd of people, and was pleased to take notice of the ladies, who shook their handkerchiefs at the windows in the market place, by waving his hat. By the time that he reached Copdock, it was so dark that lights were deemed necessary. The harbinger, or officer, that went before, enquired of the landlady of the inn, if she had any flambeaux, or could procure any? Being answered in the negative, he asked her if she had any LINKS? Aye, that I have, said she, and some as good as his Majesty, God bless him! ever eat in all his life. And immediately produced some fine sausages! He stopped at honest Isaac Spencer's, at the Swan in Stratford, where he laid himself down upon a bed for three or four hours; and about six took coach for London. A messenger had been sent before from Woodbridge to Felixton, who ferried over to

*Harnwich, and ordered the coaches round to Stratford. His Majesty went through Colchester without stopping, and arrived at St. James's Palace about two in the afternoon. This mode of travelling forms a striking contrast to the present rapidity of Royal conveyance!*

GREAT George, in safety, is return'd again ·  
 From all the dangers of the raging main !  
 Blest be the day, be none distinguish'd more,  
 Than that, which brought him to the Low'stoft shore.  
 Methinks I see the glad expecting crowd,  
 Which on the sandy beach rejoicing stood.  
 Twice twenty sailors clad in decent white  
 Survey the distant pinnacle with delight,  
 And e'er the royal barge can reach the land,  
 Plunge in the waves, and bear it to the strand ;  
 The joyful multitude, with loud acclaim,  
 Surround the King, and shout his much lov'd name :  
 The much lov'd name from glad'ning hills rebounds,  
 The hollow deep re-echoes with the sounds.  
 Oh ! let th' united nation grateful meet,  
 And strive who best their welcome Lord shall greet ;  
 Tune ev'ry instrument of joy, and sing  
 How bounteous heaven preserv'd their gracious King.  
 When storms and waves their mutual horrors join'd,  
 When winds and seas their strongest force combin'd,  
 Bright ministering angels then were there,  
 George and Great Britain were their guardian care ;  
 O'er him their sacred wings extended wide,  
 Check'd the rude winds, and stem'd the swelling tide.  
 May these mean lays some happy bard inspire,  
 Whose raptur'd bosom glows with patriot fire ;  
 And be their theme by him more nobly drest,—  
 A monarch sav'd, and three great nations blest.

**True and Tragical Ballad,**  
 CONCERNING  
**JOHN AND ELIZABETH SMITH,**  
 OF COOKLEY, NEAR HALESWORTH.

*John and Elizabeth Smith were tried and convicted at the Assizes holden at Bury, March the 21, 1812, for the wilful murder of Mary Ann Smith, an infant aged eight years, the daughter of the said John Smith by a former wife, in consequence of a series of starvation and cruelty, at Cookley in this county.*

*They were both executed at Ipswich, on Monday the 23d, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, confessing their guilt, and acknowledging it to have been their intention to have destroyed their other children. John Smith was thirty-nine, and his wife twenty-seven years of age; and they had been married only four months. They both appeared perfectly penitent, and were launched into eternity, a dreadful example of the depravity of human nature. The Trial at large was published in 8vo. by Gedge and Barker: and likewise "A Sermon preached at the dying request of John Smith, by J. Dennant," 8vo.*

O all ye tender people, attend awhile to me,  
 While I relate a story of monstrous cruelty;  
 'Tis of two harden'd wretches, at Suffolk 'sides tried,  
 Who for a barbarous murder at Ipswich lately died.

John Smith, th' unhappy father of motherless children three,  
 Took a most cruel woman their mother-in-law to be;  
 And was so over-ruled by this inhuman bride,  
 As to conspire with her to starve them till they died;

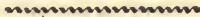


And not content with starving, they cruelly did treat  
 These poor unhappy orphans, and often them did  
 beat.

O think, ye tender-hearted, how shocking was the  
 sight  
 Of these poor starved children, reduced to a fright !

Then to a beam they hanged the girl but nine years  
 old,  
 Where she three days remained, expos'd to frost  
 and cold ;  
 Her tenderlimbs were frozen, her feet were mortified,  
 And of this cruel treatment the tender infant died.

Now this unfeeling father, and this inhuman bride,  
 For Murder were convicted, and for the same they  
 died ;  
 Their bodies were dissected, a warning full to be  
 To all, who are disposed to acts of cruelty.



THE

## Fail of Edmund,

KING OF THE EAST ANGLES :

A TRADITIONAL TALE.

*In 870, Inguar, the Danish chieftain, gained possession of Thetford, the capital of East Anglia. King Edmund collected his forces, and marched to oppose the invaders. The hostile armies met near Thetford, and after an engagement, maintained for a whole day*

with the most determincd courage, and great slaughter on both sides, victory remained undecided. The pious king, to use the language of the Monkish writers, was so extremely affected by the death of so many martyrs, who had shed their blood in defence of the christian faith, and the miserable end of so many unconverted infidels, that he retired in the night to the village of Eglesdœne, now Hoxne. Hither he was followed by an embassy from Inguar, who was soon after the battle joined by his brother Hubba, with ten thousand fresh troops. The Danish chieftain proposed that he should become his vassal, and divide with him his treasures and dominions. But Edmund returned for answer that he would never submit to a pagan. At the same time, out of tenderness for his subjects, he resolved to make no further resistance, and accordingly surrendered without a struggle to the superior force sent against him. Still, however, refusing to accede to the terms of the conquerors, he was bound to a tree, his body was pierced with arrows, and his head cut off, and thrown contemptuously into the thickest part of a neighbouring wood.

The tradition, on which this tale is founded, is as follows, and is current in the parish of Hoxne to this day. In the hope of escaping his pursuers, the monarch concealed himself under the arch of a bridge near the place, now called GOLD BRIDGE, and so named from the brilliant appearance of the gilt spurs, which he happened to wear, and which proved the means of discovering his retreat. A newly-married couple, returning home in the evening, and seeing by moon-light the reflection of the spurs in the water, betrayed him to the Danes. Indignant at their treachery, the King is said to have pronounced, in the warmth of his resentment, a dreadful curse upon every couple, who should afterwards pass over this bridge in their way to or from the altar of Hymen; and we are told that even at this day, after an interval of nearly one thousand years, such is the superstitious regard paid to this denunciation, that persons, proceeding to or coming from the church on such an occasion, never fail to avoid the

*bridge, even if they are obliged to take a circuitous road. It is a remarkable instance of the great length of time in which traditions in parishes are sometimes continued.*

THE morn arose, and shot her ray,  
 Resplendent, from the clime of day,  
 Along the wide extended heath,  
 Which night beheld a scene of death.  
 The tents of England's King gleam'd white,  
 Reflected from the dawning light.  
 Fast o'er the misty hills, afar,  
 The Chief of *Lochlin*\* urg'd the car,  
 And wak'd to strife th' advent'rous war :  
 His standards, streaming to the sky,  
 Led forth his troops to victory.  
 With eagle glance, the Monarch stood  
 And view'd the fatal field of blood,  
 Then urg'd his valiant few, to stand,  
 The guardians of their native land ;  
 The spirits of the mighty dead  
 Leaned from the Heavens, o'er Conflict's bed,  
 Intent to hear th' expiring sigh,  
 The dying moan of Liberty.  
 Inguar approached, Death in his rear,  
 And on his van, Revenge and Fear.  
 Each line advanced—the battle woke,  
 And reddened at each echoing stroke ;  
 Sword rang on helm, and spear on shield ;  
 Each chieftain doubtful held the field—  
 Oppression swayed the Danish heart,  
 But Freedom nerved the English dart.

\* Denmark.

Long raged the thick fight's furious bray ;  
 With blood bedewed—a fallen prey—  
 Lay high-piled ranks of countless dead,  
 The Heavens their shroud—the heath their bed—  
 The bannered *Raven*,† tow'ring, waved  
 O'er Edmund's ranks.—In vain they braved  
 The ruthless fury of their foe,  
 For Victory sat on Inguar's brow.  
 Distraction seized on Edmund's soul,  
 And o'er his senses phrenzy stole.

The day's declining ray was past,  
 And evening's mist the sky o'er cast,—  
 Uncertain of the trackless space,  
 The vanquish'd Monarch urg'd his pace,  
 Till Eglesdene's high rising fane,  
 At distance, cheer'd the gloomy plain ;—  
 With weeds o'ergrown, an ancient pile  
 Of mossy bricks, and Runic style.  
 The Waveny's sedgy confines bore,  
 A passage safe from either shore.  
 Urged by mistrust, the Monarch sped,  
 And gladly sought its friendly shade ;  
 Securely, there he silent lay,  
 Till Luna rose, with burnish'd ray,  
 And through the regions of the West  
 Raised high in air her silver crest.

From Hymen's rites, a youthful pair  
 Were speeding, by the evening star—  
 They passed the bridge ;—the moon's soft beam  
 Fell radiant on the rippling stream,

† The "Raven" was the famous standard of the Danish troops : gold, worked in a black banner.

And to the wanderers on the shore  
 Betrayed the *Spurs* that Edmund wore :  
 Suspicion seized each wondering mind,  
 And, faster than the rising wind,  
 They hastened to the long-past gate,  
 Eager to point their King's retreat.

Ill-fated Monarch ! once the dread  
 Of foreign foes—thy hopes are fled !  
 How chang'd thy fate ! the rising day  
 Beheld thee England's sceptre sway ;  
 Its dying beams illumine the breast  
 Of Edmund—now pale Sorrow's guest :  
 A suppliant at a conqueror's throne,  
 E'en on the shores so late his own.

Submissive at a Victor's frown,  
 Usurper of thy country's crown ;  
 Chain'd to the stake—by anguish torn,  
 Thy hurried breast must know the scorn  
 Of murd'ers, happy in thy moan ;  
 Thy fortune lost, thy honours flown.  
 Not sorrow, torture, pangs unsung  
 Can wrench *confession* from his tongue,  
 But, glorying in his noble death,  
 He, calm, resigns his parting breath.

But hark—the dying martyr speaks,  
 From his parch'd lips his *last will* breaks :—  
 “ § Cursed be the spot, where Edmund lay—  
 Dimm'd in that spot be Luna's ray—

§ These are nearly the last words of the expiring martyr.

May execrations 'tend the pair,  
 Who o'er the fatal arch repair  
 From Hymen's sainted altars free ;  
 May hate—unknown mortality—  
 Attend their lives ;—domestic strife,  
 And all the ills of wedded life ;—  
 May anguish seal their dying breath—  
 And fell remorse—woc worse than death.”

He bleeds—the quivering arrow gnaws his breast ;  
 He dies—and agonising sinks to rest.  
 Tradition tells the mournful tale,  
 And weeps at Sorrow's bloody wail ;—  
 Fell Superstition marks the place,  
 That sheltered Edmund's last distress ;  
 And never, from that fatal day,  
 Have Hymen's votaries trod the way.  
 His spirit, by the pale moon's light,  
 Flits there, each sad revolving night.



THE  
 SHANNON, AND THE CHESAPEAKE ;

OR THE

**Glorious Fight**

OFF BOSTON LIGHT HOUSE,

On the 1st of June, 1813.

*The particulars of this gallant and brilliant action  
 are detailed in so perspicuous a manner, and in a style*

*so truly characteristic of an intelligent English Sailor, by Capt. Sir P. B. V. Broke, Bart. in his official Letter to Capt. the Hon. T. B. Capel, that any further particulars, as introductory to the following Poems, would be superfluous and unnecessary.*

“Shannon, Halifax, June 6, 1813.

“SIR,—I have the honour to inform you, that being close in with Boston Light House, in his Majesty's ship under my command, on the 1st instant, I had the pleasure of seeing that the United States frigate Chesapeake (whom we had long been watching) was coming out of the harbour to engage the Shannon; I took a position between Cape Ann and Cape Cod, and then hove to for him to join us—the enemy came down in a very handsome manner, having three American ensigns flying; when closing with us he sent down his royal yards. I kept the Shannon's up, expecting the breeze would die away. At half past five, P. M. the enemy hauled up within hail of us on the starboard side, and the battle began, both ships steering full under the topsails; after exchanging between two and three broadsides, the enemy's ship fell on board of us, her mizen channels locking in with our fore rigging. I went forward to ascertain her position, and observing that the enemy were flinching from their guns, I gave orders to prepare for boarding. Our gallant bands appointed to that service immediately rushed in, under their respective officers, upon the enemy's decks, driving every thing before them with irresistible fury. The enemy made a desperate but disorderly resistance. The firing continued at all the gangways and between the tops, but in two minutes time the enemy were driven sword in hand from every post. The American flag was hauled down, and the proud Old British Union floated triumphant over it. In another minute they ceased firing from below and called for quarter. The whole of this service was achieved in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action.

“I have to lament the loss of many of my gallant shipmates, but they fell exulting in their conquest. My brave First Lieutenant Mr. Watt was slain in the moment of victory, in the act of hoisting the British colours: his death is a severe loss to the service. Mr. Aldham, the Purser, who had, spiritedly, volunteered the charge of a party of small-arm men, was killed at his post on the gangway. My faithful old Clerk, Mr. Dunn, was shot by his side; Mr. Aldham has left a widow to lament his loss. I request the Commander in Chief will recommend her to the protection of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. My veteran boatswain, Mr. Stephens, has lost an arm. He fought under Lord Rodney on the 12th April. I trust his age and services will be duly rewarded. I am happy to say, that Mr. Samwell, a midshipman of much merit, is the only other officer wounded besides myself.

and he not dangerously. Of my gallant seamen and marines we had twenty-three slain, and fifty-six wounded. I subjoin the names of the former. No expressions I can make use of can do justice to the merits of my valiant officers and crew; the calm courage they displayed during the cannonade, and the tremendous precision of their fire, could only be equalled by the ardour with which they rushed to the assault. I recommend them all warmly to the protection of the Commander in Chief.

“Having received a severe sabre wound at the first onset, whilst charging a party of the enemy who had rallied on their fore-castle, I was only capable of giving command till assured our conquest was complete, and then directing Second Lieutenant Wallis to take charge of the Shannon, and secure the prisoners, I left the Third Lieutenant, Mr. Falkiner (who had headed the main-deck boarders) in charge of the prize. I beg to recommend these officers most strongly to the Commander in Chief’s patronage, for the gallantry they displayed during the action, and the skill and judgment they evinced in the anxious duties which afterwards devolved upon them. To Mr. Etough, the acting master, I am much indebted for the steadiness in which he conn’d the ship into action. The Lieutenants Johns and Law, of the Marines, bravely boarded at the head of their respective divisions. It is impossible to particularize every brilliant deed performed by my officers and men, but I must mention when the ships’ yard arms were locked together, that Mr. Cosnahan, who commanded in our main top, finding himself screened from the enemy by the foot of the topsail, laid out at the main-yard arm to fire upon them, and shot three men in that situation. Mr. Smith, who commanded in our fore-top, stormed the enemy’s fore-top from the fore-yard arm, and destroyed all the Americans remaining in it. I particularly beg leave to recommend Mr. Etough, the acting master, and Messrs. Smith, Leake, Clavering, Raymond, and Littlejohn, midshipmen. The latter officer is a son of Captain Littlejohn, who was slain in the Berwick. The loss of the enemy was about seventy killed, and one hundred wounded. Among the former were the four lieutenants, a lieutenant of marines, the master, and many other officers. Captain Lawrence is since dead of his wounds. The enemy came into action with a complement of four hundred and forty men; the Shannon, having picked up some recaptured seamen, had three hundred and thirty. The Chesapeake is a fine frigate, and mounts forty nine guns, eighteens on her main deck, two and-thirties on her quarter deck and fore-castle. Both ships came out of action in the most beautiful order, their rigging appearing as perfect as if they had only been exchanging a salute.

“I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

“P. B. V. BROKE.”

“To Captain the Hon. T. B. Capel, &c. Halifax.



*An elegant and spirited Poem, descriptive of this memorable event, from the Pen of Mr. Montagu, appeared under the following title; viz. "Tributary Verses upon the Capture of the American Frigate Chesapeake by the British Frigate Shannon, June 1, 1813; addressed to Sir Philip Bowes Vere Broke, Baronet, of Nacton, Suffolk. By Lieutenant M. Montagu of the Royal Navy. To which is prefixed a correct Copy of Captain Broke's Letter from the London Gazette. London, 1814," sm. 4to.*

### THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE:

#### OR THE RIVAL FRIGATES.

"She comes, she comes, in glorious style,

To quarters fly, my hearts of oak!

Success shall soon reward our toil,"

Exclaim'd the gallant Captain Broke.

"Three cheers, my brave lads shall our ardour bespeak,

Then give them a taste of our cannon;

And soon, my bold fellows, the proud Chesapeake

Shall lower her flag to the Shannon."

Lawrence, "Columbia's pride and boast,"

Of conquest counted sure as fate,

And thus address'd his nautic host,

With form erect and heart elate:

"Three cheers, my brave crew, shall your courage bespeak,

Then give them a sound of your cannon;

And soon we shall see that the proud Chesapeake

Will lower the flag of the Shannon."

Silent as death each foe drew nigh,

And lock'd in hostile close embrace:

Broke, with a British seamen's eye,

Could soon the sign of terror trace,

And cried, whilst his looks did his ardour bespeak,  
 " They flinch, my brave boys, from their cannon ;  
 Board ! board ! my brave comrades ! the proud  
 Chesapeake  
 Shall soon be a prize to the Shannon."

Swift flew the word, Britannia's sons  
 Spread death and terror where they came ;  
 The trembling foe forsook their guns,  
 And call'd aloud on Mercy's name ;  
 Brave Broke led the way, but fell wounded and weak,  
 Yet exclaim'd, " They've all fled from their cannon ;  
 Three cheers, my brave fellows, the proud Chesapeake  
 Has lower'd her flag to the Shannon."

The day was won, but Lawrence fell,  
 And clos'd his eyes in endless night ;  
 And oft Columbia's sons will tell,  
 Their hopes all blighted in the fight :  
 But brave Captain Broke, tho' yet wounded and  
 weak,  
 Survives again to play his cannon ;  
 So his name, from the shores of the wide Chesapeake,  
 Shall be prais'd to the banks of the Shannon.

*The Chesapeake Prize to the Shannon.*

At Boston one day,  
 As the Chesapeake lay,  
 The captain and crew thus began on ;  
 " See that ship out at sea !  
 She our prize soon shall be,  
 'Tis the tight little frigate the Shannon :

How I long to be drubbing the Shannon,  
 We shall soon make a prize of the Shannon ;  
 Oh ! 'twill be a good joke,  
 To take Commodore Broke,  
 And add to our navy the Shannon."

Then he made a great bluster,  
 Calling all hands to muster,  
 And said, " now boys stand firm to your cannon :  
 Let us get under way,  
 Without further delay,  
 And capture the insolent Shannon.  
 We soon shall bear down on the Shannon,  
 The Chesapeake's prize is the Shannon :  
 Within two hours space,  
 We'll return to this place,  
 And bring into harbour the Shannon !"

Now along-side they range,  
 And broadsides they exchange,  
 But the Yankees soon flinch from their cannon ;  
 When captain and crew,  
 Without further to do,  
 Are attack'd sword in hand from the Shannon ;  
 By the tight little tars of the Shannon,  
 The brave Commodore of the Shannon  
 Fir'd a friendly salute,  
 Just to end the dispute,  
 And the Chesapeake struck to the Shannon.

Let America know  
 The respect she should show

To our national flag and our cannon ;  
 And let her take heed,  
 That the Thames and the Tweed  
 Give us tars just as brave as the Shannon.  
 Here's to Commodore Broke of the Shannon,  
 To the sons of the Thames, Tweed, and Shannon :  
 May the Olive of peace  
 Soon bid enmity cease,  
 From the Chesapeake's shore to the Shannon.

*The Fight off Boston Light House :*

BY EDWARD STEWART, LIEUT. R. N.

“ Three fatal fights Britannia saw,  
 With mix'd surprise and woe ;  
 For thrice she saw her union flag  
 By hostile hands laid low.

“ Then casting round an anxious eye  
 Amongst her naval men,  
 Her choice she made, that choice was Broke,  
 To raise her flag again.

“ ‘ Command,’ she cries, ‘ yon gallant ship,  
 And form her chosen crew,  
 And bid my flag victorious fly,  
 Where it was wont to do.’

“ The foes in warlike pride advanc'd,  
 Exulting in the past ;  
 Broke saw, serenely smil'd, and cried,  
 ‘ The Java is your last.’

“ With wily art the Shannon plays ;  
 Hark ! her artillery roars :  
 With equal rage the Chesapeake  
 Her rattling broadside pours.

“ Thus as they fought, they closer drew :  
 At length fast lock'd they lay ;  
 Th' auspicious moment Broke observ'd,  
 ‘ Haste Boarders ! haste ! away !’

“ He spake, and with the lightening's speed  
 Led on the boarding crew ;  
 In fifteen minutes, proud, aloft  
 The British Union flew.

“ The glorious wound, that decks thy brow,  
 Your foes affrighted view ;  
 Thy blood, that stain'd the well-earn'd prize,  
 Proclaims their terrors true.

“ Hail, Suffolk's pride ! such fame may I,  
 A son of Suffolk, share ;  
 Or if I fall, like glorious Watt,  
 To fall, what hour so fair ?

“ Lead on, where'er your country calls,  
 And glory points the way ;  
 Wherever Ocean rolls his tides,  
 Your conquering flag display ;

“ And prove tho' thrice superior force  
 Might transient trophies gain,  
 Britannia rules the wat'ry world,  
 Sole Empress of the Main.”

## EPIGRAM

BY THE REV. LEWIS BLAKENEY, M. A.

*Curate of Thorndon and Bedingfield.*

“ Gallant BROKE, (Men of Suffolk ! your Hero exult  
 in,)  
 Has redem’d Britain’s falsely-defam’d naval glory :  
 For—he fought, beat, and captur’d a rival insulting,  
 In less time than was needful to write the proud  
 story ! ”

## IMPROMPTU.

“ The bold *Chesapeake*  
 Came out on ‘a freak,  
 And swore she’d soon silence our cannon ;  
 While the Yankees, in port,  
 Stood to laugh at the sport,  
 And see her tow in the brave *Shannon*.

“ Quite sure of the game,  
 As from harbour they came,  
 A dinner and wine they bespoke ;  
 But for *meat* they got *balls*  
 From our staunch wooden walls,  
 So the dinner *Engagement* was BROKE.

---

Who has broken the charm that hung over the fleet,  
 The charm that occasion’d dismay and defeat ?  
 Too many have vainly attempted the stroke,  
 But thanks to the Shannon—at last it is BROKE.

## THE LILY OF NETTLESTEAD:

BY MRS. J. COBBOLD, OF HOLY WELLS, IPSWICH.

*Henrietta Maria, the fair heroine of the following stanzas, and the celebrated and beloved mistress of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, was the only daughter and heir of Thomas, Lord Wentworth, of Nettlestead, the eldest son of Thomas, the 1st. Earl of Cleveland. On the death of the Earl, her grandfather, she succeeded to the Barony of Wentworth, the Earldom having become extinct by the demise of her father without issue male. She was a woman of an elegant person, most engaging manners, and the highest accomplishments. Lady Wentworth resided for many years at Toddington, in the county of Bedford, with the Duke, her lover, whose attachment to her continued to his death. The Duke acknowledged, just before his execution, to two prelates and other divines who attended him, that "he and Lady Wentworth had lived in "all points like man and wife;" but they could not make him confess it was adultery. He acknowledged "that he and his Duchess were married by the law of "the land, and therefore his children might inherit, "if the king pleased. But he did not consider what "he did when he married her. He said that since that "time he had an affection for Lady Henrietta, and "prayed that if it were pleasing to God, it might continue, otherwise that it might cease: and God heard "his prayer. The affection did continue, and therefore he doubted not it was pleasing to God; and "that this was a marriage; their choice of one another "being guided not by lust, but by judgment upon due "consideration." When he addressed himself to the people from the scaffold, he spoke "in vindication of "the Lady Henrietta, saying she was a woman of "great honour and virtue; a religious and godly lady." He was told by some of the divines of his living in adultery with her; he said "no. For these two years*

“last past he had not lived in any sin that he knew of ;  
 “and that he was sure when he died to go to God ;  
 “and therefore he did not fear death, which they  
 “might see in his face.” \*

*Lady Wentworth is said to have died broken-hearted, in consequence of his untimely end. It is certain, however, that she survived his execution but a few months, and was buried at Toddington, under a costly monument, on which is the following inscription :*

Sacred to the memory of the Right Honourable the Lady Henrietta Maria, Baroness Wentworth, who died unmarried April the 23rd, 1686 She was sole daughter and heir of the Right Honourable Thomas, Lord Wentworth, buried here the 7th of March, 1664, by Philadelphia his wife, daughter of Sir Ferdinando Cary, Knt. who was interred near her husband the 9th of May, 1696. And grand-daughter and heir of the Right Honourable Thomas, Earl of Cleveland, Lord Wentworth, and Lord Wentworth of Nettlestead, &c. also buried here April the 4th, 1667.

*Several great grand-children of this unhappy connection are living, and inherit the characteristic features, and personal beauty of their ancestors. May they inherit happier fortunes ! There is a fine whole length portrait of this Lady engraved by R. Williams from a Painting of Sir G. Kneller.*

*On the death of Lady Wentworth, the Barony descended to her aunt, Anne, the daughter of Thomas, Earl of Cleveland, and the wife of John, Lord Lovelace.*

THROUGH the echoing covert the bugle resounds,  
 The shouts of the chase, and the cry of the hounds ;  
 And, gallantly riding, the hunters are seen  
 In bonnets, and feathers, and surcoats of green :

\* Bp. Lloyd's Letter to Bp. Fell, relating to the Duke of Monmouth, written the day after the execution of that unfortunate nobleman. "Letters from the Bodleian Library," vol. 1. p. 16.



The merry lord Lovelace\* is leading them all  
To feast with his cousin in Nettlestead Hall §

\* He was the only son of John, the 2nd Lord Lovelace, by the Lady Anne, daughter of Thomas, the 1st Earl of Cleveland. He was an early friend to the Revolution; but as he was going to join the Prince of Orange with a considerable force, was made prisoner. On the accession, however, of William to the throne, this nobleman was made captain of the band of pensioners. He lived in a most prodigal and splendid stile, which involved him in such difficulties, that a great part of his estates, were sold, under a decree of chancery, to pay his debts. He married Margery one of the daughters and coheirs of Sir Edmund Pyc, of Bradenham, in the county of Bucks, Bart. by whom he had a son John, who died an infant; and three daughters, Anne, Martha, and Catherine; whereof the first and last died before their father S. P. and his Lordship dying without issue male in 1693, the Barony of Wentworth descended to his only surviving daughter Martha, in 1697, on the demise of her grandmother the Lady Anne Lovelace.

§ The Lordship of Nettlestead belonged to the *Earls of Richmond and Brittany* from the time of the Norman conquest to the 17. of Hen. II. when Conan the last Earl died. *Sir Peter Mauclere*, who married *Alice*, the daughter of *Constance*, the only daughter and heiress of Conan, by *Guy de Thouars*, had livery of this Lordship and Manor in the 15. of Hen. III. By a special Charter, dated May 1. 1241, these, with other estates, were given by Henry the III. to *Peter de Savoy*, the queen's uncle, who, dying without issue, left them to that Princess. This Lordship was soon afterwards granted to *Robert de Tibetot*, in consideration of his adherence to the king against his rebellious barons, and who died here in the 25. of Edw. I. From him it was transmitted to his descendants; when in the 46. of Edw. III. Robert de Tibetot, dying without issue male, left three daughters his coheirs; viz. Margaret, Milicent, and *Elizabeth*, who were then in minority, and given in ward to Richard le Serope of Bolton, who disposed of Margaret to Roger le Serope, his eldest son, Milicent to Stephen, his third son, and Elizabeth to Philip le Despencer, the younger. Which daughters, in the 9. of Rd. III. making proof of their respective ages, had livery of their lands; in the partition whereof, the Lordship and manor of Nettlestead became vested in *Philip le Despencer*. From his only daughter and heir *Margery*, married first to John Lord Roos, and afterwards in 1450 to *Sir Roger Wentworth*, the same was brought into that family; the representative of which, in the 21. of Hen. VIII. was summoned to Parliament by writ, as *Lord Wentworth of Nettlestead*; to which honor Charles I. added the Earldom of Cleveland. In this family the Lordship of Nettlestead continued till about the year 1643, when Thomas, the 1st Earl of Cleveland sold it to *William Lodge*, a Citizen of London. It afterwards belonged to *Mr. John Fuller*, of Ipswich, whose only daughter and heiress carried it by marriage into the family of *Bradley*; from that family it came to the late General Phillipson, and is now the property of *Mr. Lionel Henry Moore*, by whom it was purchased in 1813.

Till within these few years past, a very considerable portion of the Old Hall was remaining in its pristine state. It is situated near the Church, and was formerly surrounded by a wall, a great part of which is still existing. The gateway still remains; and on the spandrils of the arch are two shields, sculptured with the Wentworth arms and other numerous quarterings. The mansion has been lately modernized and new fronted by the present proprietor.

Several of the Lodge Family are buried in the *Church*.

That cousin is wealthy, that cousin is fair,  
Is Wentworth's, and Cleveland's, and Nettlestead's  
heir ;

Her smile is the sunshine of innocent youth ;  
Her heart is the throne of affection and truth ;  
Her dark glossy ringlets luxuriantly flow,  
Contrasting and arching her forehead of snow :  
This flowret of beauty and sweetness they call  
Henrietta, the Lily of Nettlestead Hall !

A stranger, in manhood and gallantry's pride,  
The merry lord Lovelace has placed by her side :  
Forbidden his station and name to disclose,  
He calls him " Sir Alured, knight of the rose :"  
How winning his graces and courtesy prove !  
His ardent affection soon fixes her love,  
And, secretly, wedlock's soft fetters enthrall  
The delicate Lily of Nettlestead Hall.

What pages mysterious has fate to unfold ?  
Her husband is Monmouth,\* the royal and bold,  
And he, whom she trusted as loyal and true,  
Had previously wedded the heir of Buccleugh :  
At her feet in despondence and agony thrown,  
He swears that his faith and his vows are her own,

\* James, Duke of Monmouth and Buccleugh, the eldest natural son of Charles the 11nd by Mrs Lucy Walters, the daughter of Richard Walters, of Haverford-West in the county of Pembroke, Esq. He was born at Rotterdam, and bore the name of James Crofts till his Majesty's Restoration. His creation to the title of Duke of Monmouth was to *grace* his nuptials with the Lady Anne, the daughter and sole heir of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh, who was then esteemed the greatest fortune and the finest woman, in the three kingdoms. Being married, he took the surname of Scott ; and he and his lady were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, &c. For a spirited portrait of this unfortunate nobleman, drawn by an unrivalled statesman lately deceased, see "Fox's History of the reign of Charles 11." p. 269 - 273. See also "Lord Clarendon's Life," vol. 2. p. 206. "Memoirs of Count Grammont," Vol. 3. p. 161. 165. 251. 253 ; and for many curious particulars of the family of Scott, see the Notes to Walter Scott's inimitable Poem of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

That his marriage of boyhood illegal shall prove,  
 And heav'n seal the union of nature and love.  
 Affections so mated, O! say, can they part?  
 She yields to that eloquent pleader the heart,  
 Deciding, through changes of climate and state,  
 To share unrepining his fortune and fate:  
 Remov'd from her native, her fostering shades,  
 Untimely the Lily of Nettlestead fades.

Ah Monmouth! brave Monmouth! thy glories are  
 fled;  
 And low in the dust lies thy blood-streaming head!  
 Those lips still seem warm with the redolent breath,  
 Those eyelids, like violets, lovely in death;  
 With no fond awaking again shall they move,  
 Though nurs'd on thy Lily's soft bosom of love!  
 As still to his image her fancy returns,  
 The mourner is paler than him whom she mourns,  
 And calm are her features, and calm is her air,  
 All fix'd in the sadness of settled despair;  
 No sigh swells her breast, and no tear-drop her eyes,  
 But blighted, the Lily of Nettlestead dies.



ON THE

## Unfortunate Seamen,

Who were Wrecked on the Coasts of Suffolk and  
 Norfolk, October 31, 1789.

BY P. HOMER.

*A few minutes before four in the morning, one of  
 the most violent squalls of wind from the North East  
 came on, that had ever been remembered. As it com-*

menced not less suddenly than violently, it was the occasion of a scene, almost too dreadful for description. A large fleet of ships was lying in the Yarmouth Roads, several of which being driven from their anchors, and running foul of each other, the greatest confusion ensued. Some foundered, and many lost their masts; whilst others were obliged either to slip or cut their cables, and run to the Southward, which luckily for them, on account of the quarter from which the gale blew, they were able to accomplish without much danger, so that two only were forced on shore to the Southward of the harbour. The case, however, of those vessels, which were caught by the storm to the Northward of the Cockle-Sand, was infinitely more distressing and fatal. Those that were at anchor, waiting for the light to enter the Roads, were, almost every one of them, forced to quit their anchors by the violence of the wind, or by other ships coming athwart them; some sunk instantly upon their striking against each other; others perished the moment they were driven on the sand; some, having been beaten over the Cockle, either went down in deep water, or fell upon the Barber; and several met their fate on the shore. Ships from the Northward were every moment coming in, some with every sail split, and hanging like so many pennants; others with one mast only standing; some with nothing but a small piece of torn canvas fastened to the remaining stumps of their masts; others with all their boats and anchors washed away, making signals of distress, and in a perfectly unmanageable state driving through the Roads at the mercy of the waves, and at last sinking in the sight of hundreds of spectators.

The immense damage, done by this storm on the coast of Suffolk and Norfolk, was shocking beyond expression. Indeed, the whole coast exhibited a scene the most awful and distressing. Ships dismasted at anchor; others scudding before the wind without any canvas to set; and wrecks of ships, that had been lost on the sands, floating in every direction. Between Southwold and Yarmouth, a space of only 25 miles, 40 ships were ashore. Between Yarmouth and Cromer,

*a space of about 30 miles, 120 dead bodies were cast ashore; and 80 sail of fishing, with 70 other boats were lost. Out of 150 ships, that were blown out of the roads, 33 were totally lost, with nearly half their crews.*

*Nor was the destruction, occasioned by this violent storm, confined to the sea alone, although the effects of its fury were there displayed in all the excess of horror. Trees, buildings, windmills, &c. were blown down; and upwards of 400 sheep were drowned by the sea having forced the banks of the marshes.*

THOU merciless wind, how many like myself,  
 Safe shelter'd from the ills thou know'st to give,  
 Were idly listening to thy hollow roar,  
 Calling it music; while, as we did sit  
 Thus thinking, thou wert raving on our coast,  
 With man, great Nature's master-piece on earth,  
 Making wild havock: there, with all their crews,  
 Thou forest the stranded vessels from their beds,  
 And, like a giant, whirling them on rocks,  
 Heard'st not the seamen's cries, by thy mad sport  
 In miserable ruin lost; ev'n now  
 Hourly thou drivest the floating carcasses  
 On Yarmouth's shore, and with a dreadful voice  
 Summon'st her pale inhabitants from home  
 To come and claim their dead: methinks I see  
 The trembling wretches, by the moon's faint light,  
 At intervals obscured, with fearful search  
 Enquiring for their own: the hoary sire  
 Stoops to receive the filial corse, flung up  
 By tossing waves; yet think not that his heart  
 Upbraids the warring elements, or doubts  
 The Power that could have quell'd the mutinous seas:  
 His faith is anchor'd on a rock, which storms  
 And tempests cannot shake; while in his breast

Hope o'er the strong conflicting passions sits,  
 And, like an angel on the jarring winds,  
 Bids all their tumults cease: but 'tis not so  
 With thee, fair maid, who o'er a lover pour'st  
 Thy lamentable shrieks: thou canst not bear  
 The grief that wrings thy soul; I see thee gaze  
 In wildest horror, hear thee thus complain:  
 "Yes, thou didst promise thou wouldst soon return;  
 And is it thus thou keep'st thy word? ye floods,  
 When ye did stifle-in that breath, more dear  
 To me than all the wealth you ever bore,  
 Could ye not see? not feel? not hear the groan  
 That struggled on his lips? then take me too,  
 Remorseless deep! and thou, sweet Cherub, see,  
 I fly to meet thee at thy quick return,  
 To kiss those lips, and in thine arms to find  
 All that I now can wish!"—Rash maid, forbear!  
 And know that Time shall mitigate the pang  
 That rends thy bosom; think that life is still  
 His gift, whose giving makes it worth thy choice  
 Still to accept; nor madly deem thy love  
 A thing too sacred to resign to heaven.  
 But ye, who wander o'er the vast abyss,  
 Blown by some adverse wind from friends, who seek  
 That which alone remains, tho' no kind tear  
 Be shed upon your graves, and no rude mark  
 Tell the fond mourner where your relics lie,  
 Ye shall not pass unnotie'd from the world;  
 The Muse herself shall consecrate your death,  
 And write upon the floods, where now ye rest,  
 Her deep inscription: "Know, whoe'er enquir'st  
 What spot now holds our unprotected bones,  
 After life's toilsome voyage we repose  
 Within the boundaries of this noble tomb."

## THE MELFORD DISASTER,

A NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of "Tom of Bedlam."

1794.

*The circumstances, which gave occasion to this Ballad, are as follow: Three young Ladies of Melford agreed to bathe in a river, about half a mile distant from the town, there being no private accommodation for that purpose in the neighbourhood. An early hour, at which they would be the least liable to be discovered by strangers, was determined on; and at four o'clock in the morning they proceeded to the appointed place. But as they walked through the town, they were unfortunately espied by a blacksmith. Curiosity prompted him to find out whither the fair-ones were hastening; but he did not discover himself to them till they were in the river, the perfect images of their primitive mother Eve; when perceiving him approach, they screamed out, and prudently sat down in the water. The modern Vulcan, dead to the distresses of these Venuses, determined to divert his uncouth fancy by carrying off their clothes, with which he did not return. In this pitiable situation they were obliged to remain for nearly an hour, when a poor woman passing that way, on hearing the rude behaviour which they had experienced, and their consequent embarrassment, procured them such necessary articles of apparel, as enabled them to return home with decency.*

ALL in the land of Suffolk,  
 At Melford the unwary,  
     On the side of a bank  
     Was play'd such a prank,  
 By a Devil yclept *Vagary*.

To look about thee, Bury,  
 ( Thy ladies are so charming )  
     I'd have thee begin,  
     For, the Father of Sin  
 Gets a taste that's quite alarming.

On Melford's reputation  
 For scandal we did take it,  
     When 'twas talk'd with disdain,  
     Among the profane,  
 That the ladies there go naked.

'Twas early in the morning,  
 Just as the sun was peeping,  
     Three daughters of Eve  
     Got up, without leave,  
 To a farmer's pond to creep in.

Nor, look ye, were they Naiads,  
 Nor, mind ye, were they Graces :  
     For, the women of old,  
     By Ovid we're told,  
 Wash'd nothing but their faces.

Long time in nature's buff-suits,  
 Not much oppress'd with blushes,  
     Now in and now out,  
     They paddled about,  
 Like ducks among the rushes.

Nor did ye dream, ye Fair-ones,  
 When taking such a frolic,  
     That the sweet West wind,  
     Tho' it blew so kind,  
 Could give a maid the cholic.



While thus, in sportive humour,  
 They flounc'd about—God bless 'em !  
     That villain old Nick  
     Was playing a trick,  
 On purpose to distress 'em.

Three things as soft as pillows,  
 With stays and caps together,  
     This cunning old wag  
     Put into his bag,  
 And flew away like a feather.

Cloaks, petticoats, and 'kerchiefs,  
 On Satan's back suspended,  
     With stockings and shoes,  
     And eke furbelows,  
 Clean out of sight he ascended.

I'd sing the sequel solemn,  
 Did Modesty allow it ;  
     But a dock leaf vest  
     Is but ill exprest,  
 By Painter or by Poet.—

Let Coventry be no longer  
 For sights like these be reckon'd ;  
     For, Melford, thy fame  
     Has got thee the name  
 Of Coventry the second.

LINES,  
 WRITTEN IN THE  
**Park of Christ-Church, Ipswich,**

THE SEAT OF THE

Rev. Charles William Fonnereau, LL.B.

BY J. R. 1809.

*Christ Church is a spacious brick mansion, situated on the site of the ancient Priory of the Holy Trinity, in the parish of St. Margaret, Ipswich. It was erected and surrounded with a palce by Sir Edmund Withipoll, Knt. in 1549, as appears by the following inscription, over the porch of entrance :*

FRUGALITATEM SIC SERVAS

VT

DISSIPATIONEM NON INCURRAS

1549.

*This family came from Italy. Sir Edmund Withipoll was High Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1571; and in 1601 was knighted. He died Nov. 25, 1619, and is interred under an altar tomb, in the chancel of the church of St. Margaret, on which is the following inscription :*

EDMUNDVS. WITHIPOLL. A<sup>o</sup>. DNI. 1574. SIBI. ET.  
 POSTERITATI. POSVIT. MORTVI. SINE. HOSTE. E.W.

*He married Frances, the daughter of Sir William Cornwallis, Knt. and had issue Sir William W. who married Jane, the daughter of Sir Michael Stanhope, of Sudbourn, Knt. the relict of Henry Lord Fitzwalter, eldest son of the Earl of Sussex, and had issue by her a sole daughter and heir, Elizabeth, who married Leicester Devereux, the sixth Viscount Hereford. She died in her husband's life time, leaving one daughter Frances, married to William, Viscount Tracy, of the kingdom of Ireland. Lord Hereford by his second wife Priscilla, the daughter of John Catchpole, of this county,*

esq. left issue two sons, and two daughters, of whom Anne, the 2nd daughter, by the death of her two brothers without issue, and of her eldest sister, who died unmarried, became sole heir to the lordship of Christ Church. She married Leicester Martin, esq. by whom she had issue an only daughter and heir, Elizabeth, who married in 1720, the Hon. Price Devereux, esq. Knight of the shire for the county of Montgomery, and the only son of the Right Hon. Viscount Hereford, and dying without issue August 16th, 1735, was interred in the chancel of the church of Sudboarn, near Orford. After her death Lord Hereford, in 17 , sold this estate to Claude Fonnereau, esq. in whose descendant the Rev. Charles William Fonnereau, it is at present vested. This gentleman, with a liberality not very common, allows, on certain days, free access to this park, which is a most agreeable promenade, to the inhabitants of the town. Here is still to be seen a large bowling-green, which was formerly a necessary appendage to a gentleman's mansion. The surface of the park, though not of great extent, is pleasingly diversified, and commands some delightful views of the river, town, and adjacent country. It is well-timbered, and contains some fine, venerable Spanish chesnuts; and is stocked with some handsome deer, of a white colour spotted with black, which still further contribute to the beauty and variety of the scene.

HERE, where my infant feet have trod,  
 With childish glee, this dewy sod,  
 Oft has my mother smil'd to see  
 The antic sports of infancy ;  
 Smil'd, as in childhood's happy hour,  
 We tried to reach the chesnut's flower,  
 And when we found our efforts vain,  
 Have beg'd of her the prize to gain ;  
 Then, with what triumph on each brow,  
 We fondly plac'd the varied bough ;

Or bade its lovely hues adorn  
 A gentle mother's lovelier form.  
 Oft, when our sportive feet have strayed,  
 And chac'd the deer from shade to shade,  
 Her dreaded frown has checked the glee,  
 That caused the harmless race to flee ;  
 And when the ruler of the day  
 Withdrew his last red ling'ring ray  
 How did our youthful bosoms mourn,  
 And sigh impatient to return.  
 Ah me ! how like that lingering ray,  
 Pass'd childhood's happiest hours away !  
 And with them fled the friend of truth,  
 The mother, who sustain'd my youth !  
 Then for a season shades, like these,  
 Had lost their wonted power to please :  
 Sweet infancy's bright days were o'er,  
 And infant gambols charm'd no more.  
 Yet soon a sister's love sincere  
 Taught me to dry the filial tear.—  
 Ah ! then these shades, again belov'd,  
 In youth's romantic hours we rov'd ;  
 Here oft, beneath pale Cynthia's veil,  
 Have we rehears'd some mournful tale ;  
 Or when the sun's departing beams  
 Have glistened on my native streams,  
 Oft did the poet's page beguile,  
 And force a sigh, or raise a smile.  
 How blest we stray'd these shades among,  
 And listened to each warbler's song :  
 Or, starting, heard the bugle horn,  
 On evening's gentlest breezes borne.  
 Oh memory ! these sad tears are thine,  
 For pleasures now no longer mine.

For she, the sister lov'd so well,  
 Now silent sleeps in death's dark cell,  
 And every joy these shades could boast,  
 On me is now for ever lost.  
 Still spreads yon beech its ample shade,  
 In summer's leafy pride array'd ;  
 And still, in spring's delightful hour,  
 Yon chesnuts bear the varied flower.  
 And said I that each charm was lost,  
 That once for me these shades could boast ?  
 No ; still to nature's beauties true,  
 I love this landscape to review.  
 What though no longer gay as free  
 I tread these paths in ecstasy ;  
 Yet still they boast the sacred power  
 To chace dark melancholy's hour :  
 O'er sorrow's wounds they pour a balm,  
 O'er poignant feelings shed a calm :  
 And whisper, as I pensive tread,  
 These rustling leaves, by autumn spread,  
 That, as like leaves, our forms of clay  
 Awhile shall flourish, then decay  
 Yet 'mid the winter of the grave,  
 The germ immortal God will save,  
 And bid it, from the dreary tomb,  
 In everlasting beauty bloom,  
 For ever green the plant shall be,  
 Water'd by immortality ;  
 Around whose fount, in grace divine,  
 These earth-rear'd plants shall ever shine.  
 Delightful day-dreams, where I see  
 Bright visions of futurity !  
 Oft have ye robb'd me of my care,  
 And snatch'd my spirit from despair.

Let no stern moralist look down  
 Upon these day-dreams with a frown,  
 Nor deem them fancies of a mind,  
 To imbecility consign'd.  
 Oft have they stol'n an hour from grief,  
 And to my bosom brought relief;  
 When reason cold denied her aid,  
 To bear me from pale sorrow's shade.  
 Yes; they have taught my soul to rise,  
 To leave the earth, and seek the skies;  
 Forc'd me to own, in spite of fate,  
 That God's decrees were wise and great.  
 Then still I hail you, shades approv'd  
 In youth, and age mature belov'd;  
 And still with joy I press the sod,  
 Where oft my infant feet have trod;  
 And love, though different feelings reign,  
 To tread the haunts of youth again.



THE

## Loyalty of Woodbridge :

BY WILLIAM STYGALL

*Friday July the 8th 1814, being the day appointed for the grand Festival, in commemoration of the return of Peace, the ringing of bells, the soul-cheering music of the fife and drum, and the deep thunder of artillery, greeted the arrival of the morning. All was noise and glee and jollity; and that the amusements of the day might not be alloyed by the dull occupations of business, the shops were closed*

at 12 o'Clock. At that hour, also, on the firing of a cannon, the Presidents, Vice Presidents, and dinner company, sporting their true-blue cockades and streamers, assembled in the Crown Meadow. At half past twelve, another piece of ordnance gave the joyous intimation that the cooks were all busily employed in taking up and dishing the respective courses. In another half hour, the dinner was on the table; and as soon as the whole had been properly arranged, a bugle sounded, the company arose, and the Presidents invoked a blessing on the feast. Due time having been allowed for the destruction of beef and pudding, a second bugle sounded, the tables were cleared, thanks were returned, and as the first loyal toast, "The King" was given with three times three: from fifteen hundred voices at once, the air resounded with "the King," and the succeeding shouts made the very welkin shake. After the above, the whole company adjourned to the "Olympic Course,"

"And there another feast began!"

To describe, particularly, the numerous sports, which awaited the spectators, would be impossible: they consisted of a Jerusalem poney race, a jumping match in sacks, foot races, grinning-matches through horse-collars, jingling-matches, &c. &c. To crown the solemnities of the day, a grand bonfire was lighted, in which the unhappy effigy of Bonaparte was mercilessly consigned to the flames. A brilliant display of fire-works succeeded, and closed this august festival.

THE loyal men of Suffolk, to Woodbridge they did go,  
On the eighth of July, to see a gallant show,  
For there were such doings as ne'er were known before,  
And if you live an hundred years you'll see the like  
no more.

Fifteen hundred of the inhabitants din'd in the market place,  
 Off plum-pudding and roast beef, in remembrance  
 of this peace ;  
 Men, women and their children, all eat there very  
 hearty,  
 And after dinner made a fire, for to burn Bonaparte.

When the gentlemen had din'd, the bells were set  
 a ringing,  
 They had pipes and tobacco, and much jovial singing,  
 Then a toast they all drank, it was a noble thing,  
 The gallant "*Duke of Wellington,*" and sung "*God*  
 "*save the King.*"

When Bonaparte was in flames, how the fire blaz'd,  
 The gentlemen laugh'd very much they were so  
 greatly pleas'd ;  
 The ladies at the windows stood, and lifted up the  
 sashes,  
 And clap'd their hands and all cried out, "*burn the*  
 "*rogue to ashes !*"

But who can now repeat all the sports of that day,  
 The mirth and the fun, with which the time was  
 pass'd away ;  
 So full was the town, with people great and small,  
 That of all the sights in England, surely *Woodbridge*  
 beats them all.



## VERSES

ON THE

**Consecration of the Standard,**

PRESENTED BY LADY ROUS

TO THE FIRST TROOP OF

## SUFFOLK LOYAL YEOMANRY CAVALRY,

Under the Command of Captain Sir John Rous, Bart.  
at Halesworth, on July 14, 1795.

*On Tuesday, July the 14th, 1795, the day appointed for consecrating the colours of the First Troop of Loyal Suffolk Yeomanry at Halesworth, the same was attended by many gentlemen and ladies of rank and fortune, as well as by a numerous concourse of people of all ranks. After leaving church, the gentlemen, belonging to the troop, assembled in a large field adjoining the town, and went through such parts of their exercise, as the vacancy upon the ground would admit of, with much spirit and alacrity. After this they partook of a most excellent dinner, under a handsome salloon, upon the bowling-green at the Angel Inn. The whole concluded with such loyal songs, and constitutional toasts, as became the sons of freedom; and hilarity and good humour was the order of the day. The Standard was presented by Lady Rous.*

WHAT host is that from yon proud tower,  
Streaming thro' its portal wide?  
They own some chieftain's lawless power,  
And often bleed to soothe his pride.

Such scenes in *distant times* the Muse's eye descries,  
While o'er her slaughter'd sons Britannia deeply sighs.

What tho' the hospitable board,  
 With rural plenty amply stor'd,  
 Invited oft' of guests a croud,  
 To feastings full and revels loud,  
 The Muse can only see "in ancient Baron's hall  
 One Lord alone, the rest were vassals all."  
 Well pleas'd the *change*, and glad the eye surveys,  
 Which every Briton feels in Brunswick's days ;  
 See what a loyal, gallant troop appear !  
 How the rich Standard proudly beats the air !  
 In England's cause they freely grasp the sword,  
 And fight no quarrels now of feudal Lord ;  
 Their king, their country, fill each Briton's breast,  
 And bid all civil broils and tumults rest ;  
 There fortune, birth, and title grace the ranks,  
 And think the noblest meed their country's thanks.  
 Brave Yeomen, know, that gratefully we feel  
 How much to you we owe domestic weal !  
 While Britain's navy rivals deeds of yore,  
 And rides triumphant on the Gallic shore ;  
 While British seamen hold a matchless course,  
 And our brave soldiers dread no equal force ;  
 To *you* our laws, our lives, our *homes* we trust,  
 And Discord's serpent-heads shall sure be crush'd.  
 Ingenuous Patriot, thine excursive mind,  
 That muses every blessing to mankind,  
 Devis'd this faithful, patriot, mutual band,  
 And cares for England—England's thanks demand ;  
 A kindred flame all loyal bosoms feel,  
 Young's\* patriot thoughts out-ran not Gooch's† zeal.

\* Arthur Young, esq. of Bradfield started the first hint of raising the Yeomanry Cavalry, by his proposal for a Horse Militia of property.

† Sir Thomas Gooch, Bart. who very early, if not as soon, conceived and communicated the same idea.

Free, loyal Yeomanry, thy country's pride,  
 Such as no realm on earth can boast beside,  
 Behold thy standard, gift of Lady fair,  
 No sordid hands could form a work so rare ;  
 Panthea's § self could nought, more prais'd, afford,  
 When for the fatal field she deck'd her Lord.  
 Should these fair Banners fly 'midst war's alarms,  
 And the loud trumpet call your troop to arms,  
 Remember then, and prove with keen edg'd steel,  
 For female worth and beauty what you feel ;  
 Remember too, thro' life, the sacred day,  
 When in the hallow'd place thy standard lay  
 Devote to God, that he may speed the cause  
 Of British freedom, property, and laws.  
 Unless he prosper, human strength must fail,  
 Tho' clad, like him of Gath, in coat of mail ;  
 From his high will our ev'ry blessing flows,  
 And courage to defy the fury of our foes.

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THE ELVEDON HUNT,

1754:

BY RICHARD GARDINER, ESQ. ALIAS DICK
 MERRY-FELLOW,

Of Mount-Amelia, in the Parish of Ingoldisthorp,
 Norfolk.

Elvedon, a small village, was formerly of some note for the session of certain justices of the peace, who, when the king's commissioners appointed to

§ Alluding to the story of Pauthea and Abradates, in Xenophon.

apprehend, try, and punish, the riotous inhabitants of Bury in 1327, for the outrages committed by them against the abbot and convent of that town, only indicted them for a trespass, boldly proceeded against them as felons ; on which they were brought to trial, and nineteen suffered death.

Elvedon gave the title of Viscount to that gallant and distinguished Officer the Right Hon. Augustus Keppel, Admiral of the White. To the right of the village is Elvedon-Hall, long the residence of his Lordship ; from whom it descended to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Albemarle, who in 18 sold it to Richard Newton, Esq. the present possessor, who is now rebuilding the Hall.

To you, fair ladies of the field !
 We sportsmen now indite ;
 To you our morning pleasures yield,
 And think of you at night :
 Tho' hares and foxes run a-pace,
 'Tis beauty gives the finest chace.

The morning rose, and with a fog,
 Inclos'd the heath all round ;
 So thick we scarce could see a dog,
 Ten yards upon the ground :
 Yet we to *Elden* took our way,
 True sportsmen never mind the day.

Like Venus (if she was so fair
 As antient poets feign,
 With coral lip and golden hair,
 Just rising from the main)
 We saw the lovely Bell* appear,
 Nor miss'd the sun when she was near.

* Miss Bell Shadwell, of Buxton Lodge, near Thetford.

At *Elden*, on a trail we hit,
 And soon the hare we found,
 When up she started from a pit,
 And stretch'd along the ground :
 Hark forward ! all the sportsmen cry'd,
 Hark forward ! hills and dales reply'd.

Quite cross the country, and away
 She fled in open view ;
 Our huntsman was the first to say,
 " She ran not but she flew :"
 Whilst *Billy Grigson* rode and swore,
 "'Twas old *Mother Rogers* gone before."

With pleasure *Greene* the chace pursu'd,
 Nor wish'd for music then ;
 But often as the hare he view'd,
 In raptures he began :—
 " Tell me, ye gods ! if any sounds
 " Be half so sweet as t' hear the hounds."

Thus for an hour, all in full cry,
 We nimbly trip along ;
 Nor thought that madam was to die,
 Nor we to have a song :
 Says *Slapp*, " though now she runs so fast,
 " Brave boys : we'll put her down at last."

Kind fate indulg'd an hour more,
 And back she turn'd again ;
 Such sport sure ne'er was seen before,
 But all her turns were vain :
 For *Butler*, foremost of the pack,
 And *Frolick* seiz'd her by the back.

To *Thetford* then, our sport being done,
 In sprits we repair ;
 Where *Gardiner* † a song began,
 In honour of the fair :
 And as the merry chorus rise,
 We all to *Shadwell** turn'd our eyes.

THE WHALE.

On Tuesday, November 5th 1816, was found off the buoy of the Rough near Harwich a dead Whale, and on the following day it was towed into the harbour. This aquatic prize was made by Jobson and Baker, of Ipswich, in company with a vessel belonging to Colchester : and as it was found beyond the jurisdictional limits of any port, it was of course the sole property of the captors. On Thursday, it was towed up the Orwell, as high as Dunham Reach, which could not have been affected but for the spring tides. On Friday, the operation of cutting up commenced ; and as from the circumstances in which it was found, it was in a very fair state, the produce, it is supposed, was con-

† Richard Gardiner Esq. the eldest son of the Rev. John Gardiner, LL. D. Rector of great Massingham and Brunsted, in Norfolk, and Perpetual Curate of St. Gregory and St. Giles, in the City of Norwich. See "Memoirs of the Life and writings, Prose and Verse, of Richard Gardiner, Esq. alias Dick Merry-Fellow, of serious and facetious Memory ! London, 1782," 8vo.

* John Shadwell, of Buxton Lodge, near Thetford, Esq.

siderable—It is conjectured from 300£ to 500£. It was a female; and its length was from 68 to 70 feet; and the diameter of its body about 18. Its sides were striped, or rather ribbed, so that in floating up the river, it resembled a clinker-built vessel, bottom upwards. The animal was supposed to have met with some accident, as it was materially injured on the back.

Vast numbers of people, almost the whole population of Ipswich, men, women and children, assembled on the Shore on Thursday to behold this immense native of the ocean; but in standing to the leeward of the carcase, the stench was almost intolerably offensive.

RELIEVED are our tongues from a formal routine
Of remarks on the weather, and “how have you
“been;”

How kind was the wind, and how lucky the sail,
That brought to our coast this astonishing WHALE.

What scandal and slander are chas'd by this creature
From tea table chat, where the dullest in feature
Attentively listens to ev'ry strange tale,
That is told of the different parts of this WHALE.

Old books, full of dust, from the shelves taken
down,
Are read by the knowing ones all o'er the town;
But they find no description of stench in the gale,
That blows o'er the ooze from this putrified WHALE.

Yet pieces, as relicks, for years will be shewn,
And nurses to children will oft hand them down;
And babes, yet unborn, by their marks will reveal
Their mother's surprise, at the sight of this WHALE.

Some say 'tis a young one, at most but half grown,
 Others think from its size it has young of its own ;
 But wander'd from home, in our seas to regale,
 'Till death clos'd its *errors*—unfortunate WHALE.

But be this as it may—each beholder no doubt,
 From its size, and its weight, its blubber, and spout,
 This monster cetaceous a *Sea-Monarch* hails,
 And all have agreed 'tis the wonder of WHALES.



Part the Third.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS,

ANECDOTES,

AND CHARACTERS.

*“ Come join with me, and listen to the tale,
“ Which bids NEGLECTED WORTH no more bemoil
“ Her fate obscure :—
“ O listen to the lore, and fan the flame,
“ That consecrates long-buried WORTH to fame.”*

CENS. LIT. Vol. 3.



Dan John Lydgate.

John Lydgate was a monk of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, and an uncommon ornament of his profession. The few dates that have been recovered of his history are, that he was ordained a sub-deacon in 1389; a deacon in 1393; and a priest in 1397; from these it has been surmised that he was born about 1375 at Lydgate, in this county.

Few writers have been more admired by their contemporaries, yet none have been treated with more severity by modern critics. The learned Editor of the Reliques of Ancient Poetry mentions him with compassionate contempt: Mr. Ritson ridicules his "cart-loads" of poetical rubbish: Mr. Pinkerton considers him as positively stupid: and Mr. Ellis with the caution of a man of correct taste and judgment. But Warton alone has thought it worth while to study with

attention, or to attempt a general discussion of his literary character; and his opinion is well worth transcribing. "After a short education at Oxford," says he, "Lydgate travelled into France and Italy, and returned a complete master of the language and literature of both countries." So distinguished a proficient was he in polite learning, that he opened a school in his monastery for teaching the sons of the nobility the arts of versification, and the elegancies of composition. Yet although philology was the object, he was not unfamiliar with the fashionable philosophy: he was not only a poet and a rhetorician, but a geometer, an astronomer, a theologian, and a disputant. He is the first of our writers, whose style is clothed with that perspicuity, in which the English phraseology appears at this day to an English reader. To enumerate Lydgate's pieces would be to write a catalogue of a little library. No poet seems to have possessed a greater versatility of talents. He moves with equal ease in every mode of composition. His hymns and his ballads have the same degree of merit: and whether his subject be the life of a hermit or a hero, of St. Austin or Guy Earl of Warwick, ludicrous or legendary, religious or romantic, a history or an allegory, he writes with facility. His transitions were rapid from works of the most serious and laborious kind to sallies of levity, and pieces of popular entertainment. His muse was of universal access; and he was not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in general. If a disguising was intended by the company of goldsmiths, a mask before his majesty at Eltham, a may-game for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the lord-mayor, a procession of pageants from the creation for the festival of Corpus Christi, or a carol for the coronation, Lydgate was consulted, and gave the poetry.—His manner is naturally verbose and diffuse. This circumstance contributed, in no small degree, to give a clearness and a fluency to his phraseology. For the same reason he is often tedious and languid. His chief excellence is in

“description, especially where the subject admits a
“flowery diction. He is seldom pathetic or animated.”
The following description of his writings is extracted
from his “History of the Life and Death of Hector.”

I am a monk by my profession,
In *Berry*, call'd *John Lydgate* by my name,
And wear a habit of perfection ;
(Although my life agrees not with the same)
That meddle should with things spiritual,
As I must needs confess unto you all.
But seeing that I did herein proceed,
At his command,* whom I could not refuse,
I humbly do beseech all those that read,
Or leasure have this story to peruse,
If any fault therein they find to be
Or error, that committed is by me ;
That they will of their gentleness take pain,
The rather to correct and mend the same
Then rashly to condemn it with disdain ;
For well I wot it is not without blame,
Because I know the verse therein is wrong,
As being some too short and some too long.
For *Chaucer* that my master was, and knew
What did belong to writing verse and prose,
Ne're stumbled at small faults, nor yet did view
With scornful eye the works and books of those
That in his time did write, nor yet would taunt
At any man, to fear him or to daunt.

*He died about the year 1641, and was buried in the
Abbey Church at Bury. His tomb, which was de-
stroyed at the dissolution, is said to have had this
inscription :*

• King Henry IV.

Mortuus sæclo, superis superstes,
 Hic jacet LYDGATE tumulatus in urnâ,
 Qui fuit quondam celebris Britannæ
 Famâ Poesis.

which has been thus quaintly rendered:

Dead in the world, yet living in the sky,
 Intombed in this urn doth Lydgate lie,
 In former times fam'd for his poetry
 All over England.

In his Prologue to "The Story of Thebes," he gives the following description of himself, his horse, and his servant, at the command of mine host of the Tabard in Southwark, whom he found in Canterbury, with the rest of the Pilgrims, who went to visit the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket.

* * * while that the pilgrimes ley
 At Canterbury, well lodged one and all,
 † I not in sooth what I may it call,
 Hap or fortune, in conclusioun,
 That me befell to enter into the toun,
 The holy saint plainely to visite,
 After my sicknesse, vowes to acquite.
 In a cope of blacke, and not of greene,
 On a palfrey slender, long, and lene,
 With rusty bridle, made not for the sale,
 My man to forne with a voyd male,
 That by fortune tooke mine inne anone
 Where the pilgrimes were lodged euerichone.
 The same time her gouvernour the host
 Standing in hall, full of wind and bost,
 Liche to a man wonder sterne and fers,
 Which spake to me, and saied anon dan Pers,

† I know not.

Dan Dominicke, dan Godfray, or Clement,
 Ye be welcome newly into Kent :
 Thogh your bridle haue nother boos ne bell ;
 Beseeching you that ye will tell
 First of your name, and what cuntre
 Without more shortly that ye be,
 That looke so pale, all deuoid of bloud,
 Vpon your head a wonder thredbare hood,
 Well arrayed for to ride late :
 I answered my name was *Lidgate*,
 Monk of Bury, me fifty yeare of age,
 Come to this toune to do my pilgrimage
 As I haue *hight, I haue thereof no shame :
Dan John (qd he) well brouke ye your name,
 Though ye be sole, beeth right glad and light,
 Praying you to soupe with vs this night ;
 And ye shall haue made at your deuīs,
 A great pudding, or a round hāgis,
 A franche † moile, a tanse, or a ‡ froise,
 To been a monke slender in your § coise,
 Ye haue been sicke I dare mine head assure,
 Or let feed in a faint pasture.
 Lift vp your head, be glad, take no sorrow,
 And ye should home ride with vs to morrow,
 I say, when ye rested haue your fill.
 After supper, sleep will doen none ill,
 Wrap well your head clothes round about,
 Strong || nottie ale will make a man to rout,
 Take a pillow that ye lie not low,
 If need be, spare not to blow,
 To hold wind by mine opinion,
 Will engender colles passion,

• Promised. † A dish made of marrow and grated bread.

‡ A pancake. § Countenance. || Nappy ale.

And make men to greuen on her *rops
 When they haue filled her mawes and her crops.
 But toward night eat some fennell rede,
 Annis, commin, or coriander sede,
 And like as I haue power and might,
 I charge you, rise not at midnight,
 Thogh it be so the moon shine clere,
 I will myselfe be your ||orlogere,
 To morrow earely when I see my time,
 For we will forth parcell afore prime.
 Accompanie‡ parde shall doe you good.

Thus, when the host had cheared up LIDGATE with these fair promises and wholesome admonitions for his health, he lays his commands upon him in these terms following :

What, look up, monk, for by cockes bloud
 Thou shalt be merry, who so that say nay,
 For to morrow anone as it is day,
 And that it ginne in the east to daw,
 Thou shalt be bound to a new law,
 At going out of Canterbury toun,
 And lien aside thy professioun,
 Thou shalt not chese, nor thy self withdraw,
 If any mirth be found in thy maw,
 Like the custome of this company,
 For none so proud that dare me deny,
 Knight † nor knaue, chanon, priest ne nonne;
 To tell a tale plainely as they conne,
 When I assigne, and see time opportune ;
 And for that we our purpose will contune,

* Guts. || Clock. ‡ Verily. † Nor Squire.

We will homeward the same custome vse,
 And thou shalt not plainely thee excuse:
 Be now well ware, study well to night,
 But for all that, be thou of heart light,
 Thy wit shall be the sharper and the bet.

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### Lines,

WRITTEN AT THE STONE, NEAR HADLEIGH,

Which commemorates the Martyrdom, of the Rev.  
 Rowland Taylor, LL.D.

BY NATHAN DRAKE, M. D.

*Dr. Rowland Taylor, a learned and godly divine, was presented to the Rectory of Hadleigh, in 1544, by Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose domestic chaplain he was. He was, says Fuller, a great scholar, a painful preacher, charitable to the poor, of a comely countenance, proper person, (but inclining to corpulence) and cheerful behaviour. He constantly resided on his living, confirming his flock in the truth by his diligent teaching and exemplary life, correcting the vicious and negligent by his impartial reproofs, and winning the poor by his daily charity and assistance. In the sanguinary persecutions, which disgraced the reign of the weak and bigotted Mary, he suffered for his firm adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation. The particulars are as follow. Some of the inhabitants of Hadleigh, headed by one Foster, a lawyer, and one Clerke, a leading man in the town, endeavoured to re-establish Mass in Hadleigh Church; and having erected an altar in it, procured John*

Averth, the Parson of Aldham, to come and celebrate there, on Palm Sunday. Dr. Taylor was unacquainted with the design, but hearing the bell toll as he sat in his study, hastened to the church; and there finding the Priest, with a shaven crown and Popish vestments, ready to officiate, he burst out into a rage, saying, "Thou devil, how darest thou to enter this church of Christ, to defile it with idolatry? I am the shepherd that God and Christ have appointed over this flock; and I command thee, O Popish wolf, in the name of God, to depart hence, and not poison this flock with Popish idolatry." The Parson was afraid to proceed, and seemed ready to retreat; but Foster and his adherents, having turned the Doctor by force out of the church, desired him to go on in his office, and finish the service. Soon after this contest, Foster and Clerke sent up a complaint to Dr. Gardiner, then Lord Chancellor, and Bishop of Winchester, against the Doctor, who was by the Bishop's letters ordered to appear before him; and in a short time was condemned to the stake. The Doctor was taken by the Sheriffs of London, and conveyed to an Inn without Aldgate, where he was delivered to the Sheriff of Essex, who conducted him to Chelmsford, when Sir John Shelton, the Sheriff of Suffolk received him, and carried him to Lavenham, where they stopped two days. On entering Hadleigh by the bridge, a number of the poor wept bitterly, when the Sheriff rebuked them. On the Doctor's passing the Alms-House, he enquired if the blind man and woman were alive, and being answered in the affirmative, threw the glove, which contained his money, in at the window. On his way to Aldham Common, the Doctor said, "I shall this day deceive the worms in Hadleigh Church-yard;" and fetching a leap or two when he came to the town, "now, said he, lack I but two stiles, and I am even at my Father's house." He was burned February 9, 1555, on the Common in that parish, which is usually, though improperly, called Aldham Common. On a spot, which marks the place of his execution, is a stone with this misspelt inscription:

1555

D\* TAYLOR . IN . DE  
 FENDING . THAT  
 WAS . GOOD . AT  
 THIS . PLAS . LEFT  
 HIS . BLODE

*At one corner is the word DOCET, now almost obliterated. The stone is a rude, unhewn block, in width 21 inches, and in height about 16, and is placed flat on the ground, and surrounded with an iron-railing. It stands close to the foot-path leading from Hadleigh to Aldham Church, about three quarters of a mile from the town, on rising ground, which commands an extensive prospect over the adjacent country, and embraces the beautiful tower of Kersey, with many bold and striking objects. The whole field, in which it is placed, was, in 1817, planted with turnips, excepting a small piece about a foot wide, round the railing, which was of grass. When brought to the stake, the faggots being placed by the executioners, Mulleine of Kersey, and Soyce, Warwick, and King of Hadleigh, the Doctor said, with a loud voice, " Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the Holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood." When the fire was kindled, holding up both his hands, he called upon God, and said, " Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into thy hands." He then stood still without either crying or moving, with his hands folded together, till Soyce, one of the executioners, struck him on the head with an halbert, so that his brains issued out, and the dead body fell down into the fire. Thus rendered this man of God his blessed soul into the hands of his merciful Father, and to his most dear Saviour Jesus Christ, whom he most entirely loved, faithfully and earnestly preached, obediently followed while living, and constantly glorified in death.*

*On a pillar over the Rector's seat, in the chancel of Hadleigh Church, is a brass plate fixed into a wooden frame, with the following inscription :*

## Gloria in altissimis Deo.

Of Rowland Tayllors fame I shewe  
 An excellent debyne  
 And Doctor of the civill lawe  
 A preacher rare and fyne.

Kinge Henrpe and Kinge Edward's dayes  
 Preacher and Parson here  
 That gave to God contynuall prayse  
 And kept his flocke in feare.

And for the truthe condempned to die  
 He was in fierpe flame  
 Where he received paygentlie  
 The torment of the same.

And strongely sufred to thende  
 Whiche made the standers by  
 Reioice in God to see their frende  
 And pastor so to Dye.

Oh Tayllor were thie myghtie fame  
 uprightly here inrolde  
 Thie deedes deserbe that thie good name  
 Were siphered here in gold.

Obiit Anno dni 1555.

*In "Fox's Acts and Monuments," is a full and circumstantial account of the martyrdom of this pious and worthy man.*

STRANGER, approach this stone! Here Taylor fell,  
 Here, saint-like, triumph'd o'er the pow'rs of hell!  
 His name shall live, when Age hath swept away  
 Each boasted monument of regal sway:—  
 Soon the pale marble, and the urn of gold,  
 Time worn, shall moulder with the dust they hold;

Soon shall the Warrior's blood-stain'd laurels fade,  
 And wither, sapless, in the tomb's cold shade ;  
 E'en Learning's self, immur'd in cloisters damp,  
 Soon droops and sickens o'er her waning lamp ;  
 But the true Christian asks no shrine or bust,  
 God guards his fame, and sanctifies his dust :—  
 Ambition faints, o'er slaughter'd thousands driv'n,  
 Genius must die, if uninspir'd by heav'n.  
 But he who bows beneath th' Almighty's rod,  
 And walks, like Enoch, with great Nature's God,  
 Shall live for ever !—though no trophies wave,  
 Steep'd in the tears of millions o'er his grave :—  
 For him no home can boast earth's transient hour,  
 No charm breathe beauty, and no magic pow'r.  
 Far from this globe with seraph speed he springs,  
 Safe from the smile, or bigot frown of kings,  
 Like Taylor, earnest but in faith and pray'r,  
 For Heav'n alone he sighs—and dwells a Martyr  
 there !



THE

LIFE OF THOMAS TUSSER,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*Of Thomas Tusser, one of our earliest didactic poets, and who has been styled the British Varro, few particulars are known, beyond what he has himself recorded in his own poetical life, which is the chief source from whence biographers have drawn their supplies.*

*He was born about the year 1515, at Rivenhall, near Witham in Essex, of an ancient family, and was first placed as a chorister in the collegiate chapel of*

*the castle of Wallingford; then impressed into the King's chapel, from whence he was admitted into the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral; and completed his education at Eton, King's College, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. From hence he was called up to court by his patron, William Lord Paget; but at the end of about ten years, he exchanged the life of a courtier for that of a farmer, and settled at Katwade, now Cattiwade, a hamlet of the parish of Brantham, in the hundred of Samford, near the river Stour. Here he composed his book of husbandry, the first edition of which was published in 1557. It is probable that he must have been acquainted with rural affairs for several years at least before he could produce the rude essay, which forms the germ of his future, and more elaborate work. He appears to have suffered some reverse in his farming business, as we find him afterwards successively at Ipswich, where his wife died, at West Dereham, and at Norwich. He married, however, a second wife of the name of Amy Moon, which affords him a play of words; but this match did not add to his happiness, apparently from a disparity in age, she being very young. He then obtained a singing-man's place in the cathedral of Norwich. After this he tried farming again, at Fairsted, near his native place; but again failing, he repaired to London, which he mentions with due commendation, until being driven from it by the plague in 1574, he went to Cambridge. When this scourge abated, he returned to London, and died there, about 1580, and was interred in St. Mildred's Church in the Poultry, with the following epitaph, which is recorded by Stow;*

Here Thomas Tusser, clad in earth, doth lie,  
 Who sometime made the Points of Husbandry:  
 By him then learn thou may'st, here learn we must,  
 When all is done, we sleep, end turn to dust:  
 And yet, through Christ, to heaven we hope to go,  
 Who reads his books, shall find his faith was so.

*For an author the vicissitudes of his life present an uncommon variety of incident. Without a tinc-*

ture of careless imprudence, or vicious extravagance, this desultory character seems to have thrived in no vocation. Fuller quaintly observes, that his stone, which gathered no moss, was the stone of Sisyphus; and in Peacham's *Minerva*, a book of *Emblems* printed in 1612, there is a device of a whetstone and a scythe, with these lines :

They tell me, Tusser, when thou wert alive,  
 And hadst for profit turned every stone,  
 Where'er thou camest, thou couldst never thrive,  
 Though hereto best couldst counsel every one,  
 As it may in thy HUSBANDRY appear,  
 Wherein afresh thou liv'st among us here  
 So, like thyself, a number more are wont  
 To sharpen others with advice of wit,  
 When they themselves are like the whetstone blunt.

*In Tusser's production may be traced the popular stanza, which attained to such celebrity in the pastoral ballads of Shenstone.*

*His work seems to have obtained a very favorable reception, as more than twelve editions appeared within the first fifty years, and afterwards many others were printed. The best editions are those of 1580, and 1585, but they are very scarce. In 1812, the public was favored with a new edition in 8vo. carefully collated and corrected by Dr. Mavor, which is rendered highly valuable by a biographical memoir; a series of notes, georgical, illustrative, and explanatory; a glossary; and other improvements.*

Now, gentle friend, if thou be kind,  
 Disdain thou not, although the lot,  
 Will now with me, no better be,  
 Than doth appear :  
 Nor let it grieve, that thus I live,  
 But rather guess, for quietness,  
 As others do, so do I too,  
 Content me here.

By leave and love of God above,  
 I mind to shew, in verses few,  
 How through the briers, my youthful years,  
 Have run their race ;

And further say, why thus I stay  
 And mind to live, as bee in hive,  
 Full bent to spend my life t'an end,  
 In this same place.\*

It came to pass, that born I was,  
 Of lineage good, of gentle blood,  
 In Essex layer, in village fair,

That Rivenhall hight :

Which village ly'd, by Banktree side ;  
 There spend did I mine infancy,  
 There then my name, in honest fame,  
 Remain'd in sight.

I yet but young, no speech of tongue,  
 Nor tears withall, that often fall,  
 From mother's eyes, when child outcries,

To part her fro,

Could pity make, good father take,  
 But out I must, to song be thrust,  
 Say what I would, do what I could,

His mind was so.

O painfull time, for every crime !

What touzed ears, like baited bears !

What bobbed lips, what jerks, what nips !

What hellish toys !

What robes how bare, what college fare !

What bread how stale, what penny ale !

Then Wallingford, how wert thou abhor'd,

Of seely boys !



Then for my voice, I must (no choice)  
 Away of force, like posting horse,  
 For sundry men had placards\* then,  
 Such child to take :  
 The better breast,† the lesser rest,  
 To serve the choir, now there, now here ;  
 For time so spent, I may repent,  
 And sorrow make.  
 But mark the chance, myself to 'vance,  
 By friendship's lot, to Paul's I got ;  
 So found I grace, a certain space  
 Still to remain :  
 With Redford§ there, the like no where,  
 For cunning such, and virtue much,  
 By whom some part, of musick art,  
 So did I gain.  
 From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,  
 To learn straightways, the Latin phrase,  
 Where fifty-three stripes, given to me,  
 At once I had,  
 For fault but small, or none at all,  
 It came to pass, thus beat I was :  
 See, Udall,‡ see, the mercy of thee,  
 To me, poor lad.

\* In *Strype* is preserved the abstract of an instrument, from which it appears that commissioners were dispatched into various parts of England to *impress* boys from any choir for the King's chapel.

† In singing, the sound is originally produced by the actions of the lungs, which are so essential an organ in this respect, that to have a good breast was formerly a common periphrasis to denote a good singer. In Shakespeare's *Comedy of the Twelfth Night*, after the clown is asked to sing, Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, "by my troth, the fool hath an excellent breast."

§ John Redford, organist and almoner of St. Paul's, an excellent musician.

‡ Nicholas Udall, Head Master of Eton School.

To London hence, to Cambridge thence,  
 With thanks to thee, O Trinity,  
 That to thy Hall, so passing all,  
 I got at last.

There joy I felt, there trim I dwelt,  
 There heaven from hell, I shifted well,  
 With learned men, a number then,  
 The time I past.

Long sickness had, then was I glad,  
 To leave my book, to prove and look,  
 In court what gain, by taking pain,  
 Might well be found :

Lord Paget than, that nobleman,  
 Whose soul, I trust, is with the just,  
 That same was he, enriched me,  
 With many a pound.

While this betide, good parents dy'd.  
 One after one, till both were gone,  
 Whose pedigree, who list may see,  
 In herald's book :

Whose souls in bliss, be long ere this ;  
 For hope we must, as God is just,  
 So here that crave, shall mercy have,  
 That mercy look.

By court I spy'd, and ten years try'd,  
 That cards and dice, with Venus vice,  
 And peevish pride, from virtue wide,  
 With some so wraught,  
 That Tyburn play, made them away,  
 Or beggar's state, as ill to hate,  
 By such like evils, I saw such drivels,  
 To come to naught.

Yet it is not, to be forgot,  
 In court that some, to worship come,  
 And some in time, to honour climb,  
 And speed full well :

Some have such gift, that trim they shift,  
 Some profit make, by pains they take,  
 In peril much, though oft are such,  
 In court that dwell.

When court 'gan frown, and strife in town,  
 And lords and knights saw heavy sights,  
 Then took I wife, and led my life,

In Suffolk soil :

There was I fain, myself to train,  
 To learn too long, the farmer's song,  
 For hope of pelf, like worldly elf,  
 To moil and toil.

As in this book, who list to look,  
 Of husbandry and huswifery,  
 There may he find, more of my mind,

Concerning this :

To cark and care, and ever bare,  
 With loss and pain, to little gain,  
 With shifts to save, to cram Sir Knave,  
 What life it is.

When wife could not, through sickness got,  
 More toil abide, so nigh sea-side,  
 Then thought I best, from toil to rest,

And Ipswich try :

A town of price, like Paradise,  
 For quiet then, and honest men,  
 There was I glad, much friendship had,  
 A time to lie.

There left good wife, this present life,  
 And there left I, house charges lie,  
 For glad was he, might send for me,  
 Good luck so stood :

In Suffolk there, where every where,  
 Even of the best, besides the rest,  
 That never did their friendship hide,  
 To do me good.

O Suffolk,\* thou, content thee now,  
 Thou hadst the praise, in those same days,  
 For squires and knights, that well delights,  
 Good house to keep :

For Norfolk wiles, so full of guiles,  
 Have caught my toe, by wiving so,  
 That out to thee, I see for me,  
 No way to creep.

\* In his "Comparison between Champion Country and Severall" are the following lines in praise of this County :

" All these doth enclosure bring,  
 " Experience teacheth no less :  
 " I speak not, to boast of the thing,  
 " But only a truth to express.  
 " Example, if doubt ye do make,  
 " By Suffolk and Essex go take.

" More plenty of mutton and beef,  
 " Corn, butter, and cheese of the best,  
 " More wealth any where, to be brief,  
 " More people, more handsome and prest,  
 " Where find ye ? (go search any coast,)  
 " Than there, where enclosure is most.

" More work for the labouring man,  
 " As well in the town, as the field ;  
 " Or thereof (devise if ye can)  
 " More profit, what countries do yield ?  
 " More seldom, where see ye the poor,  
 " Go begging from door unto door ?"

And in his "October's Husbandry,"  
 " In *Brantham*, where rye, but no barley did grow,  
 " Good barley I had, as a many did know.  
 " Five seam of an acre, I truly was paid,  
 " For thirty load muck, of each acre so laid.

" In *Suffolk* again, whereas wheat never grew,  
 " Good husbandry used, good wheat land I knew,  
 " This proverb, experience long ago gave,  
 " ' That nothing who practiseth, nothing shall have.' "

For lo! for guile, what haps the while,  
 Through Venus toys, in hope of joys,  
 I chanced soon to find a Moon, †  
 Of cheerful hue ;  
 Which well and fine, methought did shine,  
 And never change—(a thing most strange)  
 Yet kept in sight, her course aright,  
 And compass true.  
 Behold of truth, with wife in youth,  
 For joy at large, what daily charge,  
 Through children's hap, what opened gap,  
 To more begun :  
 The child at nurse, to rob the purse,  
 The same to wed, to trouble head ;  
 For pleasure rare, such endless care,  
 Hath husband won.  
 Then did I dwell, in Diram\* cell,  
 A place for wood, that trimly stood,  
 With flesh and fish, as heart could wish ;  
 But when I spy'd,  
 That lord with lord, could not accord,  
 But now pound he, and now pound we ;  
 Then left I all, because such brawl,  
 I list not bide.  
 O Southwell! † what, meanst thou by that,  
 Thou worthy wight, thou famous knight,  
 So me to crave, and to thy grave,  
 Go, by and by.

† Of Mrs. Amy Moon, his second wife, Tusser seems to write with no partial praise. There is an oblique insinuation, at least, against her temper or conduct. She was probably much younger.

\* West Dereham Abbey, near Downham, Norfolk.

† Sir Richard Southwell, Knt. of Woodrising in Norfolk.

O Death ! thou foe, why didst thou so,  
 Ungently treat that jewel great,  
 Which op'd his door, to rich and poor,  
 So bounteously.

There thus bestad, when leave I had,  
 By death of him, to sink or swim,  
 And ravens I saw, together draw,  
 In such a sort ;

Then ways I sought, by wisdom taught,  
 To bear low sail, lest stock should quail,  
 Till ship might find, with prosperous wind,  
 Some safer port.

At length by view, to shore I drew,  
 Discharging straight, both ship and freight,  
 At Norwich fine, for me and mine,  
 A city trim ;

Where strangers well, may seem to dwell,  
 That pitch and pay, or keep their day ;  
 But who that want, shall find it scant,  
 So good for him.

But Salisbury, † how were kept my vow,  
 If praise from thee were kept by me ?  
 Thou gentle dean, my only mean,  
 There then to live :

† John Salisbury, descended from an ancient family in Denbighshire, was first a monk in the Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, and in 1534 was chosen Prior of the monastery of St. Faith, at Horsham in Norfolk. After his surrender of that Priory, he was appointed, in 1536, Suffragan Bishop of Thetford. In 1537, he was collated to the Archdeaconry of Anglesey ; and the next year to the Prebend of Yarmouth in the cathedral of Norwich. In 1539, he was installed Dean of that cathedral ; and in 1541, resigned the Rectory of Creke in Norfolk to a son of Sir Roger Townshend, for whom he held it, reserving to himself a pension for life ; and immediately after Sir Roger presented him to the Rectory of *Claydon* in this county. In 1546, he was instituted to the Rectory of Lopham, and in 1554 was deprived of his Deanery and his Livings, but was immediately presented again to Lopham, by Thomas, Duke of Norfolk ; to the Rectory of Diss by Henry, Earl of Sussex ; and to

Though churls such some, to crave can come,  
 And pray once got, regard thee not,  
 Yet, live or die, so will not I,

Example give.

When learned men could there nor then,  
 Devise to 'swage, the stormy rage,  
 Nor yet the fury of my dissury,\*

That long I had ;

From Norwich air, in great despair,  
 Away to fly, or else to die,  
 To seek more health, to seek more wealth,  
 Then was I glad.

From thence so sent, away I went,  
 With sickness worn, as one forlorn,  
 To house my head at Fairsted,

Where whiles I dwelt.

The tithing life, the tithing strife,  
 Through tithing ill of Jack and Gill,  
 The daily pays, the miry ways,

Too long I felt.

When charges grew, still new and new,  
 And that I spy'd, if parson dy'd,  
 (All hope in vain) to hope for gain,

I might go dance :

Once rid my hand, of parsonage land,  
 Thence, by and by, away went I,  
 To London straight, to hope and wait,  
 For better chance.

that of Thorpe on the Hill, in the county of Lincoln. About nine months after he was installed Chancellor of Lincoln. In 1560, he was restored to his Deanery, when he resigned Lopham; and in 1571, was appointed Bishop of Sodor and Man, and obtained a license to hold the Deanery in commendam, together with the Rectories of Diss and Thorpe on the Hill. Having lived at Norwich until 1573, he died there at an advanced age, and was buried in the middle of the church of St. Andrew in that city.

\* This dreadful stranguary continued nearly four days.

Well, London ! well, thou bear'st the bell,  
 Of praise about, England throughout,  
 And dost indeed, to such as need,

Much kindness shew.

Who that with thee, can hardly agree,  
 Nor can well praise, thy friendly ways,  
 Shall friendship find, to please his mind,

In places few.

As for such mates, as virtue hates,  
 Or he or they, that go so gay,

That needs he must, take all of trust,

For him and his :

Though such by woe, through Lothbury go,

For being spy'd about Cheapside,

Lest mercers' books, for money looks,

Small matter it is.

When gains were gone, and years grew on,

And death did cry, from London fly,

In Cambridge then, I found again,

A resting plot ;

In college best, of all the rest,

With thanks to thee, O Trinity !

Through thee and thine, for me and mine,

Some stay I got.

Since hap haps so, let toiling go.

Let serving pains, yield forth her gains,

Let courtly gifts, with wedding shifts,

Help now to live :

Let music win, let stock come in ;

Let wisdom carve, let reason serve ;

For here I crave, such end to have,

As God shall give.



Thus friends by me, perceive may ye,  
That gentry stands, not all by lands,  
Nor all so feft, or plenty left,

By parent's gift ;

But now and then of gentlemen,  
The younger son is driven to run,  
And glad to seek, from creek to creek,

To come by thrift.

And more by this, to conster is,  
In world is set, enough to get ;

But where and when, that scarcely can

The wisest tell.

By learning, some to riches come ;

By ship and plough, some get enough ;

And some so wive, that trim they thrive,

And speed full well.

To this before, add one thing more,

Youth hardness taught, with knowledge wrought,

Most apt do prove, to shift and shove,

Among the best.

Where cocking dads, make saucy lads,

In youth so rage, to beg in age,

Or else to fetch, a Tyburn stretch,

Among the rest.

Not rampish toy of girl and boy,

Nor garment trim of her or him,

In childhood spent, to fond intent,

Good end doth frame.

If mark we shall, the sum of all,

The end it is that noted is,

Which, if it bide, with virtue try'd,

Deserveth fame.

When all is done, learn this my son,  
 Not friend nor skill, nor wit at will,  
 Nor ship nor clod, but only God,

Doth all in all :

Man taketh pain, God giveth gain,  
 Man doth his best, God doth the rest,  
 Man well intends, God foizon sends,

Else want he shall.

Some seek for wealth, I seek my health,  
 Some seek to please, I seek mine ease,  
 Some seek to save, I seek to have,

To live upright,

More than to ride with pomp and pride,  
 Or for to jet, in others debt :

Such is my skill, and shall be still,

For any wight.

Too fond were I, here thus to lie,

Unless that wealth might further health,

And profit some should thereby come,

To help withall ;

This causeth me, well pleas'd to be,

Such drift to make, such life to take,

Enforcing mind, remorse to find,

As need, need shall.

Friend, all things weigh'd, that here is said,

And being got, that pays the shot,

Methinks of right, have leave I might,

(Death drawing near)

To seek some ways, my God to praise,

And mercy crave, in time to have,

And for the rest, what he thinks best,

To suffer here.

## A DESPAIRING AUTHOR,

BY THOMAS NASHE.

*Of Thomas Nashe, the noted controversialist, whose literary squabbles with Gabriel Harvey are so full of bitter ribaldry, and whose apology for his unhappy companion, Robert Greene, contains so many curious notices of the petty manners of the Metropolis, especially among hireling authors of his own time, much has been said in almost all the late publications, which have any allusion to Elizabethan literature. It is a name, indeed, familiar to every one, who has pored over the exuberant note-makers on Shakespeare.*

*He was a native of Lowestoft in this County, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he became B. A. in 1585. If we may judge from his pamphlet, entitled "Pierce Pennilesse," which, though written with considerable spirit, seems to breathe the sentiments of a man in the height of rage and despair against the world, it appears probable that he had met with severe disappointments, and was reduced to extreme misery and distress from his own indiscretions, and a life of extravagance and debauchery. He is supposed to have died about 1600, a sincere penitent.*

*Nashe wrote with considerable ease, harmony, and energy; in a vein of spirited and judicious criticism, of caustic satire, and of pointed humour. Notwithstanding the occasional mendicinity which his pages display, the whole are richly diversified with matter and local allusions, and enlivened with witticisms; and furnish such an assemblage of amusing traits of manners and of authors, that his writings may justly be called the granary for commentators, and those whose research has turned to the Elizabethan æra. More notes have been gathered from the light tracts of Tom Nashe than from the voluminous productions of any of his contemporaries. Mr. D'Israeli, in the second volume*

of his "*Calamities of Authors*," a book which is probably in every reader's hand, has given so ingenious and entertaining an account of the literary quarrel between Nashe and Harvey, that it will spare the present writer the imprudence of an imperfect repetition of the same story. But the versatile Nashe took an important part in a controversy of an higher concern. He was a main opponent to the puritanical and seditious Sectarians, who contended under the name of Martin Marprelate. "There was, says Isaac Walton, in his *Life of Hooker*, not only Martin Marprelate, but other venomous books daily printed and dispersed; books, that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver divines disdained them an answer. And yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, till Tom Nashe appeared against them, who was a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen, which he employed to discover the absurdities of those blind, malicious, senseless pamphlets, and sermons as senseless as they. His merry wit made such a discovery of their absurdities, that he put a greater stop to these malicious pamphlets, than a much wiser man had been able."

Drayton, in his *Epistle "of Poets and Poems,"* says:

"And surely Nashe, tho' he a proser were,  
 "A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear;  
 "Sharply satiric was he, and that way  
 "He went, since that his being, to this day  
 "Few have attempted, and I surely think  
 "Those words shall hardly be set down with ink,  
 "Shall scorch and blast so as his could, where he  
 "Would inflict vengeance!"——

Nashe was a great favourite with the wits of his day. One calls him "our true English Aretine," another "sweet satyric Nashe," a third describes his muse as "armed with a gag-tooth, and his pen "possessed with Hercules's furies." He is well characterised in "*the Return from Parnassus*:"

“ His stile was witty, tho’ he had some gall ;  
 “ Something he might have mended, so may all !  
 “ Yet this I say, that for a mother’s wit,  
 “ Few men have ever seen the like of it.”

*In the “ Pierce Penniless,” are the following lines, descriptive of his despair under poverty and neglect, after having tired his youth with folly, and surfeited his mind with vanity.*

“ WHY is ’t damnation to despair and die,  
 When life is my true happiness’ disease ?  
 My soul ! my soul ! thy safety makes me fly  
*The faulty means* that might my pain appease ;  
 Divines and dying men may talk of hell ;  
 But in my heart her several torments dwell.

Ah, worthless wit, to train me to this woe !  
 Deceitful arts that nourish discontent !  
 Ill thrive the folly that bewitch’d me so !  
 Vain thoughts, adieu ! for now I will repent ;  
 And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,  
 Since none take pity of a Scholar’s need !—

Forgive me, God, altho’ I curse my birth,  
 And ban the air wherein I breathe a wretch !  
 Since misery has daunted all my mirth,  
 And I am quite undone through promise-breach.  
 O friends, no friends that then ungently frown  
 When changing Fortune casts us headlong down.

Without redress complains my careless verse,  
 And Midas’ ears relent not at my moan !  
 In some far land will I my griefs rehearse,  
 ’Mongst them that will be mov’d when I shall  
 groan !  
 England, adieu the soil that brought me forth !  
 Adieu, unkinde ! where skill is nothing worth !”

## A Funeral Elegy

ON THE

DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH DRURY :

BY JOHN DONNE, D D. AND DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

*The fair Subject of the following verses was the younger, and only surviving daughter of Sir Robert Drury, of Hawsted, Knt. by Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir Nicholas Bacon, of Redgrave, the Premier Baronet of England. She died in 1640, at the early age of 15. Tradition reports, that her death was the consequence of a box on the ear, given her by her father. This absurd story is supposed to have originated from her being represented, both on her monument and in her picture, reclining her head on one hand. Another tradition relating to her is, that she was destined to be the wife of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James the 1st. She was certainly a great heiress, and their ages were not unsuitable; but it may reasonably be doubted whether there is more truth in this story than in the other. So much, however, is certain, that she is immortalised by the muse of Donne, who had determined to celebrate her anniversary in an Elegy, as long as he lived :*

“ Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,  
 “ Who, till this dark short taper's end be spent,  
 “ As oft as thy feast sees this widow'd earth,  
 “ Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,  
 “ That is thy death.”

*But we have nothing beyond the second anniversary. The truth seems to be, that his panegyric was so profusely lavished in two essays, as to be quite exhausted.*

The title of the first Anniversary is, "An Anatomie of the World. Wherein, by occasion of the untimely death of Mistris Elizabeth Drury, the frailty and decay of this whole world is represented:" and of the second, "Of the Progressse of the Soule. Wherein, by occasion of the religious death of Mistris Elizabeth Drury, the incommodities of the soule in this life, and her exaltation in the next, are contemplated." Some of the lines have been noticed in the forty-first number of the Spectator, where they are erroneously said to be a description of Donne's mistress, instead of the departed daughter of his friend.

" Her pure and eloquent blood  
 " Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
 " That one might almost say her body thought."

They are inscribed on a portrait of her, and from the appearance of the paint were most probably placed there soon after they were written.

This portrait is as large as life, and is now extant at Hardwick House. An Engraving from it is given in "Cullum's History of Hawsted."

In the South east corner of the chancel of the church of Hawsted is a mural monument to the memory of this Lady. It consists of a basement about three feet high, on which, under an ornamental arch, lies the figure of a young female, as large as life, with her head reclining on her left hand. Her mantle is drawn close about her neck, and edged with a small ruff; her hair is dressed in many small and short curls, without cap or other covering. Above is an emblematical female personage, surrounded with a glory, and scattering flowers on the figure below: on each side of the basement sits a greyhound, the cognizance of this ancient and once flourishing family. The inscription, which is on a tablet of black marble, and in Small Capitals, is ascribed to the pen of Donne, who was so liberably patronized by her father, and to whom he assigned apartments in his mansion in Drury Lane; and is as follows:

Quo pergas, viator, non habes.  
 Ad gades omnium venisti, etiam et ad tuas :  
     Hic jaces, si probus es, ipse,  
     Ipsa etenim hic jacet probitas,  
         Elizabetha,  
         Cui,  
     Cum ut, in pulchritudine et innocentia  
 Angelos æmulata strenue fuerat, id et in hoc præstare nisa est,  
     Ut sine sexu degeret :  
     Ideoq. corpus intactum, qua factum est integritate  
         (Paradisum sine serpente)  
         Deo Reddere voluit.  
 Quæ nec adeo aulæ splendoribus allicefacta, ut a semet exlaret,  
     Nec adeo sibimet coenobium facta, ut se societati denegaret :  
     Nec ob corporis fortunæve dotes minus in animo dotata ;  
     Nec ob linguarum peritiam minus taciturna.  
     Vitam mortemve nec pertæsa, nec insectata,  
         Sine remis, sine remoris,  
         Deum ductorem sequita,  
     Hunc portum post xv fere annos assequita.  
     Rob. Druri Eq. Aur. et Anna Uxor,  
 Unica Filia, itaque et ipso parentum nomine spoliati,  
     Hoc monumentum extruendo,  
     Filix suæ (eheu deperditæ) aliquantilla præsentia  
     Luctuosissimæ suæ orbitati blandiuntur.  
         Secessit  
     Anno Ætat. XV Mense X, et sui Jesu o m o n e x .

---

'Tis lost to trust a tombe with such a guest,  
 Or to confine her in a marble chest,  
 Alas, what's marble, jeat, or porphyrie,  
 Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,  
 Or with those pearles, and rubies, which she was ?  
 Joyne the two Indies in one tomb, 'tis glasse ;  
 And so is all to her materials,  
 Though every inch were ten escurials ;  
 Yet she's demolish'd : can wee keepe her then  
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men ?  
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give  
 Life to the name, by which name they must live ?



Sickly, alas, short liv'd, aborted bee  
 Those carcasse verses, whose soule is not shee.  
 And can shee, who no longer would be shee,  
 Being such a tabernacle, stoop to be  
 In paper wrapt ; or when shee would not lie  
 In such a house, dwell in an eligie ?  
 But 'tis no matter ; wee may well allow  
 Verse to live so long as the world will now,  
 For her death wounded it. The world containes  
 Princes for armes, and counsellors for braines,  
 Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more,  
 The rich for stomackes, and for backs the poore ;  
 The officers for hands, merchants for feét,  
 By which, remote and distant countries meet.  
 But those fine spirits which do tune, and set  
 This organ, are those peeces, which beget  
 Wonder and love, and these were shee ; and shee  
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee ;  
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,  
 He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,  
 Except the world itselfe, so great was shee.  
 Thus brave and confident may nature bee,  
 Death cannot give her such another blow,  
 Because shee cannot such another show.  
 But must wee say she's dead ? may't not be said  
 That as a sundred clocke is peecemeale laid,  
 Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand  
 Repollish'd, without errour then to stand ;  
 Or as the affrique niger streame enwombs  
 It selfe into the earth, and after comes  
 (Having first made a naturall bridge, to pass  
 For many leagues) farre greater than it was,  
 May't not be said, that her grave shall restore  
 Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before ?

Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can wee  
 Who live, and lacke her, here this vantage see?  
 What is't to us, alas, if there have beene  
 An angell made a throne, or Cherubin?  
 Wee lose by't : and as aged men are glad,  
 Being tastlesse growne, to joy in joyes they had,  
 So now the siek starv'd world must feed upon  
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.  
 Rejoyce then nature, and this world, that you,  
 Fearing the last fires hasting to subdue  
 Your force and vigour, ere it were neere gone,  
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one ;  
 One, whose cleare body was so pure and thinne,  
 Because it need disguise no thought within.  
 'Twas but a through-light scarce, her mindet'inroule ;  
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her soule.  
 One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd :  
 And whom, who ere had worke enough, desir'd ;  
 As when a temple's built, saints emulate  
 To which of them, it shall be consecrate.  
 But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,  
 Those new starres every artist exercise,  
 What place they should assigne to them they doubt,  
 Argue, and agree not, till those starres goe out :  
 So the world studied whose this peece should be,  
 Till shee can be no bodies else, nor shee :  
 But like a lampe of balsamum, desir'd  
 Rather t'adorne, then last she soon expir'd,  
 Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie,  
 For marriage, though it doth not staine, doth die.  
 To scape th' infirmities which wait upon  
 Woman, she went away, before sh' was one ;  
 And the world's busie noyse to overcome,  
 Tooke so much death, as serv'd for *opium* ;

For though she could not, nor could chuse to dye,  
 She 'ath yeelded to too long an extasie :  
 Hee, which not knowing her said history,  
 Should come to reade the book of destiny,  
 How faire, and chast, humble, and high she'ad  
 been,  
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteene,  
 And measuring future things, by things before,  
 Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,  
 Would thinke that either destiny mistooke,  
 Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke.  
 But 'tis not so ; fate did but usher her  
 To yeares of reason's use, and then inferre  
 Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty  
 She tooke, but for thus much, thus much to die.  
 Her modestie not suffering her to bee  
 Fellow-commissioner with destinie,  
 She did no more but die ; if after her  
 Any shall live, which dare true good prefer ;  
 Every such person is her deligate,  
 T' accomplish that which should have been her fate ;  
 They shall make up that booke and shall have thanks  
 Of fate, and her, for filling up their blankes.  
 For future vertuous deeds are legacies,  
 Which from the gift of her example rise ;  
 And 'tis in heav'n part of spiritual mirth,  
 To see how well the good play her, on earth.

## An Elegy

TO HIS TUTOR THOMAS YOUNG,

Chaplain to the English Factory at Hamburg,

AND AFTERWARDS

VICAR OF STOWMARKET, SUFFOLK,

BY JOHN MILTON.

*Thomas Young, the private preceptor of Milton before he was sent to St. Paul's School, was a native of Essex. Aubrey, in his MS. life, calls him "a puritan in Essex, who cut his hair short." In 1627, he was presented to the vicarage of Stowmarket. In 1628, Milton, in a letter dated from Cambridge, promises him a visit at his country house in Suffolk; and compliments him on the independency of mind, with which he maintained himself, like a Grecian Sage, or an old Roman Consul, on the profits of a small farm. In the same year, however, in consequence of his religious opinions, and the persecution of the Puritans by Abp. Laud, he was compelled to retire to the Continent, where he obtained the appointment of Minister to the British merchants at Hamburg. He appears to have returned to England in or before the year 1640, when the long parliament offered to him and to his brother-exiles protection from the tyranny of the High Commission and the Star-chamber courts. In 1643, he was*

appointed a Member of the Assembly of Divines, where he was a constant attendant, and one of the authors of the book, called "Smectymnuus," defended by Milton. On the visitation of the University of Cambridge by the Earl of Manchester, he was preferred from a Preachership in Duke's Place, London, to the Mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge, and admitted by the Earl in person, who came to the College Chapel, put him into the master's seat, and with some other formalities gave him the investiture of that headship, Apr. 12, 1644. He retained this situation, with much credit to himself, and advantage to the College, till Nov. 14, 1650, when his refusal of subscription to the Engagement occasioned his ejection. Clarke, a calvinistic biographer, attests that he was a man of great learning, of much prudence and piety, and of great ability and fidelity in the work of the ministry. There is a Sermon by Young, of a comfortable length, intitled "Hope's Incouragement, preached before the House of Commons, on a Fast-day, Feb. 28, 1644. Printed by order of the House, Lond. 1644," 4to. At the foot of the dedication he styles himself "Thomas Young, Sancti Evangelii in comitatu Suffolciensi minister." Another of his publications, as I apprehend, is a learned work in Latin, called "Dies Dominica," on the observation of Sunday. Printed, anno 1639, no place, 4to. The first and fourth of Milton's Familiar Epistles, both very respectful and affectionate, are to this Thomas Young. See Prose Works, Vol. 2. 565. 567. Whatever were Young's religious instructions, Milton professes to have received from this learned master his first introduction to the study of poetry. He died at Stonmarket, where he had been Vicar twenty-eight years, Nov. the 28th, 1655, as appears from the following extract from the Parish Register, "Dr. Younge, Clerk, was buried the first day of December, 1655;" and was interred in that church, where the following inscription records his memory:

Here is committed to earth's' trust  
 Wise, pious, spotlesse, learned dust,  
 Wh<sup>b</sup> living more adorned the place,  
 Then the place him such was Gods grace.

|             |                                                                                           |                                                     |
|-------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| To          | { D D<br>M <sup>r</sup> of Ie Coll Cam<br>A member of Y late assem.<br>Pastor here An. 28 |                                                     |
| Tho. Younge |                                                                                           | { Died An. { Ætatis 68.<br>{ Xti 1655.<br>{ Nov 28. |

Who, with his deare wife & Eldest  
 Son Tho Young M A & President  
 of Je Coll Cam, lyes here expect  
 ing Y Resvrection.

*The following Elegy, which possesses much beauty and poetic merit, is translated from the Latin of Milton by Cowper, the celebrated Author of "The Task." It was sent by Milton to his Tutor, whilst resident on the continent, and evinces in a high degree the affection and gratitude of the pupil.*

HENCE my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er  
 Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore!  
 Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay—  
 And the Gods grant, that nothing thwart thy way!  
 I will myself invoke the king, who binds,  
 In his Sicanian echoing vault, the winds,  
 With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng  
 Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.  
 But rather, to insure thy happier haste,  
 Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou may'st;  
 Or that, whence young Triptolemus of yore  
 Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.  
 The sands, that line the German coast, desried,  
 To opulent Hamburga turn aside!

So called, if legendary fame be true,  
 From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew !  
 There lives, deep-learn'd and primitively just,  
 A faithful steward of his Christian trust,  
 My friend, and favorite innate of my heart,  
 That now is forced to want its better part !  
 What mountains now, and seas, alas ! how wide !  
 From me this other, dearer self divide,  
 Dear, as the sage renown'd for moral truth  
 To the prime spirit of the attic youth !  
 Dear, as the Stagyrite to Ammon's son,  
 His pupil, who disdain'd the world he won !  
 Nor so did Chiron, or so Phœnix shine  
 In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.  
 First led by him thro' sweet Aonian shade  
 Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd ;  
 And favor'd by the muse, whom I implor'd,  
 Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd.  
 But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd  
 To Aries, has new ting'd his fleece with gold,  
 And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,  
 And twice has summer parch'd their bloom away,  
 Since last delighted on his looks I hung,  
 Or my ear drank the music of his tongue :  
 Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed !  
 Aware thyself, that there is urgent need !  
 Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see  
 Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee.  
 Or turning, page by page, with studious look,  
 Some bulky father, or God's holy book :  
 Or minist'ring (which is his weightiest care)  
 To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare :  
 Give him, whatever his employment be,  
 Such gratulation, as he claims from me !

And, with a down-cast eye, and carriage meek,  
Addressing him, forget not thus to speak !

“ If, compass'd round with arms thou canst attend  
To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.  
Long due, and late, I left the English shore ;  
But make me welcome for that cause the more,  
Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,  
The slow epistle came, tho' late, sincere.  
But wherefore, this ? why palliate I the deed,  
For which the culprit's self could hardly plead ?  
Self charged, and self-condemn'd, his proper part  
He feels neglected, with an aching heart ;  
But thou forgive—delinquents, who confess,  
And pray forgiveness, merit anger less ;  
From timid foes the lion turns away,  
Nor yawns upon or rends a crouching prey ;  
Even pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare,  
Won by soft influence of a suppliant prayer ;  
And heav'n's dread thunderbolt arrested stands  
By a cheap victim, and uplifted hands.  
Long had he wish'd to write, but was with-held,  
And, writes at last, by love alone compell'd,  
For fame, too often true, when she alarms,  
Reports thy neighbouring fields a scene of arms ;  
Thy city against fierce besiegers barr'd,  
And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepar'd.  
Enyo wastes thy country wide around,  
And saturates with blood the tainted ground ;  
Mars rests contented in his Thrace no more,  
But goads his steeds to fields of German gore,  
The ever verdant olive fades and dies,  
And peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,



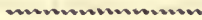
Flies from that earth which justice long had left,  
And leaves the world of its last guard bereft.

Thus horror girds thee round. Meantime alone  
Thou dwell'st, and helpless in a soil unknown ;  
Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand  
The aid denied thee in thy native land.  
Oh, ruthless country, and unfeeling more  
Than thy own billow-beaten chalky shore !  
Leav'st thou to foreign care the worthies, given  
By providence, to guide thy steps to Heav'n ?  
His ministers, commission'd to proclaim  
Eternal blessings in a Saviour's name !  
Ah then most worthy, with a soul unfed,  
In Stygian night to lie for ever dead !!  
So once the venerable Tishbite stray'd  
An exil'd fugitive from shade to shade,  
When, flying Ahab, and his fury wife,  
In lone Arabian wilds, he shelter'd life ;  
So, from Philippi, wander'd forth forlorn  
Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn ;  
And Christ himself, so left, and trod no more,  
The thankless Gergesene's forbidden shore.

But thou take courage ! strive against despair !  
Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care !  
Grim war indeed on ev'ry side appears,  
And thou art menac'd by a thousand spears ;  
Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend  
Ev'n the defenceless bosom of my friend.  
For thee the Ægis of thy God shall hide,  
Jehova's self shall combat on thy side.  
The same, who vanquish'd under Sion's tow'rs  
At silent midnight, all Assyria's pow'rs,

The same who overthrew in ages past,  
 Damascus' sons that lay'd Samaria waste :  
 Their king he fill'd and them with fatal fears  
 By mimic sounds of clarions in their ears.  
 Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar,  
 Of clashing armour, and the din of war.

Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may)  
 Still hope, and triumph, o'er thy evil day !  
 Look forth, expecting happier times to come,  
 And to enjoy, once more, thy native home !



### Clodio :

From the "MARKET TOWN," a MS. Poem.

BY MR. JOHN WEBB.

*Samuel Curteen, who in the following lines is designated under the appellation of "Clodio," was a native of Haverhill, and the eldest son of a gentleman, eminent for his proficiency in the medical profession.*

*He was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the degree of M. B. in 1723. He practised, with considerable success, at Haverhill for some years ; but a fondness for company, an eccentricity of character, and an unfortunate propensity to drinking, by degrees diminished his practice, and reduced him to the most abject poverty. After many reverses of fortune, brought upon himself by his imprudence, and irregularities, he sought a refuge in a sordid and miserable shed in that town, where he ended his days on the 28th of February, 1767.*

*He was a person as remarkable for talent and ability, as for his great and singular prostitution of them.*

UP yonder nook, a cottage, roof'd with thatch,  
 Whose dangling thong that lifts the wooden latch,  
 And mud wall'd front, and batter'd pane declare  
 That poverty has sought a refuge there.  
 'Twas in that hut, from nuptial joy apart,  
 And the sweet bliss that glads the social heart ;  
 Estrang'd to love's soft charm, or friendship's power,  
 Eccentric CLAUDIO pass'd life's last sad hour.  
 Genius was his, a cultivated taste  
 By every brilliant gem of science grac'd ;  
 His was the art medicinal, to place  
 The rose of health on beauty's faded face ;  
 O'er pallid forms a crimson flush to spread,  
 And make disease, pale fury ! hide his head ;  
 From death's cold grasp the drooping youth to save,  
 And of its tenant rob th' expecting grave.  
 But ah ! intemp'rance shew'd her baleful charms,  
 And lur'd the son of Galen to her arms ;  
 Invited him to quaff the grape's rich blood,  
 And drown his talents in a rosy flood.  
 Reckless, at length, of fortune or of fame,  
 Or the fair blessing of a spotless name,  
 In mirth's mad orgies youth's sweet prime was past,  
 Till want, gaunt phantom ! grip'd his victim fast ;  
 Sunk in his own, and in the world's esteem,  
 Mid rags and filth, he clos'd life's " fev'rish dream."

Was it for this a parent's tender care  
 Nurtur'd, with anxious love, the hopeful heir ?  
 Was it for this he sent his joy and pride,  
 Where sedgy Camus rolls his classic tide ;

Where, thro' those hallow'd groves by science led,  
He drank long draughts at *learning's* fountain-head.

Parental hopes, gay visions painted fair,  
How soon your rainbow tints dissolve in air !  
On the bright scene grim disappointment lowers,  
And blasted prospects gloom domestic hours.

Alas, how oft has talent, "angel-bright,"  
By mad excess been quench'd in rayless night !  
Though its bright beam may sparkle from afar,  
'Tis transient oft, like autumn's meteor-star.  
When will the muse of pity cease to sigh,  
Where the pale wrecks of luckless genius lie ?  
Full oft, in pensive mood, the tearful maid  
Has lav'd the turf, where hapless Burns is laid ;  
And pierc'd, at night's lone hour, the cypress gloom,  
That shades, neglected Chatterton ! thy tomb.  
Ill-fated youth ! to thee was largely given  
That diamond spark, that genuine fire from heaven ;  
To thee was given, in numbers sweet and strong,  
To roll the rapt'rous tide of verse along :  
Thy genius, eagle-pinion'd, soar'd sublime,  
And gain'd a wreath that mocks the blast of time.  
Ill-fated youth ! thy stern, unbending mind,  
Too proud to court the favours of mankind,  
Possess'd no fortitude life's storms to brave,  
But rush'd, indignant, to a timeless grave.

## AMBROSE CURTEEN :

BY MR. JOHN WEBB.

*Ambrose Curteen was a native of Haverhill, and the brother of Samuel Curteen, of whom some particulars are given at page 284.*

*He was brought up to the medical profession, and resided at Haverhill for many years, where he practiced with considerable reputation. But having had the misfortune to lose an eye, he turned recluse, and spent most of his time in fruitless attempts to find out the longitude ; in projecting many useless schemes ; building castles in the air ; and other eccentricities, till death closed his operations on the 15th of February, 1778.*

NEAR where the Parsonage stood (ere that dread  
day

When Haverhill sunk to raging flames a prey !  
'Midst undistinguish'd graves, the Muse shall find  
Where rests a man, who serv'd, yet shun'd man-  
kind.

Alas ! no marble tablet here display'd,  
Protects his relics from the sexton's spade !  
For years secluded from the public eye,  
He long indulg'd his singularity.  
Nor interest, love, nor friendship could persuade  
This dull recluse to quit the studious shade.  
O'er sciences abstruce he lov'd to pore,  
And scan the depths of mathematic lore.

Though oft his views were fanciful and wild,  
 Though at his air-built schemes the vulgar smil'd,  
 Yet he was skilful in the healing art ;  
 To pain-worn frames could welcome ease impart ;  
 With lenient hand he sooth'd the suff'rer's pain ;  
 Though strange his life, he did not live in vain.

Eccentric sage ! why waste life's blooming hour,  
 Unseen, unnotic'd, like the desert flower ?  
 Why didst thou hide thy talent ? why imbibe  
 Th' unsocial tenets of the hermit tribe ?  
 How similar to thine his selfish plan,  
 Who shuns all intercourse with brother man ;  
 Slights the endearing charities of life—  
 Friends, brothers, sisters, parents, children, wife !  
 Seeks some lone hermitage, and hopes to find  
 A sullen bliss in hating all mankind.  
 Vain man ! thy proper course of duty see,  
 Perform the part which heaven allots to thee.  
 Go seek distress ! explore the haunts of Woe !  
 Bid the wan cheek in rosy tints to glow !  
 Smooth with soft touch Affliction's rugged road !  
 Clothe shivering Want, and fill her mouth with food !  
 Where Christians in sublime communion join,  
 Direct thy steps, partake their joys divine !  
 When freed by Death, yon "star-pav'd" heights  
 ascend,  
 Where active Virtue finds a heavenly friend !

## Elegy

TO THE

## MEMORY OF THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

*Thomas Gainsborough, an admirable English artist, was born in 1727 at Sudbury, where his father was a clothier. He very early discovered a propensity to painting. Nature was his teacher, and the woods of Suffolk his academy, where he would pass in solitude his mornings, in making a sketch of an antiquated tree, a marshy brook, a few cattle, a shepherd and his flock, or any other accidental objects that were presented. There was not a picturesque clump of trees, hedge-row, stone or post at the corner of the lanes, for some miles round the place of his nativity, that he had not delineated on slips of paper, or old dirty letters which he called his riding school. In the neighbourhood of his father was a very respectable clergyman of the name of Coyte. With the sons of this gentleman young Gainsborough passed much of his time. The parson's garden having been plundered of a quantity of wall-fruit, much pains were taken, but without effect, to discover the thief. Young Gainsborough, having one summer's morning risen at an early hour, and walked into the garden to make a sketch of an old elm, seated himself in an obscure corner, and had just taken out his chalk to begin, when he observed a fellow's head peeping over the wall, with the apparent intention of seeing if the coast was clear. He made a sketch of the head of the man, and so accurate was the resemblance, that he was instantly known, and upon a closer enquiry proved to be the fellow, who had before robbed the garden. From delineation he got to colouring, and after painting several landscapes, from the age of ten to twelve, he quitted Sud-*

bury, and went to London. During his residence there he married a young lady, who possessed an annuity of £200, and then retired to Ipswich, and considered himself happily settled for life.

When Mr. Thicknesse was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Lundguard Fort, he found Gainsborough dwelling in a house of six pounds a year rent in that town. Himself and his neighbours too were strangers to his genius. At that time Gainsborough, seeing a country fellow with a slouched hat looking wistfully over his garden wall at some windfall pears, caught up a bit of board, and painted him so inimitably well, that the board was shaped out, and set upon a wall in Mr. Creighton's garden, where it attracted the notice of Thicknesse, and induced many to speak to the melancholy looking figure. Mr. T. soon after employed him to paint a prospective view of the Fort, the adjacent hills, and a distant view of Harwich, when the late king was passing it in his way to Germany. Upon Mr. T.'s asking this excellent artist the price, he modestly said fifteen guineas. In the winter following, Mr. T. took it to town, and shewed it to Major, the engraver. He equally admired it, and immediately engraved it. The painting unfortunately perished by hanging against a damp wall; but the plate will ever continue to display the great talents of these two excellent artists. Mr. T. soon after promoted Gainsborough's removal to Bath, where he settled about 1758. In 1774, he again returned to London, and in this situation, possessed of ample fame, and in the acquisition of a plentiful fortune, he was disturbed by a cancer in his neck, which, baffling the skill of the first medical professors, brought him to his grave on August 2, 1788. He was buried, according to his request, in Kew Church-Yard. Among his amusements, music was almost as much his favorite as painting; and of his powers in this science no better description can be given than that by Jackson of Exeter, in his "Four Ages." But, however trifling in these amusements, he was steady and manly in the prosecution of excel-



lence in his art, though not without some degree of that caprice peculiar to his character. If ever, says Sir Joshua Reynolds, this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honorable distinction of an English School, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity among the first of that rising name. Whether he most excelled in portraits, landscapes, or fancy pictures, it is difficult to determine: whether his portraits were most admirable for exact truth of resemblance, or his landscapes for a portrait-like representation of nature, such as we see in the works of Rubens, Rysdael, or others of these schools. In his fancy pictures, when he had fixed upon his object of imitation, whether it was the mean and vulgar form of a wood-cutter, or a child of an interesting character, as he did not attempt to raise the one, so neither did he lose any of the natural grace and elegance of the other, such a grace, and such an elegance, as are more frequently found in cottages than in courts. This excellence was his own, the result of his particular observation and taste. For this he was certainly not indebted to any school; for his grace was neither academical nor antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature. He was one of the few artists of eminence this country has produced, who never was indebted to foreign travel for his improvement and advancement in painting:

Consummate artist! say from whence you drew  
 The precepts of thy art, so just, so true?  
 With freedom thus, who bade thy pencil flow,  
 Such force, such sweetness in thy colours glow!  
 Hast thou, to give perfection to thy piece,  
 Studied the works of ancient Rome and Greece?  
 Hast thou survey'd the celebrated \* rule  
 Of ancient beauty? or each modern school

\* The canon or standard of beauty, formed by Polycletus.  
 Plin. 34. 8.

With critic *eye compar'd*, compar'd thy mind  
 With all these wonders of a taste refin'd ?  
 Ah, no ; thy matchless skill with scorn disclaims  
 The fancied merit built on pompous names.  
 Like great *Corregio*, Nature's pencil fraught  
 With inborn genius, and by practice taught,  
 He view'd even *Raphael's* works, with conscious pride,  
 And " *I'm a painter still,*" the artist cry'd ! †  
 O'er seas or alps let other artists roam,  
 In quest of beauties, which you find at home ;  
 Such charms our *British Nymphs* alone possess,  
 And none but *Gainsborough's* pencil can express !

*Nature was his guide : and the subjects he chose for representation were generally very simple, to which his own excellent taste knew how to give expression and value. In his landscapes, a rising mound and a few figures seated upon or near it ; with a sow or some sheep grazing, and a slight marking of distance sufficed for the objects ; their charm was the purity of tone in the color, the freedom and clearness of the touch, together with an agreeable combination of the forms ; and with these simple materials does he always produce a pleasing picture. In his fancy ones, the same taste prevailed. A cottage girl ; a shepherd's boy ; a woodman ; with very slight materials in the back-ground, were treated by him with so much character, yet so much elegance, that they never fail to delight. For,*

Art with no common gifts her *Gainsborough* grac'd,  
 Two different pencils in his hand she plac'd ;  
 This shall command, she said, with certain aim,  
 A perfect semblance of the human frame ;  
 This, lightly sporting on the village green,  
 Paint the wild beauties of the rural scene.

† See Dupile's Life of *Corregio*.

*Verses written on Gainsborough twenty-five Years  
before his Death.*

To charm the soul, with equal force conspire  
The Painter's genius, and the Poet's fire,  
When Milton sings, thro' Eden's blissful groves  
With the first pair the ravish'd fancy roves,  
Pursues each step, with various passions tost,  
And quits with tears the Paradise they lost.  
Like that blest pair, by Gainsborough's pencil drawn,  
See nymphs and shepherds tread the flow'ry lawn,  
And own the pleasing cheat so well sustain'd,  
Each landscape seems a Paradise regain'd.

---

*Lines to the memory of Gainsborough written in 1788.*

MOURN, Painting, mourn, recline thy drooping head,  
And fling thy useless pallet on the ground !  
Gainsborough is number'd with the silent dead,  
And plaintive sighs from hills and dales resound.

His genius lov'd his country's native views,  
Its taper spires, green lawns, and shelter'd farms ;  
He touch'd each scene with nature's genuine hues,  
And gave the English landscape all its charms.

Who now shall paint mild evening's tranquil hour,  
 The cattle slow returning from the plain,  
 The glow of sultry noon, the transient show'r,  
 The dark brown furrows, rich with golden grain ?

Who shall describe the cool sequester'd spot,  
 Where winding riv'lets through the willows glide ;  
 Or paint the manners of the humble cot,  
 Where meek content and poverty reside ?

With pleasure we behold the village boy  
 Safe from the rigours of th' inclement sky,  
 His blazing hearth, his wholesome milk enjoy,  
 His tame domestic cat half sleeping by.

Perch'd on his roof, the redbreast fain would dare  
 Hop round his fire, nor brave the frozen heath,  
 Chirping it begs to taste his simple fare,  
 Yet trembles at the foe who purs beneath :

But in the swain, who shuns th' impending storm  
 The painter's art with brightest lustre shone ;  
 His hand pourtray'd that rough and time-worn form,  
 With tints that Reubens would have wish'd his own.

Alas ! whilst fancy saw with conscious pride,  
 The British school high raise its lofty head,  
 Death, envious Death, advanc'd with haughty stride,  
 And all our gay delusive visions fled.

Bring fragrant violets, crimson poppies bring,  
 The corn-flower glowing with celestial blue,  
 The yellow primrose, earliest child of spring,  
 Pluck'd from those fields which once his pencil  
 drew.

In graceful wreaths entwine their rustic bloom,  
 That bloom which shames the garden's richest dyes,  
 And hang these votive garlands round the tomb,  
 Where nature's painter, nature's fav'rite lies.

Few artists claim the muse's sacred lyre ;  
 The slaves of luxury shun her piercing eye :  
 Those insects sport 'round fashion's meteor fire,  
 Flutter their moment, and neglected die.

The meaner tool of faction or of spite,  
 Whose pencil feeds vile slander's greedy lust,  
 Is scarcely shelter'd by oblivion's night,  
 And just resentment spurns his guilty dust.

But when true genius feels the stroke of time,  
 When fate arrests him in his bright career,  
 Britannia, bending from her seat sublime,  
 Vouchsafes the tribute of a pitying tear.

## On the Death

OF

LIONEL ROBERT TOLLEMACHE, Esq.

Of the 1st Regt. of Foot Guards.

*Lionel Robert Tollemache was the only son of the Hon. John Tollemache, the fifth son of Lionel 2nd Earl of Dysart, by Lady Bridget Henley, the daughter of Robert 1st Earl of Northington, and the relict of the Hon. George Lanc Fox, only son of Lord Bingley.*

*He was born November the 10th, 1774, and embracing early the military profession, obtained an Ensign's commission in the 1st regiment of Foot Guards, January the 28th, 1791. Accompanying his regiment to Flanders, on the breaking out of the war with France, he was killed, by the bursting of a shell, in the third parallel before Valenciennes, July the 14th, 1793, in an assault made previously to the surrender of that town.*

*He was active, diligent, and scientific in his military duties; possessed agreeable manners; spoke the German and French languages with much fluency; and was universally respected as a young man of great promise and attainments. He seems to have had a presentiment of his fate, as a copy of verses was found in his pocket after his death, expressive of the uncertainty of a soldier's life, "one night in all the paraphernalia of dress, the next in a winding-sheet." His remains were brought over from Flanders, and interred in the family-vault at Helmingham; where, on a beautifully executed monument from the chisel of Nolckens, adorned with a bust in a medallion, and military trophies, is the following elegant and pathetic inscription in small capitals, and in two compartments:*

This Monument was erected to the Memory  
Of LIONEL ROBERT TOLLEMACHE, ESQRE.

Who lies buried in the vault beneath.

He was the only Son of the Honorable  
Captain John Tollemache, of the Royal Navy,  
And Lady Bridget Henley, Daughter of  
The Earl of Northington.

His course was short, but it was brilliant!

For at the age of eighteen he died nobly,  
Fighting for his King and Country.

He was an Ensign in the First Regiment  
Of Foot Guards; and was killed at the  
Siege of Valenciennes, in July, 1793; by  
The bursting of a bomb, thrown from  
The Garrison.

His death was the more unfortunate,  
As he was the only British Officer killed  
On that occasion.

He was a loss to his Country, for  
He was a youth of uncommon promise; but  
To his family his loss was irreparable!

For by that fatal event it became extinct in  
The male line. But the name of Tollemache  
Has been unfortunate!

The Father and two Uncles of this  
Valiant youth, like himself lost their lives  
Prematurely, in the service of their Country.

His Uncle the Honble. George Tollemache  
Was killed by falling from the mast-head  
Of the Modeste man-of-war, at sea:

His Father the Honble. John Tollemache  
Was killed in a duel at New-York;

And another of his Uncles, the Honble.

William Tollemache, was lost in the Repulse  
Frigate; in a hurricane in the Atlantic Ocean.

So many instances of disaster are rarely  
To be met with in the same family!

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Thus fell the young, the worthy, and the brave!  
With emulation view his honor'd grave.

*Lieut. Gen. the Hon. Thomas Tollemache, his  
great uncle, who lived in the reign of William the  
III, and was the first Colonel of the 2nd or Cold-  
stream regiment of Foot Guards, by whom it was  
raised, lost his life in the service of his country, at*

the siege of Brest, in June, 1694. The brother of the General, the Hon. William T. a Captain in the navy, was killed in the West Indies. The unfortunate death of the Father of the Ensign, September 25th, 1777, will be in the remembrance of all. He was commander of the *Scorpion* Frigate, at the commencement of the American war, and carried out among others Lieut. Col. Pennington, of the Guards. On their landing at New York, they immediately repaired to a tavern, to decide a difference which had occurred during the voyage. After firing a brace of pistols each, without effect, they drew their swords. Capt. T. was run through the heart, and Col. P. received seven wounds so severe that for some time his life was despaired of. Two of his brothers likewise perished at sea, viz. George, who was killed by falling from the mast-head of the *Modeste*, October, 1760, and William, a Captain in the navy, who was cast away in the *Repulse*, December 16th, 1776.

Ensign Lionel Robert Tollemache was the heir apparent to the Scotch Earldom of Dysart, and the family honors of Tollemache, Talmach, Tullemache or Toedmeg, as it is spelt in *Doomsday-Book*; a family more ancient than the Norman Conquest, and which has continued, in an uninterrupted male succession, in this County, from the arrival of the Saxons to the present time. They were possessed of lands at Bentley, before the Conquest, where, till very lately, was to be seen in the old manor-house this inscription:

When William the Conqueror reigned with great fame  
Bentley was my seat and Tollemache was my name.

But Lionel T. having married in the reign of Henry VII, the Heiress of the Helminghams, of Helmingham, acquired that inheritance, which is now the residence of this ancient and noble family.



FAREWELL, aspiring Youth ! thy race is o'er,  
 Nor ever wilt thou serve bright glory more ;  
 Torn from her power, and planted in the skies,  
 Yet at thy loss a generous tear must rise ;  
 For thee, her fav'rite child, she rear'd with care,  
 And smiling view'd a youth both brave and fair !  
 For thee, a mournful tear must e'er prevail,  
 And veteran soldiers, wondering, tell thy tale.  
 Lost to the world ! let grief her tribute pay,  
 And in her book record thy fatal day ;  
 Then shall thy name thy brave forefathers join,  
 And add a lustre to their deeds sublime.  
 Intomb'd in death's dark mansion by thy sire,  
 His spirit shall partake the sacred fire ;  
 Welcome his son e'en in that drear abode,  
 Joy at thy fall, as his dear country's good ;  
 Breathe his kind blessing, in the court of heaven,  
 And praise his God for such an hero given.  
 Hence, ye weak timid sons of Britain, know  
 That death is glory from old Albion's foe ;  
 Let emulation bright possess each heart,  
 And strive to act this youthful warrior's part.  
 Each night thy tomb the village maids shall crown,  
 With rustic trophies ; and the dirge shall drown  
 The sigh of fond regret, that wounds the breast,  
 Whilst thou in shades of peace shalt gently rest.



VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER THE

**Funeral of Billy Twigger,**

OF HADLEIGH.

*William Twigger was a poor, unfortunate idiot, who long resided in the poor-house at Hadleigh, where he ended his days in June, 1816. He was buried in the church-yard of that parish, where*

" Not e'en an osier'd hillock heaves to show  
 " That the poor idiot, Billy, sleeps below.  
 " Hard was thy lot, poor soul! that dreary dome,  
 " A parish work-house, was thy gloomy home;  
 " Where sireless youth, and childless age repair,  
 " Fore'd by hard fate to seek parochial care.  
 " Yet when the awful mandate claim'd thy breath,  
 " And parish-bounty delv'd thy house of death;  
 " Thy humble, happy spirit wing'd its flight,  
 " From this gross orb, to spheres of perfect light!"

*His conduct was in general, perfectly harmless, and inoffensive. At fairs, wakes, and frolics he was a constant and delighted attendant; was doatingly fond of military sights and spectacles, especially when enlivened by the music of a fife or drum; and was always to be seen, with his tin-kettle, in the rear of every recruiting party that paraded the town of Hadleigh.*

CONSIGN'D to mingle with his parent earth,  
 His name in distant lands will ne'er be known;  
 Dull apathy presided at his birth,  
 And ignorance mark'd the infant for her own.

Confined within the workhouse' lofty wall,  
 When time revolving brought a holiday,  
 Elated, he obeyed the festive call,  
 And sallied forth with shreds of ribbands, gay.

Soldiers, at wake or fair, he lov'd to meet,  
 Their martial trophies view'd without a fear;  
 And when in gay parade they pass'd the street,  
 With shouting boys he follow'd in the rear.

On batter'd water-pot in lieu of drum,  
 With varied measure beat the loud tattoo;  
 Press'd through the crowd, regardless of its hum,  
 Nor would his clattering melody forego.

When wrangling blockheads, for contention ripe,  
 Disturb'd with clam'rous din the evening's cheer;  
 Unmindful of the noise, he smok'd his pipe,  
 Or bade the waiter fill his mug with beer.

While thus abroad unwittingly he stray'd,  
 The love of freedom in his bosom burn'd ;  
 The lapse of time unconscious he survey'd,  
 Nor to his dwelling willingly return'd.

When prying scouts explor'd his snug retreat,  
 Unvex'd by cares that reasoning mortals goad ;  
 Reluctant then, they forc'd him from his seat,  
 And loud reproaches urg'd him on the road.

As thus through life he ran his even course,  
 Still unillum'd by reason, heavenly guide,  
 He scap'd the piercing stings of keen remorse,  
 For virtue wrong'd, or talents misapply'd.

Impartial death, that levels all below,  
 Nor spares the conqueror's wreath, nor monarch's  
 crown ;  
 Aim'd at his breast the inevitable blow,  
 To mix in dust with names of high renown.

When o'er his bier the solemn knell had toll'd,  
 Near the dull spot where he was wont to dwell ;  
 Consign'd to mingle with his kindred mould,  
 His friends attendant sigh'd a last farewell.

## Cleric,

From the "MARKET TOWN," a MS. Poem :

BY MR. JOHN WEBB.

*The Rev. John Whitmore, the unfortunate subject of the following verses, was for many years a resident at Helion-Bumpstead, a village in Essex about a mile and a half distant from Haverhill. He was born at Wiston in this county, where his father was a miller, admitted of Caius College, Cambridge, in 1741, and proceeded to the degree of B. A. in 1744. After his derangement, he lived entirely secluded in the house of an elderly widow, who took great care of him. He usually walked once a week to Haverhill to have his face and head shaved, always bathing the latter with some gin after the operation. He never went into company, and was very singular in his opinions and conduct, although perfectly harmless and inoffensive. He did no duty in the neighbourhood, except occasionally burying a corpse. Being once asked by a neighbouring clergyman to marry a couple for him, he positively declined performing the ceremony, alledging as his reason, that he did not chuse to encumber himself with other people's curses. His time was mostly spent in rambling through the rural scenes, which surrounded his cottage retreat ; or when at home, in reading, and in preaching sermons—no one present. His understanding had been long impaired. and latterly became deranged ; but this derangement appeared to have been much augmented by an unfortunate habit of drinking, which increased upon him towards the end of his life. In person he was tall and comely ; wore a large wig, and a very long blue great coat ; and generally walked with a large staff headed by an enormous knob. He was commonly known by the*

*vulgar appellation of the "draggled-tail Parson" He died Dec. 4th, 1790, at Helion-Bumpstead, and was buried there in a genteel manner : but no monument has been erected to his memory.*

THERE liv'd in yon green dale, that skirts a grove,  
 The seat of harmless sport and rural love ;  
 A tall dejected man, whose mien forlorn,  
 Bespoke the victim to misfortune born.  
 His down-cast eyes, that roll'd with vacant stare,  
 Gave the black glance, that wait on grim despair ;  
 His dress, and speech, and gesture, all betray'd  
 Th' affecting symptoms of a mind decay'd.  
 Life's morning rose o'er him serenely fair,  
 Bright shone the sun thro' all the field of air ;  
 Joy shed around his path, her gladsome beam,  
 And hope dispens'd her soft illusive dream ;  
 Health on his form bestow'd her rosy shower,  
 While science led him thro' each classic bower.  
 Time flew when CLERIO's studious term expir'd,  
 To a lone village cure the youth retir'd,  
 And liv'd by all, that knew his worth, approv'd,  
 A worthy pastor by his charge belov'd.  
 Till love, whose nod imperial all obey,  
 Or form'd of noble mould, or humble clay,  
 Who 'midst the cotted vale, and courts of kings,  
 Throws his light dart, and waves his purple wings :  
 Till love, a soft infatuating guest,  
 Banish'd mild peace, white fairy ! from his breast.  
 Alas ! the sacred function fail'd to prove  
 A safe defence against the dart of love.  
 For lo ! a nymph, in pride of youthful charms,  
 Fill'd his untutor'd breast with soft alarms ;  
 Her dear idea reign'd without controul,  
 And beauty's magic spell enchain'd his soul.

Yet all his fond attentions could not move  
 That proud unfeeling heart, which scorn'd his love ;  
 A rival youth was view'd with partial eyes,  
 And the gay stripling gain'd the beauteous prize.  
 'Twas CLERIO'S wayward fate to join their hands,  
 Trembling the while, in Hymen's silken bands ;  
 He gave a sanction to their nuptial bliss,  
 And bade a long adieu to hope and peace !  
 Severely struck, he felt the coming storm,  
 Conscious he could not long its rites perform,  
 He left the church ; and sought a distant glen,  
 And liv'd unseen, unridicul'd by men.  
 Phrenzy like his, requir'd no keeper's force,  
 No galling fetters e'er restrain'd his course ;  
 Though clouds of frantic sorrow gloom'd his mind,  
 To bird, to beast, to insect he was kind ;  
 For hungry Robins strew'd the wheaten crumb,  
 And shudder'd ev'n to crush the " trodden worm."  
 Nor was he cold to man, tho' craz'd with care,  
 His heart for him the generous wish could spare ;  
 But of the tender sex was wont to say,  
 "*They are strange things, alas ! they'll have their*  
     "*way.*"

Oft, when young spring, fair era of delight !  
 Charm'd with her flowery scenes the wand'rers sight,  
 He rang'd the vales, with flowery millions gay,  
 To breathe the aromatic sweets of May ;  
 Or lay reclin'd, a verdant shade beneath,  
 And wove for his lorn brow a willow wreath :  
 Such as, (so Shakespear sings) in days of yore,  
 Discarded, lass-lorn, slighted lovers wore.  
 Oft too, when midnight sway'd this nether globe,  
 And round green Nature wrapp'd her ebon robe,

He sought the copse, and briar-enwoven dell,  
 And told his soft complaint to Philomel.  
 She, charming songstress ! musically kind,  
 Sooth'd with mellifluous notes his wounded mind ;  
 Till echo, waken'd by the melting strain,  
 Wafted the tuneful woe to many a distant plain.

And when rough winter, in terrific form,  
 Loos'd from her caves the demons of the storm ;  
 Commission'd o'er the pathless glades to sweep,  
 Or with wild wing to vex the surgy deep :  
 Then to his woodland haunts would he repair,  
 And talk as to some spirit of the air,  
 Serenely hear loud thunders shake the sky,  
 And see, unmov'd, the vollied lightnings fly ;  
 The vivid flash, and elemental roll,  
 Congenial horrors ! cheer'd his gloomy soul.

Revolving seasons saw him still the same,  
 The hapless victim of a hopeless flame :  
 Till death's kind angel sign'd a sweet release,  
 And bade his troubled spirit rest in peace.

Ah ! should it please the great all-gracious Power  
 To take each friend that glads my social hour ;  
 Should the grim spectre, Want, my cot assail,  
 And turn the ruddy cheek of plenty pale :  
 Commission'd from on high, should fell disease,  
 Remorseless, on my dearest comforts seize :  
 Should death's black ensign, big with funeral gloom,  
 Wave there, and call my HETTY to the tomb :  
 Thus try'd, thus stript, O may I be resign'd !  
 But spare thou dread Supreme ! *O spare my mind !*



## An Elegy

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF THE

REV. EDWARD PEARSON, D. D.

“ Non omnia terræ

“ Obruta ! Vivit amor, vivit dolor ! Ora negatur

“ Dulcia conspicerè ; at flere et meminisse relictum est.”

Petr. Ep. Lib. 7. Ep. 1.

*The Rev. Edward Pearson was born at Norwich in 1757 ; and in 1778 was entered at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, of which Society he became, successively, Fellow, Tutor, and Master. He proceeded to the degree of B. A. 1782 ; M. A. 1785 ; B. D. 1792 ; and D. D. 1808. In 1786, he obtained the Norrisian Prize. In 1797, he was presented by Dr. Elliston, the Master, to the Rectory of Rempstone, Notts. In 1807, he was chosen by the Trustees to preach the Warburtonian Lectures at Lincoln's Inn, which he completed early in 1811. In 1808, on the Death of Dr. Elliston, the Master, and on the ineligibility of the Rev. Francis John Hyde Wollaston to fill that situation, he was elected ; and in the same year was appointed Vice-Chancellor. In 1810, he was elected by the University to the office of Christian Advocate. He died at his Rectory House at Rempstone, August 17, 1811, after a few days illness, and in the 54th year of his age. He married in 1797 Susan, the daughter of Johnson, of Henrietta Street, Covent-Garden, who survived him, but by whom he left no issue.*

*To a various and extensive erudition, and the most exalted christian virtues, he united a gentle benignity of spirit, and an engaging benevolence of heart. In his general intercourse with the world, he uniformly*

displayed that mild and unaffected simplicity of manners, which so strongly characterised the great Teacher of the Jewish Law, whom our divine Master dignified with the title of "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." The sanctions of religion and morality were engraven deeply on his heart; and in every instant of life, he appeared to speak, to act, and to think, as in the sight of God. His situation in College afforded him ample scope for the exercise of his talents and his virtues; and his conduct as a Tutor and a Master was exemplary, and worthy of general imitation. In the high and important character of the Father and Shepherd of his flock, he was zealous and indefatigable; and by a rigid and conscientious performance of the pastoral office, he indulged his ardent inclination to promote the spiritual improvement, and the eternal welfare of others. Firmly and cordially attached to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England by principle and from conviction, he labored earnestly, both by his preaching and in his writings, to guard the minds of those, entrusted to his care, against errors from without, and delusions from within; to retain them within the fold of the church; and to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." In short; in every relation of life, whether public or private, he discharged its respective duties with sound judgment and the most scrupulous fidelity; and by combining whatever is amiable and attractive with whatever is estimable and revered in human character and conduct approached us nearly, perhaps, to the idea of a perfectly wise and good man, as the infirmity of human nature will permit.

The following correct list of his numerous and valuable Publications, which evince the zeal of a true Churchman and the learning of a sound Divine, cannot be unacceptable.

"An Essay on the Goodness of God, as manifested in the Mission of Jesus Christ. A Norrissian Prize Essay, 1786," 8vo. "A Sermon preached at the Church of St Mary at Tower, Ipswich, on Sunday, June 25, 1786, for the Benefit of a Charity School, 1786," 8vo. "A Sermon, occasioned by his Majesty's

late Proclamation for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and for preventing and punishing of vice, profaneness and immorality, 1787," 8vo. "A Sermon on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, 1791, and 1808," 12mo. "A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, Nov. 5. 1793," 8vo. "A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, Jan. 30, 1794," 8vo. "A Proposal respecting the Athanasian Creed, 1794," 8vo. "A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, May 29, 1795," 8vo. "A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, Oct. 25, 1795, the Anniversary of his Majesty's Accession to the Throne, 1795," 8vo. "A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, April 24, 1796," 8vo. "A Sermon preached at St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, on Tuesday, Sep. 4, 1798, before the Governors of the General Hospital, 1798," 8vo. "Discourses to Academic Youth, 1798," 8vo. "A Letter to a Member of the Senate of the University of Cambridge, 1799," 8vo. "A Sermon preached at the Assizes held at Nottingham, July 31, 1800," 8vo. "Prayers for Families; consisting of a Form, short but comprehensive, for the Morning and Evening of every day in the week, 1800," 8vo. "Remarks on the Theory of Morals: in which is contained an Examination of the Theoretical Part of Dr. Paley's Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, 1800," 8vo. "Annotations on the Practical Part of Dr. Paley's Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, 1801," 8vo. "The Sin of Schism: a Sermon preached at the Parish Church of Rempstone, Nottinghamshire, on Sunday, July 6, 1800, 1801," 12mo. "The Sinner's Complaint under Punishment: a Sermon preached at the Parish Church of Rempstone, Nottinghamshire, on the Fast-day, 1801," 12mo. "Remarks on the doctrine of Justification by Faith: in a Letter to the Rev. John Overton, A. B. 1802," 8vo. "Remarks on the Controversy subsisting, or supposed to subsist between Calvinistic and Arminian Ministers of the Church of England; in a Second Letter to the same, 1802," 8vo. "An Exhortation to the due Observance of the approaching National Fast: in an Address from a Minister to his Parishioners, 1803 and 1804," 8vo. "A Sermon preached at Nottingham, April 23, 1804, at the Archdeacon's Visitation: to which is added an Appendix relating to the Restoration of the Jews, 1804," 8vo. "The Obligation and Mode of keeping a Public Fast: a Sermon preached at the Parish Church of Rempstone, Nottinghamshire, on Friday, May 25, 1804," 12mo. "Three Plain Reasons against separating from the Established Church," 12mo. "Three Plain Reasons for the Practice of Infant Baptism," 12mo. "An Admonition against Lay-Predaching," 12mo. "An Exhortation to the Duty of Catechising: with observations on the excellency of the Church Catechism," 12mo. "The Duty of Steadfastness in Church Communion: a Sermon, 1806," 12mo. "Remarks on the Dangers which threaten the Established Religion, and of the Means of averting them: in a Letter to the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval,

1807," 8vo. "The Duty of Church Communion: a Sermon altered and abridged from Dr. Rogers, with additional passages interspersed, 1810," 12mo. "Cautions to the Hearers and Readers of the Rev. Mr. Simeon's Sermon, entitled Evangelical and Pharisaical Righteousness compared. To which is now added a Letter, addressed to the Editor of the Orthodox Churchman's Magazine, containing Remarks on Mr. Simeon's Sermon, entitled the Churchman's Confession, 1810," 8vo. "Remarks on Mr. Simeon's Fresh Cautions to the Publick, 1810," "Gataker's short Catechism, in Forty Questions and Answers, republished with alterations, for the use of Schools, 1810," "The Hulsean Defence for 1810; consisting of an Essay on the Pre-existence of Christ, a Sermon on the Trinity, and a Proposal respecting the Athanasian Creed, 1810," "Sermons at Warburton's Lectures, 1811," 8vo.

Dr. Pearson was a very frequent contributor to the pages of the "Orthodox Churchman's Magazine," and his communications are signed either by his name at length, or the initials E. P.

If purest morals, and the gentlest heart  
 By christian virtues to its God allied,  
 Could form a shield from death's uplifted dart,  
 I had not wept, for Pearson had not died.  
 In reason strong, his energetic mind,  
 His faith built firmly on conviction's base,  
 'Twas manly confident, humanely kind,  
 No scoffs could shake it, and no vice disgrace.  
 If ever bosom glow'd with social love,  
 With sweet compassion was most richly fraught,  
 Such Pearson's was;—his deeds must heav'n approve,  
 His life a comment on the truths he taught.  
 Beside the couch, where pallid sickness lay,  
 With friendly soothing he unsummon'd stood,  
 To calm despair, to kindle hope's bright ray,  
 His only spring of action—doing good.  
 Oft did his virtues admiration raise,  
 Their real value to himself unknown;  
 He gave to lower merits, ample praise,  
 Too humble to believe e'en half his own.

Blest spirit ! if, amidst the realms of light,  
 My selfish wailings reach thy sainted ear,  
 Accept the tribute friendship shall unite  
 With warm esteem, to offer at thy bier.

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## Elegy

TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. RICHARD BROME, B. A.

*The Rev. Richard Brome was the son of the Rev. Richard Brome, M. A. Minister of St. Margaret, Ipswich. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the degree of B. A. in 1758. In 1763, he was presented to the Rectory of Newton Flotman, in Norfolk ; in 1768, to that of Knattishall, in this county ; and in 1775, was licensed to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Lawrence, Ipswich. He died at his house in St. Mary Tower Parish, July the 31st, 1790, in the 53d year of his age, and was buried in the church of St. Margaret, but without any inscription to his memory.*

*In domestic life he was kind and affectionate ; as a clergyman he was strict and punctual in the duties of his sacred office ; and firm and zealous in the cause of true religion. In him the poor found a real friend and benefactor ; and by his death society lost a pleasing and instructive companion.*

WHERE sedgy Cam slow winds his classic stream,  
 In laurel'd bow'rs, was train'd his early youth ;  
 'Twas there his tutor'd eye first caught the beam  
 Of useful science, and of sacred truth.

By science furnish'd for life's cultur'd field,  
 Of sacred truth his hands the ensign bore ;  
 But science to the stroke of death must yield,  
 And sacred truth, her herald hears no more.

"Alas, my Brother !" little once I deem'd  
 That mine shou'd be the task to deck thy urn ;  
 The lamp of life within myself scarce gleam'd,  
 And now with grief and gratitude I burn.

Yet not for thee I feel—thy blissful soul  
 Smiles at our grief, and hails its own release :  
 Above those orbs, which o'er poor mortals roll,  
 Thy spirit soars—and all with thee is peace.

Not so with those, who, wretched here below,  
 Irreparable loss incessant weep ;  
 Connubial, filial, friendly sorrows flow,  
 And starting anguish breaks "beloved sleep."

Nature thus bids, nor reason disapproves,  
 Religion's self not blames the grief they feel ;  
 For "Jesus wept ;"—yet whom religion loves,  
 Their wounds, with balm divine, she joys to heal.

"Ye mourners, weep no more !" the charmer cries,  
 "'Tis Death's the pow'r of blessing to enlarge ;  
 "The sweet regards of life ascend the skies ;  
 "The parent angel still attends his charge."

'Tis your's, whom yet kind heav'n permits to live,  
 The steps of social excellence to trace ;  
 His virtues, made your own, ere long shall give  
 Re-union in those realms, where grief can have no  
 place.

THE

## WORTHIES OF HAVERHILL:

BY MR. JOHN WEBB.

ONCE more my Muse shall Haverhill hail ; tho'  
 here  
 No star e'er rose to gild proud learning's sphere ;  
 No bard, like Shakespeare, who possess'd the art  
 To touch each spring that agitates the heart ;  
 To make the frame with joy's warm fervours glow,  
 Or drown the spirits in a flood of woe !  
 No Bacon, who, with philosophic eye,  
 Could into nature's latent secrets pry ;  
 Who up thy mount, fair knowledge ! boldly soar'd,  
 And every scientific mine explor'd !  
 Yet let not science view this spot with scorn,  
 For here the learn'd, th' accomplish'd Ward \* was  
 born !

\* Samuel Ward was a native of Haverhill, and the eldest son of the Rev. John Ward, a Minister of the gospel in that town. He was born in 1577, and educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, of which society he became a Fellow ; and in 1604, was advanced to the dignity of Town Preacher of Ipswich. He was, says Fuller, an excellent artist, linguist, divine, and preacher, had a sanctified fancy, dexterous in designing expressive pictures representing much matter in a little model ; and possessed the singular art of attracting peoples affections, as if he had learned from the load-stone, (into whose *magnific* virtue he was an inquisitive searcher) to draw iron hearts. But excellent as he was, he found some foes as well as friends, who, complaining of him to the High Commission Court, brought him into considerable trouble. He was at length silenced by an order from the Star-Chamber.

He had two brothers, who were Ministers of the gospel, and zealous labourers in the vineyard ; and one of them, who lived in

A zealous minister ; a pious man ;  
 An humble, persecuted puritan ;  
 Who the mild fascinating art possess'd  
 To soften and subdue the harden'd breast.

the time of the Rebellion, delivered, in a jesting way, many *smart* and bitter truths concerning its leaders. He died in 163 , and was buried in the Chancel of the Church of St. Mary at Tower, Ipswich; where, on a flat stone, is the following inscription to his memory :

WATCH WARD : ·  
 LITTLE LITTLE  
 WHILE FOR HE THAT SHALL  
 COME WILL COME : ·

Over the vestry door of that Church is a painted board, on which are inscribed the names of the Town Preachers, amongst which appears:

“ Mr. Ward : Jaco : 3 : Nov. 4 :

The high estimation in which his pulpit talents, and his ability as a preacher, were regarded by the Town of Ipswich, is sufficiently evidenced from the salary that was allowed him, viz. 100*l* per annum, and a house to reside in, free of all taxes &c. and kept in repair by the corporation. This allowance was continued, after his decease, to his widow and eldest son, Mr. John Ward, for their joint lives.

In a dedication to the Right Worshipful the Bayliffs and Portmen with the Residue of the Incorporation of the Town of Ipswich, prefixed to “ The Life and Practice of Faith : delivered in the Public Lectures at Ipswich, by the late eminent and faithful servant of his Lord, Mr. Matthew Lawrence, Preacher to the said Town. London, Printed by A. Maxey for William Weckly Bookseller at Ipswich, 1657.” 4to. is the following character of Mr. Ward “ And now two of your eminent Lights (Mr. Ward “ and Mr. Lawrence) have shone before you, especially in this “ one Tract ; and have left behinde them a clear and large Path- “ way for you, of living by faith. O that you may be found as “ eminently to follow ! their combined Light begetting in you the “ stronger heat. Surely God expects of you an exact hand in “ this work, whom he hath graced with so fair Copies Others “ in other places have travelled likewise in this Theme, but we “ dare say, none more compactly and lively than the former, nor “ copiously and distinctly than the latter of yours ; of which the “ one may have seemed to have given the text, the other the “ commentary ; so as the furniture of both makes you complete in “ this kinde.”



Though vain philosophy such worth despise,  
Yet he, who "winneth souls," is truly wise!—

His works were printed during his life-time under the following title; viz.

"A Collection of Such Sermons and Treatises as have been written and published by Mr. Samuel Ward, Preacher of Ipswich, are here gathered into one Volume London, 1627," sm. 4to. The titles of them are "Christ is All in All." "The Life of Faith." "The Life of Faith in Death; exemplified in the living speeches of dying Christians." "A Cole from the Altar to kindle the holy fire of Zeal In a Sermon preached at a General Visitation at Ipswich." "Balme from Gilead to recover Conscience. In a Sermon preached at Paul's Crosse, Oct. 20, 1616." "Jethro's Justice of Peace. A Sermon preached at a General Assises held at Bury St. Edmund's, for the County of Suffolke." "A Peace-Offering to God for the blessings we enjoy under his Majesties reigne, with a Thanksgiving for the Princes safe returne on Sunday the 5, of October 1623. In a Sermon preached at Manintree in Essex, on Thursday the 9. of October, next after his Highnesse happy arrivall." "Woe to Drunkards." "The Happinesse of Practice dedicated to the Worshipfull, the Bailifes, Burgers, and Commonaltie of the Towne of Ipswich."

They are written in the quaint and puritanical stile of that period, and are dedicated "To the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, Jesus Christ." This Volume contains two curious emblematical Frontispieces, one of which, prefixed to the "Woe to Drunkards," is engraved in "Malcolm's Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London," Vol. 1. p. 231. as illustrative of the dress of that period: and some extracts are given from the Sermon, which detail many horrid and disgusting instances of drunkenness in Ipswich, and the adjacent villages, affording a melancholy picture of the licentious spirit of the times.

Mr. Raw of Ipswich is in possession of an original Portrait of this Divine: It is a three quarters length, and well executed. He is represented with an open book in his right hand, ruff, peaked heard, and mustachios. On one side is a coast beacon lighted, with this inscription,

WATCHE WARD  
Ætatis suæ. 43. 1620.

With rigour scourg'd by persecution's rod,  
 Here fervent Scanderett † preach'd the word of God :  
 By laws severe though from his pulpit driv'n,  
 Undaunted still he serv'd the cause of heav'n ;  
 Endur'd the rage of man with mind serene,  
 And, fill'd with better hopes, he left this earthly  
 scene !

† Stephen Scanderett M. A. of both Universities, and a Conduct of Trin : Coll : Cam. In 1662, he was silenced both at Cambridge, and at Haverhill. Soon after he was put into the ecclesiastical court on the charge of having preached for Mr. Eyres, the Minister of Haverhill, after being silenced, and contrary to the act. Whereupon he was summoned before Dr. King and Sir Gervase Elwes, who excommunicated him, and Mr. Eyres read the excommunication publicly in the church. Some time after, he was to preach a Lecture at Walsham le Willows. In the midst of the sermon, Sir Edmund Bacon, Sir Gervase Elwes, Sir Algernon May, and two other justices, came into the church, and asked him what authority he had to preach ? They then forced him to come down, and sent him to Bury Goal. After lying there some time, he was bound over in a recognizance of 20*l* to appear at the next assizes. He attended, but did not answer when he was called. In going home, he met Sir Edmund on the road, who attempted to take him prisoner, but he rode away. Sir Edmund's servant pursued and stopped him. When Sir Edmund came up, he first lashed him with his whip, and then snatching his cane from him, laid it severely on his head and body, and sent him prisoner to Ipswich, rather than to Bury, that as he said, " he might break " the covey." From thence Mr. S. sent for and obtained a Habeas Corpus for trial at the Common Pleas, where, upon declaring how he had been used, he was discharged. He died Dec. 8, 1706 in the 75th year of his age.

Mr. Bury, at the end of his " Funeral Sermon occasioned by the " death of the late Rev. Samuel Cradock, B. D. &c." 12mo. 1707, gives the following character of Mr. Scanderett: " He was a man " of primitive piety, and good works: a holy, humble, zealous, " and laborious servant of Christ. It was his honor, in a declining " age, when others disputed away truths and duties, to stand up " in a vigorous defence of both. He preached not himself, but " Christ Jesus the Lord, and himself a servant for Jesus' sake. He " never declined his work at home or abroad, but with an unwea- " ried diligence continued in it so long as he lived. He had as " little regard to this world as it deserved, being *much above the " ceremony and guise of it*, and ordinarily addressed himself to all " as a citizen of heaven, in a language, proper to his own country. " His life was a life of holiness, faith, service, and communion ; " and as a reward thereof, he had ordinarily the peace of God " in his soul, that passeth all understanding. His pains and infir- " mities, his watchings and wearinesses, his persecutions and im- " prisonments, his bonds and his stripes for Jesus' sake, are all " over." He published " An Antidote against Quakerism" ; and " Doctrine and Instructions ; or a Catechism touching many weigh- " ty points in Divinity, 1674." He had likewise two Disputations with George Whitehead, and other Quakers.

Here, too, liv'd Cobb \*, in Mary's blood-stain'd  
days,

Whose pious worth transcends my feeble praise ;  
Who the fierce threats of popish priests withstood,  
Avow'd the truth, and seal'd it with his blood :  
Th' unconquer'd spirit smil'd at death's grim frown,  
Soar'd to the skies, and gain'd a martyr's crown !

Last, not but least, upon this roll of fame,  
Gladly my Muse inscribes a Fairclough's † name ;  
Of all thy worthies, Haverhill ! who could feel,  
For sacred truth, more animated zeal ?  
Assiduous in his gracious master's cause,  
He preach'd till silenc'd by coercive laws :  
Zealous, where duty led, his course to steer ;  
Left all to serve his God, and keep his conscience  
clear !

\* Thomas Cobb was by trade a butcher, and resided at Haverhill. Being a rigid Protestant, he was apprehended by his neighbours for heresy, and examined by the Rev. Michael Dunning, chancellor of Norwich, who put to him the common ensnaring question, whether he believed that Christ was really and substantially in the Sacrament ? To which Cobb gravely answered, the body of Christ, born of the Virgin Mary, was in heaven, and otherwise he did not or could not believe, because he read, in the scripture, that Christ did thither ascend, and cannot find that he ever descended, and so cannot be bodily in the Sacrament. The chancellor again asked him, whether he would obey the laws of the realm of England, made for the unity of the faith ? He answered, that his body should be at the King's and Queen's commandment, so far as the law of God would allow, but his faith should be ruled by the word of God, the only centre of christian unity ; for there is but one faith. These answers were deemed heretical, and he was condemned to the stake, Aug. 12th, 1555, and in Sept. following suffered martyrdom at Thetford.

† Samuel Fairclough was born April 29th 1594, at Haverhill, where his father was an able minister, and was the youngest of four sons. He was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, and was there supposed to be puritanically inclined. At an early age, he was private tutor to Mr. Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, and was chosen to act the part of Surda, in the comedy of Ignoramus, which he obstinately refused, though strongly solicited, and even laughed at for his refusal by the Vice-Chancellor. He declared that he thought it unlawful for a man to wear women's clothes, though in a comedy. Upon this declaration, his pupil frankly offered to act his tutor's part, and that of Vince, which was allotted to himself. He had early impressions of religion

## Suffolk's Tears :

OR

AN ELEGY ON THAT RENOWNED KNIGHT,

SIR NATHANIEL BARNARDISTON.

*The Barnardistons were settled at Kedington, ever since the year 1500. They resided at the Hall, a fine old mansion in that parish, and produced many persons*

under Mr. John Ward, Lecturer of Haverhill, who had a hearty love for him, and preached about occasionally at the chief towns in Essex and Suffolk, with great acceptance and success. He was successively Lecturer at Lynn, and Clare, and afterwards Rector of Barnardiston, and Kedington, to which benefices he was presented by his great friend and patron, Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston. At Kedington, he continued nearly thirty-five years preaching four times a week, twice on the Lord's-day, a thursday lecture, and on the saturday evening, in preparation for the sabbath. His thursday lectures (for which a license was purchased at a great rate) were *Conciones ad Clerum*, all the ministers for many miles round constantly attending them, and often ten or twenty scholars and fellows of colleges from Cambridge. His other sermons were *ad populum*; to plain country people, who flocked from all parts to hear him. He was nominated one of the Assembly of Divines, but was excused from attending, and he absolutely refused to take the engagement. He was offered the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, but declined it from a love of retirement, which induced him to avoid all public trusts. In 1662, he was ejected for non-conformity, and was succeeded in the Rectory of Kedington by Mr. afterwards Archbishop Tillotson. Although he and his family lost above a 1000<sup>l</sup> per ann. by his non-conformity, he was always cheerful. He had the comfort of residing for some time in the same house with two of his sons, and two of his sons-in-law, at Finchingfield. After some time, he removed to the habitations of his daughters at Haveningham and Stowmarket, successively, and spent the remainder of his life in solitude and sacred exercises, patiently waiting for his change, which he at last cheerfully welcomed, when he was 84 years of age, on the 14th of Dec. 1677.

Fairclough was one of the most finished scholars, and celebrated preachers among the moderate puritans of his time. His discourses were well-digested, and carefully committed to writing, before they were publicly delivered. He had then his notes constantly before him: but such was the strength of his memory, that he was scarcely ever seen to turn his eyes from the audience. He was a man of a public spirit, who scorned to prefer his own private concerns to the general good of the church and state. He had entirely devoted himself to the service of the public, and as long as he had strength he cheerfully improved every talent to the honor of that God, who had intrusted him with it.

of distinguished eminence. During the civil commotions, in the reign of Charles the 1st, this family is remarkable for having given rise to the appellation of "Roundhead." The London apprentices, says Rapin, wore the hair of the head cut round; and the Queen, observing out of a window Samuel Barnardiston among them, cried out "See what a handsome Roundhead is there." Hence originated this name, which was first publicly used by Capt. Hyde.

Sir Thomas Barnardiston, Knt. was created a Baronet on the 7th of April, 1663; and Sir Samuel Barnardiston, Knt. on the 11th of May following.

Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston, the subject of the following "Acrosticke Elegie," and who died July 25, 1653, appears to have been a man of exemplary piety and virtue, and a firm friend to the liberties of his country. He was twice elected a Burgess of Sudbury. A very high character is given of him in a Sermon by Mr. Fairclough, under the following title, viz. "The Saints Worthinesse and the world's worthlesnesse, both opened and declared in a Sermon preached at the Funerall of that eminently religious and highly honoured Knight Sr. Nathaniel Barnardiston. Aug. 26, 1653. By Samuel Fairclough, Pastor of the congregation at Ketton. London, 1653." 4to. His death called forth a multitude of elegiac verses, which were published together in a volume, bearing the following title, which is in itself an eulogy of no mean description:

Suffolk's Tears: or Elegies on that Renowned Knight Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston. A Gentleman eminent for Piety to God, love to the Church, and fidelity to his Country; and therefore Highly honoured by them all. He was five times chosen Knight of the Shire, for the County of Suffolk, and once Burgess for Sudbury. In the discharge of which Trust, he always approved Himself Faithful; as by his great sufferings for the Freedoms and Liberties of his Countrey, abundantly appear. A Zealous Promoter of the Preaching of the Gospel, manifested by his great care, in presenting Men, Able, Learned, and Pious, to the places whereof he had the Patronage; and also by his large and extraordinary bounty towards the advancing of Religion and Learning, both at home, and in Forreign Plantations among the Heathen.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat Mori.

London, printed by R. I. for Thos. Newberry at the Three Lions in Cornhil, near the Royal Exchange. 1653.

*To this curious and very rare volume is prefixed an engraved Frontispiece by Goddard, representing the arms and crest of Barnardiston, and a tree of genealogy, with banners, trophies, &c. at the back are the following lines :*

### THE MOURNERS' BLAZONRY.

Hark how the *doleful Bittern* sadly moans,  
And tunes her *withered Reed*, to dying groans.

The *Streaming spots of Ermine*, seem to weep  
That *Innocence* itself (their *Type*) doth sleep.

The *Crosses*, once dyed *Gules*, with Saviours blood,  
Are *pale* with grief, as if they understood

The *Gospel's* loss in his: The *Azure Field*  
(*Heav'n's Hieroglyphick*) shews, *Faith* was his shield.

SA. FAIRCLOUGH.

Fell. of Caius College.

*After the title is a poetical Address, inscribed "To the Worshipful and highly Honoured Lady, the Lady Jane Barnardiston. An Offertory," to which is attached the name of Samuel Fairclough, Jun. The Elegies, which follow, are in English and Latin; and as many of the names, which occur, are little known as poets, a list of them may not be unacceptable. They appear in order thus :*

William Spring, Barronet—Christopher Burrell, Rec. Wratten Mag.—Ro. Cooke—Gulielm. Stephenson—Richard Fairclough, Rector of Mells in Sommersetshire—Nathaniell Fairclough, Rector of Stalbridge in Dorsetshire—Sa. Faireclough, Fel. of Gon. and Caius Coll.—Samuel Reyner, Thirloe Mag.—Tho. Marriot, M. A.—Edmund Vnderwood—John Soame, Gent.—Ralph Garnons, M. A.—Abrah. Garnons, M. A.—Nath. Owen, Anno Ætat. 12.—Joh. Clopton, Gent :—Joh. Owen, Rec. Wrat. Par.—Ra. Astel—Clemens Ray—Josephus Skinner, M. A.—J. C.—(the six last are English and Latin) Johan. Allot—Pet. St. Hill—Jo. French, Art. Mag.—Nath Eyres—Rob. Hobart—and Sylvanus Morgan. The six last are in Latin.

The funeral Offerings, contained in this volume, whilst they shew the estimation in which their deceased object was holden, will be considered as curious specimens of the elegiac poetry of that period.

The volume is printed in a Quarto of 70 pages; and in the "Bib. Anglo-Poet. 1815," published by Longman and Co. is marked at the enormous price of twelve guineas!!!

The Rev. T. Mills, of Suffolk, is in possession of a MS. Account of the Barnardiston family, drawn up by the Rev. Mark Noble, and illustrated with many beautiful and exquisite drawings of Portraits, Monuments, &c. from the pencil of Mrs. Mills.

#### AN ACROSTIC ELEGY:

By Sir William Spring, Bart. of Pakenham.

S HALL *such* Friends dye, and my Muse *idle* bee?  
 I s't possible? can *such* stupidity  
 R emaine in *me*, and I not *dead* with thee?  
 N ature don't give, but *lend* its *life* to men,  
 A nd at its *pleasure* cal's it *back* agen.  
 T he *image* grav'd on man, Gods right doth shew,  
 H is image 'tis; let *Cæsar* have his *due*.  
 A nd in this *Microcosme* we plainly see  
 N o less than part of Gods *Divinity*,  
 I n *smaller letters*; for the Soul's a *sparke*  
 E ven of his *kindling*, and (though in the dark  
 L odg'd in the *grave*, the body seems to be)  
 L et's *hope*, and we shall find *re-unity*.

B *ody* and *Soul* shall joyn by heaven's great power,  
 A *s once* they were, before the parting hour :  
 R ally the *Atomes* shal, and then each part  
 N ot loosing *ought*, by *God's* Almighty Art  
 A ttaine shal to its *just* and *proper* due,  
 R eturning to its *corps* its former *hue* ;  
 D escend then shal the *Soul*, and with a kiss  
 I ts *antient friend* awake to perfect *bliss* :  
 S o these *new married couple* joyfully  
 T o heaven *ascend*, and *match eternity*.  
 O heavenly *Musick!* endlessse *harmony!*  
 N one can *desire* to live, that's fit to die.

---

So slept our former Patriots (when they  
 Had serv'd their country) in a bed of clay ;  
 Flesh may incinerate ; when Man doth dye,  
 The body in the grave may sleeping lye ;  
 But there's a spark remaines, which shal return,  
 And re-inform those ashes in their urn,  
 Which when the last days morning shal draw nigh,  
 Shal raise its flame by heav'nly Chymistry :  
 So *springs* the Phœnix, from which Rise  
 She's even cal'd the Bird of Paradise.

*Si quis ; qui bonus, & pius est ? inquit ; Iesus  
 Respondet, verus Nomine Nathaniel.*

Inquire whose good ? Christ wil thee tel,  
 It is a true *Nathaniel*.



## AN OFFERTORY :

*By the Rev. Samuel Fairclough, M. A.*

THrice Noble Lady, spare that melting bead,  
 Our sorrows want no jewel from your head ;  
 Still let those silver drops, that lightly lye  
*Like little delug'd worlds* within your eye ;  
 Fixed abide *in their own brightest sphear,*  
*His fame* wants not those pendants for her ear ;  
*Those falling stars rob heaven,* we need not thence  
 Borrow our griefs, or *taxe you with expence :*  
*Behold* how every Mourner brings his sheet  
*To wipe your eyes, and weep himself ;* 'tis meet  
 That this so public loss by th' Countries charge  
 Should mourned be: *Spare, Madam,* then: this large  
 And thicker Volume that is here annex,  
*Is but our Comment on that public text :*  
 Come *Argus, Hieraclitus,* lend your eyes  
 To pay on's tomb a liquid sacrifice ;  
 Lo all the grass that round about him lye,  
*Hangs full of tears shed from Dame Nature's eye,*  
 See how sad *Philomele* (that yonder sits,  
 And to the dancing twig her music fits)  
*Now mourns for him ;* the silver brook runs on,  
 Grumbling to leave *those loved banks,* whereon  
 A *Mansion* once he had ; that's now set round  
 With *Cypress trees,* and with their branches crown'd ;  
 So dark, it seems *Night's mantle* for to borrow,  
 And may be call'd, *the gloomy den of sorrow.*  
 Ere since he di'd ; the *Heavens* their griefs to tell,  
*Daily in tears to earth's wet bosom fell ;*  
 Not in an April storm, or those in June,  
 Whose trembling Cadents *makes it rain in tune :*

But like a grave *Decembers* day, or those  
 Who mourn in *Cicero's* stile, and weep in prose.  
*Madam* you see all Natures wat'ry store  
*Attends this sable day*, weep you no more ;  
*Angels*, that on *your eyes* with bottles wait  
 To catch your *falling tears*, do now retreat  
 With vessels full ; anon again they'l stoop,  
 And lightly hover round the *mourning troop*,  
 Whilst I in silence do his *Shrine* adore ;  
*If worship doth offend*, I then implore,  
 And crave a favour, *Madam*, 'tis this one,  
*Adde to his memory no pictur'd stone* ;  
 Lest whilst within the Church my vows I pay,  
*I to the image of this saint should pray.*



## Lines on the Death

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM HUMPHRYES:

BY MR. JOHN WEBB.

*The Rev. William Humphryes was educated at a school at Brompton, and entered himself as a student at the academy at Homerton, in 1778. On leaving this academy, he was invited to preach to a small and decayed congregation at Haverhill, where he was ordained December 10, 1783. Here he was the devoted and exemplary pastor of an increasing country congregation. His pulpit labours were highly esteemed ; and his*

attention to the families and individuals of his flock was unremitting. But in 1791 he was compelled, through ill-health, to resign his charge, and return to London. In the spring of 1792, his health being considerably improved, he accepted the office of pastor of a congregation at Hammersmith, which he retained with the greatest credit to himself, and advantage to his flock till July 10th, 1808, when, by the rupture of a blood-vessel, he was compelled for ever to resign his ministry. As soon as he was a little recovered, he was recommended to take a journey for change of air, and accordingly he repaired to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Gurteen, at Canterbury. Here he spent nearly five weeks; but during the last fortnight his health very rapidly declined. Finding that he was daily getting worse, he expressed a desire to return home; and quitted Canterbury September the 27th. On reaching Hammersmith, he was almost exhausted, and on the following morning he breathed his last, in the 46th year of his age. As a friend, he was most affectionate. His judgment was sound, his affections warm, and his counsel wise and disinterested. In the higher character of a christian, he was eminently pious, a most holy and consistent professor of the Gospel, a scribe well instructed in the kingdom of heaven, and actively persevering in that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. He was interred in the Dissenters' burial ground, Bunhill Fields, October 6th, 1808, when an excellent address was delivered at the grave by his friend the Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, which was printed, together with the funeral discourse preached on the following Sunday at Hammersmith, by the Rev. R. Winter, to a very crowded and much-affected audience, under the following title, "Sermon occasioned by the death of the Rev. William Humphryes, preached at Hammersmith, October 9, 1808, by Robert Winter, and the Address delivered at his Interment, in Bunhill-Fields burial ground, October 6, 1808, by William Jay," 8vo.

THERE liv'd, pale son of want ! these scenes among,  
 A man, whose worth transcends the praise of song ;  
 Whose ever open hand, and feeling heart,  
 To all alike would generous aid impart.  
 When active virtue quits this lower scene,  
 And, heavenward, passes through yon blue serene ;  
 Earth mourns the loss, while heaven, with loud  
 acclaim,  
 Hails the blest transfer, and inscribes the name  
 On its bright roll, and bids the cherub throng  
 Lift with bold swell the gratulating song.

Ye muses, blush, not one of all your choir,  
 When Humphryes died, attun'd the plaintive lyre,  
 Though ne'er a fairer spirit soar'd above  
 To give new raptures to the realms of love.  
 From those blest heights, where happy spirits breathe  
 Ambrosial air, and scorn the goodliest wreath  
 That human hands can weave—O smile benign,  
 Thou blest immortal ! e'en on verse like mine,  
 Which strives with puny effort to supply  
 The meed of fame :—thy mem'ry ne'er can die ;  
 Thy name shall live, when yon bright worlds of fire  
 Fall from their orbs on nature's funeral pyre !

Could soft benevolence, whose lambent ray  
 Shed mild effulgence o'er thy useful day ;  
 Could every grace that dignifies a mind  
 Form'd to instruct, delight, and bless mankind ;  
 To lure the wand'rer to a course more fair,  
 And snatch the deathless soul from black despair :—

Could these have lengthen'd life's protracted date,  
 Or charm'd the ruthless minister of fate ;  
 Thou still hadst lived the drooping heart to cheer,  
 To wipe from misery's eye the bitter tear ;  
 O'er life's drear path to spread a brightening charm,  
 And pour in wounded minds fam'd Gilead's balm !

Blest sainted shade ! the muse delights to dwell  
 On all thy deeds of love, and sighs "farewell !"



## Verses

ON JAMES CHAMBERS,

THE SUFFOLK ITINERANT POET:

BY MR. JOHN WEBB.

*James Chambers, the "itinerant poet," was born at Soham, in Cambridgeshire, and for many years has travelled this county, selling books, and occasionally some of his own printed compositions. Sometimes he descends so low as to be a vender of matches. He can read well, and has read much; and has acquired amongst the country-people no inconsiderable degree of ccelebrity by composing acrostics, during the night, as he lies in a barn, hay-loft, pig-stye, or shed. The following are two specimens of his muse, in this style of composition:*

## ACROSTIC ON THE AUTHOR'S NAME.

Joyless, kind Sirs, I've known my long life thro',  
 A baleful scene of suff'rings, care and woe.  
 My folly me expos'd to grief, and shame,  
 Enduring hardships, bearing all the blame :  
 Since, in old age, I've not my sins forsook,  
 Can I to God for pardoning mercy look ?  
 How dare I lift my guilty eyes to heaven,  
 And now presume to say "my sin's forgiven?"  
 My heart's defil'd, my soul is stain'd with sin,  
 But Christ can wash the filthy dungeon clean ;  
 Erase my crimes, and true contentment give,  
 Renew my heart, that I may grace receive ;—  
 So may I ever in his name believe.

*A curious triple acrostic, the initials of which form the words, James Chambers, Itinerent Poet, despised by Man.*

|                                |                              |           |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------|
| J oy sometimes visits one      | I n sordid                   | D ress,   |
| A nd he does cordial           | T hanks to heaven            | E xpress. |
| M ost cruel foes               | I nfest to filch his         | S tore,   |
| E late with pride they         | N ew contempt will           | P our ;   |
| S arcastic speech vain tongues | E mit                        | I ndeed ; |
| C omfort, and peace of mind    | R etire with                 | S peed.   |
| H ere I, who powers            | E xert in verse t'           | E xcell,  |
| A m oft advis'd                | N ear Cambridge town to      | D well ;  |
| M ay worthy Gentry             | T here a mansion             | B uild    |
| B y limpid streams, 'twill     | P eace, and solace           | Y ield ;  |
| E rected on the verge          | O f Soham bright             | M ere,    |
| R esiding there,               | E ach prospect will          | A ppear   |
| S till brighter, if            | T rue christian friends live | N ear.    |

*For these performances he sometimes receives a crown, half-crown, or sixpence ; and frequently, in lieu of money, a meal. He is a person of mild, unassuming, and inoffensive manners, and possesses a mind strongly tinged with a sense of religion. His general appearance is wretched in the extreme. For many years he has wandered about different villages, subsisting entirely on the charity of the inhabitants, and such passengers as are moved to pity by his forlorn and miserable appearance. He constantly ranges about in all weathers, from morning to night, and seems insensible of the worst. In*

*this wretched manner does he subsist, always sleeping in the fields, an out-house, or under some hedge, wherever night happens to overtake him. He is always attended by a large company of dogs, who share his scanty pittance, and who watch over his repose. The following "Fragment" was written by him one morning in a cart-shed, on finding his limbs covered with the snow, which had blown through the crevices.*

What a striking scene's displayed!  
 Winter with his freezing train!  
 Verduous fields in white arrayed!  
 Snow-drop whiteness decks the plain.  
 Sure thought I, when wak'd i' th' morning,  
 I'm with trials quite replete:  
 E'er Aurora's light is dawning,  
 Snow hills rising chill my feet.  
 Snow flakes round my eyes are flying,  
 Sprinkling o'er my homely bed;  
 Soon I'll rise, 'tis dangerous lying—  
 No close curtains screen *my* head.  
 Straw's my couch, no sheets, nor bedding,  
 Ponderous snow dissolving lies;—  
 When I wake, no carpet treading,  
 Fleecy snow its place supplies.  
 No grand tap'stry decorating  
 These drear walls, now moist with snow;  
 Nought my mind exhilarating,  
 Doom'd alas! to pungent woe!  
 Snow, which boreal blasts are whirling,  
 Rapid thro' the ambient air;  
 Gain'st my sordid vestment hurling,  
 Dims my eyes, and chills my hair.  
 This vile raiment hangs in tatters;  
 No warm garment to defend;  
 O'er my flesh the chill snow scatters—  
 No *snug* hut, no *social friend*!  
 Though by cold severe I perish,  
 No warm viands friends impart!  
 No rich cordial wine to cherish,  
 Or revive my languid heart.  
 In heav'n no gelid thrillings enter,  
 There's a rich exhaustless store!  
 There, aspiring to their centre,  
 Saints, the great Supreme adore!

Light supernal all pervading,  
 They to bright perfection come ;  
 Vital coronets unfading  
 Flourish in eternal bloom !  
 Winter, summer, still returning,  
 Ordered are by Sovereign Power ;  
 Griefs' sad sighs, and tears of mourning  
 Cease—and bring the joyful hour.

*Utterly averse to every degree of restraint and confinement, the thought of a poor-house, that place, where*

—“ In one house, throughout their lives to be,  
 “ The pauper-palace which they hate to see :  
 “ That giant-building, that high bounding wall,  
 “ Those bare worn walks, that lofty thund'ring hall !  
 “ That large loud clock, which tolls each dreaded hour,  
 “ Those gates and locks, and all those signs of power :  
 “ It is a prison, with a milder name,  
 “ Which few inhabit without dread or shame.”

*is almost death to him ; and the horror of being confined to such a revolting abode, which continually haunts his mind, he thus pathetically describes :*

The poor Poetaster bewails his hard fate,  
 Sad losses and crosses deprest him of late.  
 His money is spent, many friends are turn'd foes,  
 He's walk'd till he's weary, and worn out his clothes ;  
 His stockings are torn, as he walks in the dirt,  
 And some months he has been without any shirt ;  
 His shoes take in wet, and his neck catches cold,  
 And many despise him because he's so old.  
 As to pay for a bed he now is not able,  
 He sleeps on some straw, in a very cold stable.  
 Friends lend him a cloth to preserve him from harm,  
 In sharp freezing winter he scarcely lies warm.  
 His sufferings are grievous in these trying times,  
 Though noted for making and speaking of rhymes :  
 And though some friends in Suffolk still kindly behave,  
 Yet so poor he now grows, he this country must leave.  
 If providence does not some more kind friends raise,  
 He in a dread workhouse must finish his days,  
 Deprived of fresh air he must there commence spinner,  
 If he spins not his stint, he must then have no dinner,  
 Or perhaps at the whipping post then will be flogg'd,  
 And lest he escape too his leg must be clogg'd.  
 While tyrants oppress, he must still be their slave,  
 And cruelly used though well he behave.



'Midst swearing and brawling his days he must spend,  
 In sorrow and anguish his life he must end.  
 For many a year he has verses compos'd,  
 In hope to find comfort ere life should be clos'd ;  
 But sadly requited for all labours past  
 He'll be, if in prison he breathes out his last.  
 But sure wealthy friends, when they see he is old,  
 And view his bare limbs, thus expos'd to the cold,  
 Replete with philanthropy soon will be kind,  
 Impart some relief to compose his sad mind,  
 To procure him a dwelling place, and a good fire,  
 And all needful blessings this life can desire :  
 He then would not envy the rich, nor the great,  
 But here be prepar'd for a more blissful state.

*In 1810 Mr. John Cordy, of Worlingworth, very kindly and humanely interested himself in behalf of the poor itinerant Poetaster, and published a statement of his case in the Ipswich Journal, which induced the late Duchess of Chandos, the Countess of Dysart, Lord Henniker, &c. to send donations to him for the use of this solitary wanderer. A plan was accordingly formed to make him stationary; but an attempt might as well have been made to hedge in the cuckoo! A cottage was hired at Worlingworth and furnished, and his "Poems" were to have been printed for his benefit. But alas! a scene of humble comfort seemed neither grateful to his mind, nor auspicious to his muse; for after residing there a month or two, he set off on one of his peregrinations, and returned no more. Custom doubtless had wrought such a habit in his nature, that he really would have preferred the solitude of a sordid shed to the splendid enjoyment of a palace, and a bed of straw to a couch of down.*

*When the following lines were written he was then a wanderer about Haverhill: but about the year 1790, he suddenly quitted that place, and never afterwards returned. He is now frequently at Framlingham, in a miserable shed at the back of the town, and daily walks to Earl Soham, or some of the neighbouring villages. He is, most probably, the LAST of the Suffolk Minstrels:*

“ The Last of all the Bards was He——  
 “ For, well-a-day! their date was fled,  
 “ His tuneful brethren all were dead ;  
 “ And he, neglected and oppress'd,  
 “ Wished to be with them, and at rest.”

*He is now in the 70th year of his age, and has been in the constant habit of wandering about the country, in this singular and abject condition, from the age of 16.*

NEAR yonder bridge, that strides the rippling brook,  
 A hut once stood, in small sequester'd nook,  
 Where Chambers lodg'd : though not of gipsy race,  
 Yet, like that tribe, he often chang'd his place.  
 A lonely wand'rer he, whose squalid form  
 Bore the rude peltings of the wintry storm :  
 An hapless outcast, on whose natal day  
 No star propitious beam'd a kindly ray ;  
 By some malignant influence doom'd to roam  
 The world's wide, dreary waste, and know no home.  
 Yet heaven, to cheer him as he pass'd along,  
 Infus'd in life's sour cup the sweets of song.  
 Upon his couch of straw, or bed of hay,  
 This poetaster tun'd th' *acrostic lay* ;  
 On him an humble muse her favours shed,  
 And nightly musings earn'd his daily bread.  
 Meek, unassuming, modest shade ! forgive  
 This frail attempt to make thy mem'ry live ;  
 To me more grateful thus thy deeds to tell,  
 Than the proud task to sing how heroes fell.  
 Minstrel, adieu ! to me thy fate's unknown ;  
 Since last I saw thee many a year has flown :  
 Full oft has summer pour'd her fervid beams,  
 And winter's icy breath congeal'd the streams.  
 Perhaps, lorn wretch ! unfriended and alone,  
 In hovel vile thou gav'st thy final groan ;

Clos'd the blear eye, ordain'd no more to weep,  
And sunk, unheeded sunk, in death's long sleep !  
O how unlike the bard of higher sphere,  
Whose happier numbers charm the polish'd ear ;  
Whose muse in academic bowers reclines,  
And, cheer'd by affluence, pours her classic lines ;  
Whose sapient brow, though angry critics frown,  
Boasts the green chaplet, and the laurel crown !





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Part the Fourth.

MANNERS,

HABITS, AND CUSTOMS.

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*“ His LEGENDARY SONG could tell  
“ Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;  
“ Of feuds, whose memory was not ;  
“ Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;  
“ Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;  
“ Of MANNERS, long since chang'd and gone ;  
“ Of chiefs, who under their grey stone  
“ So long had slept, that fickle Fame  
“ Had blotted from her rolls their name.”*

*THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, Canto 4.*



THE

## Suffolk Workey,

A PROVINCIAL BALLAD :

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

“ In Suffolk,” says Sir John Cullum in his entertaining History of Hawsted, “ the harvest lasts about five weeks ; during which the harvestman earns about £3. The agreement between the farmers and their hired harvestmen is made on Whitson Monday. Harvest gloves of 7d. a pair are still presented. During harvest, if any strangers happen to come into the field, they are strongly solicited to make a present to the labourers, and those who refuse are reckoned churlish and covetous. This present is called a Largess ; and the benefactor is celebrated on the spot, by the whole troop, who first cry out, Holla ! Largess ! Holla ! Largess ! They then set up two

“ violent screams, which are succeeded by a loud vociferation, continued as long as their breath will serve, and dying gradually away. Wheat harvest is finished by a little repast given by the farmer to his men. And the completion of the whole is crowned by a banquet, called the Horkey, to which the wives and children are also invited. The largess money furnishes another day of festivity, at the alehouse, when they experience to perfection the happiness of,

*Corda oblita laborum.*

“ At all their merry-makings their benefactors are commemorated by, *Holla! Largess!* The last load of corn is carried home, as it were in triumph, adorned with a green bough.”

“ In the descriptive Ballad which follows,” says Bloomfield in his Advertisement to the “ Horkey,” “ it will be evident that I have endeavoured to preserve the style of a gossip, and to transmit the memorial of a custom, the extent or antiquity of which I am not acquainted with, and pretend not to enquire into.

“ In Suffolk husbandry the man who, (whether by merit or by sufferance I know not) goes foremost through the harvest with the scythe or the sickle, is honoured with the title of ‘ Lord,’ and at the Horkey, or harvest-home feast, collects what he can, for himself and brethren, from the farmers and visitors, to make a ‘ frolic’ afterwards called ‘ the largess spending.’ By way of returning thanks, though perhaps formerly of much more, or of different signification, they immediately leave the seat of festivity; and with a very long and repeated shout of a ‘ largess’ (the number of shouts being regulated by the sums given) seem to wish to make themselves heard by the people of the surrounding farms. And before they rejoin the company within, the pranks and the jollity I have endeavoured to describe, usually take place. These customs, I believe, are going fast out of use; which is one great reason for my trying to tell the rising race of mankind that such were the customs when I was a boy.”



WHAT gossips prattled in the sun,  
 Who talk'd him fairly down,  
 Up, memory ! tell ; 'tis Suffolk fun,  
 And lingo of their own.  
 Ah ! *Judie Twichet* ! though thou'rt dead,  
 With thee the tale begins ;  
 For still seems thrumming in my head  
 The rattling of thy pins.  
 Thou queen of knitters ! for a ball  
 Of worsted was thy pride ;  
 With dangling stockings great and small,  
 And world of clack beside !  
 " We did so laugh ; the moon shone bright ;  
 " More fun you never knew ;  
 " 'Twas farmer Cheerum's *Horkey night*,  
 " And I, and Grace, and Sue—  
 " But bring a stool sit round about,  
 " And boys, be quiet, pray ;  
 " And let me tell my story out ;  
 " 'Twas *sitch* a merry day !  
 " The butcher whistled at the door,  
 " And brought a load of meat ;  
 " Boys rubb'd their hands, and cried ; there's more,  
 " Dogs wagg'd their tails to see't.  
 " On went the boilers till the *hake*\*  
 " Had much ado to bear 'em ;  
 " The magpie talk'd for talking sake,  
 " Birds sung ;—but who could hear 'em ?  
 " Creak went the jack ; the cats were *scar'd*  
 " We had not time to heed 'em,  
 " The *owd hins* cackled in the yard,  
 " For we forgot to feed 'em !

\* A sliding pot-hook.

- “ Yet ’twas not I, as I may say,  
 “ Because as how, d’ye see,  
 “ I only help’d there for the day ;  
 “ They cou’dn’t lay’t to me.  
 “ Now Mrs. Cheerum’s best lace cap  
 “ Was mounted on her head ;  
 “ Guests at the door began to rap,  
 “ And now the cloth was spread.  
 “ Then clatter went the earthen plates—  
 “ ‘ Mind, Judie,’ was the cry ;  
 “ I could have *cop’t* \* them at their pates ;  
 “ ‘ Trenchers for me,’ said I,  
 “ That look so clean upon the ledge,  
 “ All proof against a fall ;  
 “ They never turn a sharp knife’s edge,  
 “ But fashion rules us all.  
 “ Home came the jovial *Horkey load*,  
 “ Last of the whole year’s crop ;  
 “ And Grace amongst the green boughs rode  
 “ Right plump upon the top.  
 “ This way and that the waggon reel’d,  
 “ And never queen rode higher ;  
 “ *Her* cheeks were colour’d in the fields  
 “ And ours before the fire.  
 “ The laughing harvest-folks, and John,  
 “ Came in and look’d askew ;  
 “ ’Twas my red face that set them on,  
 “ And then they leer’d at Sue.  
 “ And Farmer Cheerum went, good man,  
 “ And broach’d the *Horkey beer* ;  
 “ And *sitch a mort* † of folks began  
 “ To eat up our good cheer.

\* Thrown.

† Such a number

- “ Says he, ‘ thank God for what’s before us ;  
 “ That thus we meet agen ;’  
 “ The mingling voices, like a chorus,  
 “ Join’d cheerfully, ‘ Amen.’—  
 “ Welcome and plenty, there they found ’em,  
 “ The ribs of beef grew light ;  
 “ And puddings—till the boys got round ’em,  
 “ And then they vanish’d quite.  
 “ Now all the guests, with farmer Crouder,  
 “ Began to prate of corn ;  
 “ And we found out they talk’d the louder,  
 “ The oftner pass’d the horn.  
 “ Out came the nuts ; we set a cracking ;  
 “ The ale came round our way ;  
 “ *By gom*, we women fell a clacking  
 “ As loud again as they.  
 “ John sung ‘ Old Benbow’ loud and strong,  
 “ And I, ‘ The Constant Swain,’  
 “ ‘ Cheer up, my Lads,’ was Simon’s song  
 “ ‘ We’ll conquer them again.’  
 “ Now twelve o’clock was drawing nigh,  
 “ And all in merry cue ;  
 “ I knock’d the cask, ‘ O, ho !’ said I,  
 “ ‘ We’ve almost conquer’d you.’  
 “ *My Lord* \* begg’d round, and held his hat,  
 “ Says farmer Gruff, says he,  
 “ ‘ There’s many a Lord, Sam, I know that,  
 “ ‘ Has begg’d as well as thee.’  
 “ Bump in his hat the shillings tumbled  
 “ All round among the folks ;  
 “ ‘ Laugh if you wool,’ said Sam, and mumbled,  
 “ ‘ You pay for all your jokes.’

\* The leader of the reapers.

- “ Joint stock you know among the men,  
 “ To drink at their own charges ;  
 “ So up they got full drive, and then  
 “ Went out to *halloo largess*.  
 “ And sure enough the noise they made !!—  
 —“ But let me mind my tale ;  
 “ We follow’d them, we worn’t afraid,  
 “ We’ad all been drinking ale.  
 “ As they stood hallowing back to back,  
 “ We, lightly as a feather,  
 “ Went sideling round, and in a crack  
 “ Had pinn’d their coats together.  
 “ ’Twas near upon’t as light as noon ;  
 “ ‘ *A largess,*’ on the hill,  
 “ They shouted to the full round moon,  
 “ I think I hear ’em still !  
 “ But when they found the trick, my stars †  
 “ They well knew who to blame,  
 “ Our giggles turn’d to loud ha, ha’s,  
 “ And *arter* us they came.  
 “ The hindmost was the dairy-maid,  
 “ And Sam came blundering by ;  
 “ She could not shun him, so they said :  
 “ I *know* she did not try.  
 “ And off set John, with all his might,  
 “ To chace me down the yard,  
 “ Till I was nearly *gran’d* † outright ;  
 “ He hugg’d so woundy hard.  
 “ Still they kept up the race and laugh,  
 “ And round the house we flew ;  
 “ But hark ye ! the best fun by half  
 “ Was Simon *arter* Sue.

† Strangled.

- “ She car’d not, dark nor light, not she,  
 “ So, near the dairy door  
 “ She pass’d a clean white hog, you see,  
 “ They’d *kilt* the day before.  
 “ High on the *spirket* † there it hung,—  
 “ ‘ Now, Susie—what can save ye?’  
 “ Round the cold pig his arms he flung,  
 “ And cried, ‘ Ah! here I have ye!’  
 “ The farmers heard what Simon said,  
 “ And what a noise! good lack!  
 “ Some almost laugh’d themselves *to dead*,  
 “ And others clapt his back.  
 “ We all at once began to tell  
 “ What fun we had abroad;  
 “ But Simon stood our jeers right well;  
 —“ He fell asleep and snor’d.  
 “ Then in his button-hole upright,  
 “ Did Farmer Crouder put  
 “ A slip of paper, twisted tight,  
 “ And held the candle *to’t*.  
 “ It smok’d, and smok’d, beneath his nose,  
 “ The harmless blaze crept higher;  
 “ Till with a vengeance up he rose,  
 “ Fire, Judie, Sue! fire, fire!  
 “ The clock struck one—some talk’d of parting,  
 “ Some said it was a sin,  
 “ And *hitch’d* their chairs;—but those for starting  
 “ Now let the moonlight in.  
 “ *Owd* women, loitering *for the nonce* ‡,  
 “ Stood praising the fine weather;  
 “ The menfolks took the hint at once  
 “ To kiss them altogether.

† An iron hook. ‡ For the purpose.

- “ And out ran every soul beside,  
 “ A *shanny-pated* † crew ;  
 “ *Owd* folks could neither run nor hide,  
 “ So some *ketch'd* one, some *tew*.  
 “ They *skriggl'd* ‡ and began to scold,  
 “ But laughing got the master ;  
 “ Some *quack'ling* § cried, ‘ let go your hold ;’  
 “ The farmers held the faster.  
 “ All innocent, that I'll be sworn,  
 “ There worn't a bit of sorrow,  
 “ And women, if their gowns *are* torn,  
 “ Can mend them on the morrow.  
 “ Our shadows helter-skelter danc'd  
 “ About the moonlight ground ;  
 “ The wondering sheep, as on we pranc'd,  
 “ Got up and gaz'd around.  
 “ And well they might—till Farmer Cheerum,  
 “ Now with a hearty glee,  
 “ Bade all good morn as he came near 'em,  
 “ And then to bed went he.  
 “ Then off we stroll'd this way and that,  
 “ With merry voices ringing ;  
 “ And Echo answered us right pat,  
 “ As home we rambl'd singing.  
 “ For, when we laugh'd, it laugh'd again,  
 “ And to our own doors follow'd !  
 “ ‘ Yo, ho !’ we cried ; ‘ Yo, ho !’ so plain,  
 “ The misty meadow halloo'd.  
 “ That's all my tale, and all the fun,  
 “ Come, turn your wheels about ;  
 “ My worsted, see !—that's nicely done,  
 “ Just held my story out ! !”

† Giddy, thoughtless

‡ To struggle quick.

§ Choaking.

Poor Judie!—Thus Time knits or spins  
 The worsted from Life's ball!  
 Death stopt thy tales, and snapt thy pins,  
 —And so he'll serve us all.

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 A DESCRIPTION OF

HUSBANDRY FURNITURE:

BY THOMAS TUSSER.

A modern reader would suspect that many of the salutary maxims of this old Poem had decorated the margins, and illustrated the calendars of an ancient almanac. It is valuable, therefore, as a genuine picture of the agriculture, the rural arts, and the domestic æconomy and customs of our industrious ancestors in this county.

In this account of husbandry implements, Tusser takes up no less than eighty lines, and these lines consist of mere names tacked together, with scarcely an epithet that is not necessary. He likewise recommends the farmer to provide himself with a double set of the most necessary implements, to prevent any suspension of his work by accident.

BARN-LOCKED, gofe-ladder, short pitchfork, and long,*

Flail, straw fork, and rake, with a fan that is strong;†

* A *Gofe* is a *mow*; and the *Gofe ladder* is for the thresher to ascend and descend in order to throw down the sheaves with the assistance of the *short Pitch fork*, while the *long* was for pitching the straw.

† The *Straw fork* and *Rake* were to turn the straw from off the threshed corn; and the *Fan* and *Wing* to clean it.

Wing, cartnave‡ and bushel, peck, strike ready hand,
 Get casting shouel,§ broom, and a sack with a band.
 A stable well planked, with key and with lock,
 Walls strongly well lined, to bear off a knock ;
 A rack and a manger, good litter and hay,
 Sweet chaff, and some provcnder, every day.
 A pitch-fork, a dung-fork, sieve, skip,|| and a bin,
 A broom, and a pail, to put water therein ;
 A hand-barrow, wheel-barrow, shovel, and spade,
 A curry-comb, manc-comb, and whip for a jade.
 A buttrice,* and pincers, a hammer and nail,
 And apron, and scissars for head and for tail,
 Whole bridle and saddle, whitleather, and nall,†
 With collars and harness, for thiller and all.
 A pannell and wanty,‡ pack-saddle, and ped,
 A line to fetch litter, and halters for head ;
 With crotchets and pins, to hang trinkets thereon,
 And stable fast chained, that nothing be gone.
 Strong axle-treed cart, that is clouted and shod,
 Cart-ladder and wimble, with perser and pod ;||
 Wheel ladder for harvest, light pitch-forks, and
 tough,
 Shave,§ whip-lash well knotted, and cart-rope
 enough.

‡ A *Cartnave* might be required to stand on in this operation.

§ A *Casting Shovel*, such as malt-men use, enables the farmer to select the best and heaviest grain for seed, as they always fly farthest, if thrown with equal force.

|| A small basket, or wooden vessel with a handle, to fetch corn in, and for other purposes.

* A *Buttrice* is to pare horses hoofs with.

† *Whitleather* is to mend harness with ; and a *Nall* is an awl, such as collar-makers use.

‡ A leather tie.

|| A box, or old leather bottle, nailed to the side of the cart, to hold grease.

§ An instrument with two handles, for working down wood to its proper size and form.

Ten sacks, whereof every one holdeth a coom,
 A pulling-hook* handsome, for bushes and broom ;
 Light tumbrel and dung-crone,† for easing Sir wag,
 Shouel, pickax, and mattock, with bottle and bag.
 A grindstone, a whetstone, a hatchet and bill,
 With hammer, and English nail, sorted with skill ;
 A frower of iron,‡ for cleaving of lath,
 With roll for a saw-pit, good husbandry hath.
 A short saw, and long saw, to cut a-two logs,
 An axe, and an adze, to make trough for thy hogs ;
 A Dover Court beetle,|| and wedges with steel,
 Strong lever to raise up the block from the wheel.
 Two ploughs and a plough-chain, two culters, three
 shares,
 With ground clouts and side clouts for soil that sow
 tares ;
 With ox-bows and ox-yokes, and other things mo,
 For ox-team and horse-team in plough for to go.
 A plough-beetle, plough-staff, to further the plough,
 Great clod to asunder that breaketh so rough ;
 A sled for a plough, and another for blocks,
 For chimney in winter, to burn up their docks.
 Sedge-collars for plough-house, for lightness of neck,
 Good seed and good sower, and also seed peck ;
 Strong oxen and horses, well shod, and well clad,
 Well meated and used, for making thee sad.
 A barley-rake, toothed with iron and steel,
 Like pair of harrows, and roller doth well ;

* A barbed iron for drawing firing from the wood stack.

† A bent dung hook.

‡ A tool used for cleaving of lath.

|| At Dover Court, near Harwich, grows a strong, knotted, and crooked sort of Elm, famous for wearing like iron. Naves, made of this, are much sought after by wheelwrights and others, as being very durable, and not subject to split.

A sling for a mother, a bow for a boy,
 A whip for a carter, is hoigh de la roy.§
 A brush-scythe,* and grass-scythe, with rifle to stand,
 A cradle for barley, with rubstone and sand ;
 Sharp sickle and weeding-hook, hay-fork and rake,
 A meak† for the pease, and to swinge up the brake.
 Short rakes for to gather up barley to bind,
 And greater to rake up such leavings behind ;
 A rake for to hale up the fitches that lie,
 A pike‡ for to pike them up, handsome and dry.
 A skuttle|| or skreen to rid soil from the corn,
 And shearing-sheers ready, for sheep to be shorn ;
 A fork and a hook to be tamp'ring in clay,
 A lath-hammer, trowell, a hod or a tray.
 Strong yoke for a hog, with a twicher§ and rings,
 With tar in a tar-pot, for dangerous things ;
 A sheep-mark, a tar-kettle, little or mitch,
 Two pottles of tar to a pottle of pitch.
 Long ladder to hang, all along by the wall,
 To reach for a need to the top of thy hall ;
 Beam, scales, with the weights, that be sealed and
 true,
 Sharp mole-spear with barbs, that the moles do so
 rue.
 Sharp-cutting spade, for the dividing of mow,
 With skuppat and skavell,* that marsh-men allow :

§ A cant term for "just as it should be."

* An old scythe with a particular kind of sned to cut up weeds.
 A *Rifle* is a bent stick, standing on the but of a scythe, by which
 the corn is struck into rows.

† A hook at the end of a handle, about five feet long, to hackle
 up peas.

‡ A pitch fork.

|| A large kind of skep.

§ A *Twicher* is used for clenching hog-rings.

* A *Skuppat* or scoop is used, in marsh lands, to throw out the
 thin mud from the ditches ; and a *Skavel* somewhat resembles a
 peat-spade.

A sickle to cut with, a didall† and crome,
 For draining of ditches, that noyes thee at home.
 A clavestock, and rabbetstock, carpenters crave,
 And seasoned timber, for pinwood to have ;
 A jack for to saw upon, fuel for fire,
 For sparing of fire-wood and sticks from the mire.
 Soles,‡ fetters, and shackles, with horse-lock and pad,
 A cow-house for winter, so meet to be had,
 A sty for a boar, and a hogscote for hog,
 A roost for thy hens, and a couch for thy dog.

CAROL FOR ST. EDMUND'S DAY.

“Synge we nowe alle a su *Ave rex gentis Anglorum.*”

The circumstances relating to St. Edmund, says the Historian of Bury, which took place on the retreat of the Danes, and which have formed a favorite theme for the monkish writers, and a favorite subject for their painters and sculptors, are given with miraculous embellishments, and with various degrees of amplification, by most of the monastic poets and historians.

To offer the utmost indignity to the martyred King, the Pagans cast his severed head and body into the thickest part of the woods at Eglesdene. When the departure of the Danes removed the terror which their presence had inspired, the East Anglians, prompted by affection for their late Sovereign, assembled, in considerable numbers, to pay his corpse the last duties of

† A triangular spade.

‡ Soles mean coarse leather soling for shoes, which formerly husbandmen and their servants applied, as wanted.

attachment. After a sorrowful search, the body was discovered, conveyed to the neighbouring village, Hoxne, and there interred; but the head could not be found. These zealous and dutiful subjects, therefore, divided themselves into small parties, and searched every part of the wood. Terrified by its thickness and obscurity, some of them cried out to their companions, "where are you?" A voice answered, "here, here, here!" They hastened to the place whence the sound proceeded, and found the long-sought head in a thicket of thorns, guarded by a wolf, "an unkouth thyng and strange ageyn nature." The people almost overpowered with joy, with all possible veneration, took the holy head, which its guardian quickly surrendered to them, and carried it to the body. The friendly wolf joined in the procession; and after seeing "the precious treasure," that he had with so much care protected, deposited with the body, returned into the woods with doleful mourning. The head was some time after observed to have united with the body; and the mark of separation appeared round the neck like a "purpil thrad." His martyrdom is thus described by Langtoft:

Elfride had a kosyn, that kyng was of scheld,
 Northfolk and Southfolk of Elfride he held.
 That was Saynt Edmunde the croune that tyme bare,
 A duke of Danmark, his name was Inguare.
 Ubbe, an erle of Huneis, with that Inguar kam,
 Uppon Saynt Edmunde Northfolk he nam
 Edmunde sent his messengers of pes than besouht,
 Inguar sent bode ageyn that pes will be nouht.
 Bot if he gald him the lond than he suld haf pes,
 That wild not Saynt Edmunde, the bataile he ches.
 He attired him to bataile with folk that he had,
 But this cursed Danes so grete oste ay lad,
 That Edmunde was taken and slayn at the last,
 Full far fro the body lay was the hede kast.
 The body son they fonde, the hede was in doute,
 Up and downe in the selde thei souht it aboute.
 To haf knowing thereof, alle thei were in were,
 Till the hede himself said, Here, here, here!
 Ther thei fonde the hede is now a faire chapelle,
 Oxen hate the toun ther the body felle.
 Ther where he was schotte another chapelle standes,
 And somewhat of that tree thei bond untill his handes,

The tone is fro the tother moten a grete myle,
 So far bare a woulfe the hede and kept it a grete while,
 Unto the hede said "Here," als I befor said,
 Fro the woulfe thei it toke, unto the body it laid,
 Men sais ther he ligges the flesch samen gede,
 But the token of the wonde als a rede threde,
 Now lies he in schryne in gold that is rede,
 Seven yere was he kyng that tyme that he was dede.

The obsequies of the martyred King were dignified by no august solemnities; and his body, "buried in the "earth," lay neglected "in the obscure chapel" at Hozne for 33 years, when the sacred remains were removed to Bedericksworth, since called St. Edmund's Bury, where a church of timber was erected over the place of his interment, which remained till King Canutus, in 1020, built a most magnificent church and abbey in honour of the holy martyr,

St. Edmund was considered by succeeding Kings as their special patron, and as an accomplished model of all royal virtues. The feast of St. Edmund, November the 20th, was ranked amongst the holydays of precept in this kingdom by the national council of Oxford, in 1222, and was observed at Bury with the most splendid and joyous solemnities. We find that, upon this festival, 150 tapers of 1lb weight or more illuminated the abbey church, its altars, and its windows. The "revel on "St. Edmund's night" was of a character somewhat more noisy, turbulent, and unhallowed; a loose being then given to every species of jollity and amusement.

The following curious Relique is given from a small 4to. MS. in the Sloane Library in the British Museum (No. 2593) consisting of a considerable number of poetical pieces, "some pious, some the contrary," in a hand which appears to be nearly, if not quite, as old as the reign of Henry the Vth.

A new song I wil begyn,
 Of King Edmund that was so fre,
 How he deyed withoute syne,
 And bowndyn his Body was to a tre.

With arwys scharpe they gunne hym prykke,
 For no rewthe* wold they lete,†
 As dropys of reyn comyn thikke,
 And evry arwe with others gan mete.

And his Hed also thei of smette,
 Among the breres thei it kest,
 A Wolf it kept without in lette,
 A blynd man fond it at the last.

Prey we to that worthy Kyng
 That sufferid ded this same day,
 He saf us bothe eld and ying,
 And scheld us from the fends fray.



A DESCRIPTION OF

CHRISTMAS HUSBANDLY FARE:

BY THOMAS TUSSER.

Tusser, if we may use the expression, gives us line upon line, and precept upon precept, in order to enforce the practice of hospitality. Mirth and good cheer seems to have been his motto.

The "Christmas Husbandly Fare" is interesting as a genuine picture of the mode of living in this county, in the 16th century. The different viands enumerated are still known by the names which they bear in the text, if we except "shred pies," which appear to be Mince Pies, as they are now called.

* Pity, compassion.

† Forbear, cease.

AT Christmas, good husbands,* have corn on the
 ground,
 In barn and in sollar, worth many a pound :
 With plenty of other things, cattle and sheep,
 All sent them (no doubt on) good houses to keep.
 At Christmas, the hardness of winter doth rage,
 A griper of all things, and specially age :
 Then lightly† poor people, the young with the old,
 Be sorest oppressed with hunger and cold.
 At Christmas, by labour is little to get,
 That wanting,—the poorest in danger are set ;
 What season then better, of all the whole year,
 Thy needy, poor neighbour to comfort and cheer.
 At this time and that time, some make a great matter ;
 Some help not, but hinder the poor with their clatter,
 Take custom from feasting, what cometh then last?
 Where one hath a dinner, a hundred shall fast.
 To dog in the manger, some liken I could,
 That hay will eat none, nor let other that would.
 Some scarce, in a year, give a dinner or two,
 Nor well can abide any other to do.
 Play thou the good fellow ! seek none to misdeem ;
 Disdain not the honest, though merry they seem ;
 For oftentimes seen, no more very a knave,
 Than he that doth counterfeit most to be grave.
 Good husband and huswife, now chiefly be glad,
 Things handsome to have, as they ought to be had.
 They both do provide, against Christmas do come,
 To welcome good neighbour, good cheer to have
 some.

* A contraction for good husbandmen.

† An old form of expression. The author means, that poor people of course are sorely oppressed :

“ Short summer *lightly* has a forward spring.” *Shakespeare*.

Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the hall,
Brawn, pudding, and souse, and good mustard
withall.

Beef, mutton, and pork, shred pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose, and capon, and turkey well drest,
Cheese, apples, and nuts, joly carols to hear,
As then in the country, is counted good cheer.
What cost to good husband is any of this?
Good household provision only it is :
Of other the like, I do leave out a many,
That costeth the husbandman never a penny.
At Christmas be merry, and thankful withall,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the
small ;
Yea all the year long, to the poor let us give,
God's blessing to follow us, whiles we do live.



THE SPELL OF ST. EDMUND'S BURY.

“ O gloryous Martir which of devout humblenesse
“ For Chrystis sake was bounden to a tre.”

*Wynkyn de Worde put forth the first Edition of the
HORE, in this country, relating to the Cathedral Ser-
vice at Salisbury, under the following title : “ Hore
“ beate Marie Virginis ad vsvm insignis ecclesie Sarum.
“ Londinii per Winandum de Worde. 1502.” 4to.
membran. A copy of this impression, now in the
Gough Library at Oxford, and described in Vol. 2.*

p. 107. of Dibdin's *Typographical Antiquities*, and in Vol. 1. pp. 11, 12. of the 2nd day of his *Decameron*, contained upon the margins thereof certain written rhymes, in an ancient hand, of a strange and mysterious nature: to wit, "the Little Credo," "the White Paternoster," and the following curious

Spell.

PETERS Brother where lvest all night?
 There as Chryst y yod.
 What hast in thy honde? heauen keyes.
 What hast in thy tother?
 Broade booke leaues.
 Open heauen gates,
 Shutt hell yeates.
 Euerie childe creepe christ ouer
 White Benedictus be in this howse
 Euerye night.
 Within & without. This howse rounde about
 St. Peter att the one doore
 St. Paule att the other
 St. Michael in the middle
 Fyer in the flatt
 Chancell-op shatt
 Euerie naugers bore
 An Angell before.

Amen.

Dick Delver,

THE PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER:

▲

SUFFOLK BALLAD FROM REAL LIFE.

BY THE REV. JOHN BLACK.

Though divines of contentment may preach,
 And the learn'd of philosophy prate,
 How few wisdom's temple can reach,
 How few are content with their state!
 A philosopher lately I've seen,
 In his lowly condition content;
 Unrack'd with the gout or the spleen,
 In a jacket oft patch'd, and yet rent.
 Thus, the green pliant willow that bends
 To the blasts o'er the valley that sweep,
 While the proud mountain oak that contends
 Is rent from the side of the steep.
 No time had Dick Delver to play,
 In youth he no play-things did lack;
 Lonely watch'd he the *grunters* all day,
 As they *rooted* the *stubble* for *shack*.
 Dick Delver, poor fellow, fell lame,
 A keen frosty night nipt his toes;
 To the fire he unthinkingly came,
 And lost them, while sunk in a doze.
 A poor-house Dick Delver receiv'd,
 For what could the poor fellow do?
 Not long for his toes Dicky griev'd,
 But began a young widow to woo.

For idleness, wise men remark,
 Is the parent of mischief and love :
 The widow grew pleas'd with her spark,
 And consented his helpmate to prove.
 Her husband had *fall'n* 'mongst the slain,
 And left her *whole months* to bemoan ;
 Untouch'd could a fond heart remain,
 When Dick for the loss could atone ?
 They wedded :—their time gaily pass'd,
 No taxes, or debts spoil'd their rest ;
 Each sun rose as bright as the last,
 But what mortal can always be blest ?
 Dick Delver no widow had wed,
 Her husband, tho' down, was not slain ;
 Like a hero he valiantly bled,
 And return'd his own deary to claim.
 Dick Delver the charmer resign'd,
 Whom no longer he dar'd to retain,
 And journey'd, like folks more refin'd,
 To search for a doxy again.
 To London Dick Delver now hied,
 Laid siege to a shoe-blackening dame :
 The lady of blackening complied,
 And united they quickly became.
 Of relations the lady could boast,
 And doubtless of no mean degree,
 Who liv'd where the rocks of the coast
 Are wash'd by the spray of the sea.
 From ocean the lady had sprung,
 As Venus they say did of old ;
 And Neptune had giv'n her a tongue,
 Like Juno, the goddess, to scold.

Dick Delver and spousy left town
 A visit of friendship to pay ;
 But scarcely a week had been down,
 When they were not permitted to stay.
 Then plac'd in an overseer's cart,
 To his settlement off they were sent ;
 Mistress Delver was loth to depart,
 But Dicky was always content.
 To the *sandlands** of Suffolk, with speed,
 The pair in the cart were convey'd,
 Where *heath-nibbling black faces* feed,
 And burrows by rabbits are made.
 No rabbits or sheep could delight
 The soul of Dick Delver's dear spouse,
 Who'd rather have seen porters fight,
 Than crones on the prickly whin browse.
 Around her she gaz'd with surprize,
 When churches like stables she saw,
 Where no lofty steeple† arise
 The travellers attention to draw.
 "What a dull dreary country, she said ;
 "These *sandlands* I cannot abide :"
 Then off in a tangent she sped,
 And Dick heard no more of his bride.

* The *sandland* part of this county is that tract of land, which reaches from the river Orwell, by the sea-coast, to Yarmouth ; and is nearly separated from the *woodlands* by the great road leading from Ipswich, through Saxmundham and Beccles, to Yarmouth. It, therefore, contains the Hundred of Colneis, and parts of the Hundreds of Carlford, Loes, Wilford, Plomesgate, Blything, Mutford, and Lothingland. But the title of *sandland* is given, more peculiarly, to the whole extent of country south of the line of Woodbridge and Orford, where a large extent of poor and even blowing sand is to be found.

† The churches of Eyke and Sutton are both without steeples.

Dick Delver got married once more,
 Rear'd a cot by the side of the road ;
 Of dickies and donkies keeps four,
 And industry decks his abode.
 For sand and for whin-roots he digs,
 And sells them as fast as he can ;
 Grows potatoes, keeps chickens and pigs ;
 Is not Dick now become a great man ?
 Where a *bridge** the fair *Deben* bestrides,
 And his fountains first mingle with brine,
 There Dick, in his hall, now resides,
 With a cart-lodge and donkey-shed fine.
 Four trees, on the north, screen his cot,
 A *church*,† in the back ground, you spy,
 And gypsies, encamp'd near the spot,
 Oft hang out their tatters to dry.
 The sedge blossoms yellow below,
 Blue hyacinths cover the hills ;
 While the nightingale's love or his woe
 The valley, with melody, fills.
 If all like Dick Delver would toil ;
 Were all like Dick Delver content ;
 Each brow would be bright with a smile,
 And none to a prison be sent.

~~~~~

## CORN HARVEST :

BY THOMAS TUSSER.

“ *In a life of husbandry,*” says Sir John Cullum in  
 his interesting and well-written *History of Harvsted*,  
 “ *the harvest is ever an affair of the greatest conse-*  
 “ *quence. I have therefore,*” says he, “ *given a year's*

\* Wilford bridge, near Melton.

† Ufford church.

“ transactions of that season, as they occurred in 1388,  
 “ that we may form some idea how that important bu-  
 “ siness was formerly conducted. The expences of a  
 “ ploughman, head-reaper, baker, cook, brewer, deye,  
 “ 244½ reapers, hired for one day, 30 bedrepes, \* the  
 “ men fed according to custom, with bread and herrings,  
 “ 3 quarters, 3 bushels of wheat from the stock; 5  
 “ quarters, 3 bushels of malt from the stock; meat  
 “ bought, at 10s. 10d.; 5 shccp from the stock; fish  
 “ and herrings bought, 5s.; herrings bought for the  
 “ customary tenants, 7d; cheese, milk, and butter,  
 “ bought, 9s. 6d.; salt 3d.; candles 5d.; pepper 3d.;  
 “ spoons, dishes and faucets, 5d. What a scene of  
 “ bustling industry was this! for, exclusive of the  
 “ baker, cook, and brewer, who, we may presume,  
 “ were fully engaged in their own offices, here were  
 “ 553 persons employed, when the number of acres of  
 “ all sorts of corn did not much exceed 200. From  
 “ this prodigious number of hands, the whole business,  
 “ except some smaller parcels put out by the job, must  
 “ have been soon finished. There were probably two  
 “ principal days; for two large parties were hired,  
 “ every year, for one day each. And these days were,  
 “ perhaps, at some distance from each other, as all the  
 “ different sorts of corn were scarcely ripe at the same  
 “ time. These ancient harvest days must have exhi-  
 “ bited one of the most cheerful spectacles in the world.  
 “ One can hardly imagine a more animated scene than  
 “ that of between two and three hundred harvest peo-  
 “ ple all busily employed at once, and enlivened with  
 “ the expectation of a festivity, which, perhaps, they expe-  
 “ rienced but at this one season of the year. All the inha-  
 “ bitants of the village, of both sexes, and of all ages,  
 “ that could work, must have been assembled on the  
 “ occasion; a muster that in the present state of things  
 “ would be impossible. The success of thus compres-  
 “ sing so much business into so short a time must have  
 “ depended on the weather. But dispatch seems to  
 “ have been the plan of agriculture at this time. These

\* Bedrepes were days of work performed in harvest time by the  
 customary tenants, at the bidding or requisition of their lords.

“ throngs of harvest people were superintended by a  
 “ person who was called the head-reaper, who was  
 “ annually elected and presented to the lord by the in-  
 “ habitants ; and it should seem, that he was always  
 “ one of the customary tenants. The year he was in  
 “ office, he was exempt from all or half of his usual  
 “ rents and services, according to his tenure ; was to  
 “ have his victuals and drink at the lord’s table, if the  
 “ lord kept house ; if he did not, he was to have a live-  
 “ ry of corn, as other domestics had ; and his horse  
 “ was to be kept in the manor stable. He was next in  
 “ dignity to the steward and bailiff.”

Harrison, who published his description of Britain in 1577, says, “ that in ordinary years, each aere of  
 “ wheat, one with another, throughout the kingdom, if  
 “ well tilled and dressed, would yeild 20 bushels ; of  
 “ barley 36 ; and of oats and such like 5 quarters.”

The following lines are descriptive of the bustling scene of “ Harvest” in this county ; the former in the 16th, the latter in the 18th century.

MAKE süer of reapers, get harvest in hand,  
 The corn that is ripe doth but shed as it stand ;  
 Be thankful to God, for his benefits sent,  
 And willing to save it, with earnest intent.  
 To let out thy harvest, by great, or by day,  
 Let this by experience lead thee the way :  
 By great will deceive thee, with ling’ring it out,  
 By day will dispatch, and put all out of doubt.  
 Grant harvest lord\* more, by a penny or two,  
 To call on his fellows the better to do :  
 Give gloves to thy reapers, a largess to cry,  
 And daily to loiterers have a good eye.

\* The lord of harvest was generally some stayed, sober-working man, who understood all sorts of harvest work. If he was of able body, he commonly led the swarth in reaping and mowing. It was customary to give gloves to the reapers, especially where the wheat was thistly.

Reap well, scatter not, gather clean that is shorn,  
 Bind fast, shock apace, have an eye to thy corn ;  
 Load safe, carry home, follow time being fair,  
 Gove just in the barn, † it is out of despair.  
 Tithe duly and truly, with hearty good will,  
 That God and his blessing may dwell with thee  
 still ;

Though parson neglecteth his duty for this,  
 Thank thou thy Lord God, and give ev'ry man his.  
 Corn tithed, Sir Parson, together go get,  
 And cause it on shocks to be by and by set ;  
 Not leaving it scattering abroad on the ground,  
 Nor long in the field, but away with it round.  
 If weather be fair, and tidy thy grain,  
 Make speedily carriage, for fear of a rain ;  
 For tempest and showers deceiveth a many,  
 And lingering lubbers lose many a penny.  
 In goving at harvest, learn skilfully how  
 Each grain for to lay by itself on a mow :  
 Seed-barley, the purest, gove out of the way,  
 All other nigh hand, gove as just as ye may.  
 Corn carried, let such as be poor go and glean,  
 And after thy cattle, to mouth it up clean ;  
 Then spare it for rowen till Michel be past,  
 To lengthen thy dairy, no better thou hast.  
 In harvest-time, harvest-folks, servants and all,  
 Should make, all together, good cheer in the hall ;  
 And fill out the black bowl of blythe to their song,  
 And let them be merry all harvest-time long.  
 Once ended thy harvest, let none be beguil'd,  
 Please such as did help thee—man, woman, and  
 child ;

† To gove is to make a mow.



Thus doing, with alway, such help as they can,  
 Thou winnest the praise of the labouring man.  
 Now look up to God-ward, let tongue never cease,  
 In thanking of him for his mighty increase :  
 Accept my good will—for a proof go and try ;  
 The better thou thriveest, the gladder am I.

*Corn Harvest equally divided into ten parts.*

1. One part cast forth, for rent due out of hand.
2. One other part, for seed to sow thy land.
3. Another part, leave parson for his tithe.
4. Another part, for harvest sickle and scythe.
5. One part, for plough-wright, cart-wright, knacker and smith.
6. One part, to uphold thy teams that draw therewith.
7. One part, for servant, and workman's wages lay.
8. One part, likewise, for fill-belly, day by day.
9. One part thy wife, for needfull things doth crave.
10. Thyself and child, the last one part would have.

Who minds to quote  
 Upon this note,  
 May easily find enough ;  
 What charge and pain,  
 To little gain,  
 Doth follow toiling plough.

Yet farmer may  
 Thank God and say,  
 For yearly such good hap ;  
 Well fare the plough,  
 That sends enow,  
 To stop so many a gap.

*The Harvest, by Robert Bloomfield.*

Here, midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,  
*Nature* herself invites the *reapers* forth ;  
 Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,  
 And gives that ardour, which in every breast  
 From infancy to age alike appears,  
 When the first sheaf its plummy top uprears.  
 No rake takes here what heaven to all bestows—  
 Children of want, for you the bounty flows !  
 And every cottage from the plenteous store  
 Receives a burden nightly at its door.

Hark ! where the sweeping scythe now rips along :  
 Each sturdy mower emulous and strong ;  
 Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,  
 Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries ;  
 Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,  
 But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.  
 Come, *Health* ! come, *Jollity* ! light-footed come ;  
 Here hold your revels, and make this your home.  
 Each heart awaits and hails you as its own ;  
 Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a frown :  
 Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd ;  
 E'en the domestic laughing dairy maid  
 Hies to the *field*, the general toil to share.  
 Meanwhile the *farmer* quits his elbow-chair,  
 His cool brick-floor, his pitcher, and his ease,  
 And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees  
 His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,  
 The ready group attendant on his word,  
 To turn the swarth, the quiv'ring load to rear,  
 Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.  
 Summer's light garb itself now cumb'rous grown,  
 Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down ;

Where oft the mastiff sculks with half-shut eye,  
 And rouses at the stranger passing by ;  
 Whilst unrestrain'd the social converse flows,  
 And every breast love's powerful impulse knows,  
 And rival wits with more than rustic grace  
 Confess the presence of a pretty face.

Now noon gone by, and four declining hours,  
 The weary limbs relax their boasted pow'rs ;  
 Thirst rages strong, the fainting spirits fail,  
 And ask the sov'reign cordial, home-brewed ale :  
 Beneath some shelt'ring heap of yellow corn  
 Rests the hoop'd keg, and friendly cooling horn,  
 That mocks alike the goblet's brittle frame,  
 Its costlier potions; and its nobler name.  
 To *Mary* first the brimming draught is given,  
 By toil made welcome as the dews of heaven,  
 And never lip that press'd its homely edge  
 Had kinder blessings or a heartier pledge.



THE

## Lamentation of Stephen Spink,

THE

BRANDESTON POST-BOY :

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CLUBBE, LL. B.

*The Rev. William Clubbe was the second son of the Rev. John Clubbe, B. A. Rector of Whatfield, and Vicar of Debenham. He was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, and admitted to the*

degree of LL. B. in 1769. In the same year he was presented to the Rectory of Flowton, and to the Vicarage of Brandeston. He died at Framlingham, where he had resided for some years previous to his death, October 16th, 1814, and was buried in the church-yard of Brandeston, where, on a coffin-shaped stone, is the following inscription to his memory :

The Rev<sup>d</sup>. WILL<sup>m</sup> CLUBBE  
 Forty-five Years  
 Vicar of this Parish  
 Died Oct<sup>r</sup>. y<sup>e</sup> 16<sup>th</sup>. 1814  
 Aged 69.

*He was a person of considerable attainments, and, like his father, possessed of a rich fund of natural humour. In his Vicarial garden at Brandeston, he had collected together many fragments from the ancient church of Letheringham, its brasses, and monuments, and of these a Pyramid was erected by him with the following inscriptions :*

“ Fuimus.  
 Indignant Reader !  
 These Monumental Remains  
 are not  
 (as Thou mayest suppose)  
 The Ruins of Time  
 but  
 were destroyed in an irruption of the Goths,  
 so late in the Christian Æra  
 as the year 1789.  
 Credite Posterii !!! ”

---

“ Undique collectis membris—  
 Abi Lector !  
 Et si nomen perenne cures,  
 Quæras aliunde :  
 Marmorì famam credere  
 Quam fallax Vanumque sit  
 Hinc collige.”

---

"Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
The hero perish, or the sparrow fall."

---

" M. S.  
Antiquiss<sup>mæ</sup> Famil<sup>æ</sup>  
Restitutum  
(Quoad restitui potuit)  
A<sup>o</sup>. Dom. 1789.  
Quicumque sis,  
Hos hortos post hâc coliturus,  
Vive memor mortuorum ;  
Neu sinas  
Hasce Reliquias  
Iterùm in ruinam labi :  
Hâc conditione, Valeas !"

Mr. Clubbe's publications are, "Six Satires of Horace, in a style between Free Imitation, and Literal Version, 1795," 4to. "The Epistle of Horace to the Pisos, on the Art of Poetry, 1797," 4to. "The Omnium, 1798," 8vo. "Ver: de Agricolaë Puer, 1801," 12mo. "Agricolaë Puer, Poema Roberti Bloomfield, in Versus Latinos redditum, 1804," 8vo. "A Letter to a Country Gentleman, on the Subject of Methodism, 1805," 8vo. "Three Lyric Odes on late celebrated occasions, 1806," 4to. "An Address to the lower classes of his Parishioners, on the Subject of Methodism, 1806," 8vo. "A plain Discourse on the Subject of National Education, 1812," 12mo. "Parallel between the Characters and Conduct of Oliver Cromwell and Bonaparte," 8vo.

*The following lines were originally prefaced with this Advertisement :*

"To the charitable and the uncharitable ; to Christians, Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics, Stephen Spink, Post-boy of Brandeston, begs leave to state a loss he has lately sustained in the nearest relation he had in the world, his only ass.

"Too modest to dwell upon any merits of his own, he begs leave to solicit your charity for those of the deceased animal.

"Of Christians then he is bold to ask, because an ass once carried the divine author of their religion : of Jews, because he comes the nearest to them of any brute in the creation, in their obstinacy : of Turks, because he is the parent of their favorite mule : and of Infidels and Heretics, because of his resemblance to them in stupidity.

“ With the truly charitable he is sensible no arguments are wanted, and that with the uncharitable none will prevail. For the first, therefore, as in duty bound, he will ever pray; to the latter, however unbecoming the mouth of a petitioner, he begs leave to say they may kiss the mark of Stephen Spink.

Good people all, attend, I pray,  
 And listen to my ditty ;  
 For what poor *Stephen* has to say  
 Will soon excite your pity.

Both *lame* and *blind* he could not pass  
 A snail, so slow was he ;  
 Till mounted on his dapper *ass*,  
 He flew like *Mercury*.

Oft has he gone, when sent express,  
 For newspaper or letter,  
 Within six hours and sometimes less,  
 Four miles and rather better.

Such was the speed with which he went,  
 That he was call'd by most,  
 Who by his bag their letters sent,  
 The *Brand'ston flying post*.

But see him now, poor fallen man !  
 On foot, and forced to crawl  
 As crooked, and no faster than  
 A snail upon the wall.

You, who have legs to walk upon,  
 Two legs, and want no more ;  
 Pity the wretch that has but *one*,  
 And set him upon *four*.

Then on his *ass* will *Stephen* ride,  
 And wish for nothing higher ;  
 Nor envy the *equestrian* pride  
 Of *vicar* or of *squire*.

So shall your humble post-boy thrive,  
 So blithe his hours shall pass,  
 That none in *Brand'ston* shall live  
 Like *Stephen* and his *ass*.



THE

PLOUGHMAN'S FEASTING DAYS:

BY THOMAS TUSSER.

*“The Five Hundred Points of Husbandry”* abound with many curious particulars, that bespeak the manners, customs, and modes of living in this county, from the year 1520 to about half a century after.

Though popery was legally abolished at the period when this was written; yet protestants did not think it necessary, as a pledge of their reformation, to renounce those festive, or fasting days, which it had either recommended or tolerated. Among the former, the *“Ploughman's Feasting Days”* seem to have been duly observed, either partially or generally, throughout most parts of England, in our author's time; and in recommending *“old guise”* to be kept, he certainly, in this respect at least, did not deviate from his protestant creed.

THIS would not be slipt  
 Old guise must be kept.

Good huswives, whom God hath enriched enough,  
 Forget not the feasts, that belong to the plough :  
 The meaning is only to joy and be glad,  
 For comfort, with labour, is fit to be had.

*Plough Monday.\**

Plough Monday, next after that Twelfthtide is past,  
 Bids out with the plough, the worst husband is last,  
 If ploughman get hatchet, or whip to the screen,  
 Maids loseth their cock, if no water be seen,

*Shrovetide.†*

At Shrovetide to shroving, go thresh the fat hen,  
 If blindfold can kill her, then give it thy men.  
 Maids, fritters and pancakes enow see ye make,  
 Let slut have one pancake, for company sake.

\* Plough Monday was to remind the cultivators of the earth of their proper business; and a spring was given to the activity of domestics, by some peculiar observances. The men and maid servants strove to outvie each other in early rising, on Plough Monday. If the ploughman could get any of the implements of his vocation by the fireside, before the maid could put on her kettle, she forfeited her shrovetide cock. The evening concluded with a good sapper.

† The custom alluded to in this stanza is now probably quite obsolete. I describe it on the authority of Hilman, who seems to have witnessed its celebration. "The hen is hung at a fellow's back, who has also some horse bells about him; the rest of the fellows are blinded, and have boughs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow and his hen about some large court or small enclosure. The fellow with his hen and bells shifting as well as he can, they follow the sound, and sometimes hit him and his hen; other times, if he can get behind one of them, they thresh one another well favouredly; but the jest is, the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will endear their sweethearts with a peeping-hole, whilst the others look out as sharp to hinder it. After this, the hen is boiled with bacon; and a store of pancakes and fritters are made. She that is noted for lying a-bed long, or any other miscarriage, hath the first pancake presented to her, which most commonly fall to the dog's share at last, for no one will own it their due."



*Sheep-Shearing.*

Wife, make us a dinner, spare flesh neither corn,  
 Make wafers and cakes, for our sheep must be shorn,  
 At sheep-shearing, neighbours none other thing crave,  
 But good cheer and welcome, like neighbours to have.

*The Wake-Day. †*

Fill oven with flawns, Jenny, pass not for sleep,  
 To-morrow, thy father his wake-day will keep.  
 Then every wanton may dance at her will,  
 Both Tomkin with Tomlin, and Jenkin with Gill.

*Harvest-Home.\**

For all this good feasting, yet art thou not loose,  
 Till ploughman thou givest his harvest-home goose.  
 Though goose go in stubble, I pass not for that,  
 Let goose have a goose, be she lean, be she fat.

*Seed-Cake.*

Wife, some time this week, if the weather hold clear,  
 An end of wheat sowing we make for this year:  
 Remember thou therefore, though I do it not,  
 The seed-cake, the pasties, and furmenty pot.

*Twice a-week Roast.*

Good plowmen, look weekly, of custom and right,  
 For roast meat on Sundays, and Thursdays at night.  
 Thus doing and keeping such custom and guise,  
 They call thee good huswife,—they love thee likewise.

† On the night preceding the day of the dedication of the parish church, which is always identified with some saint in the Romish calendar at least, the young parishioners used to watch in the church till morning, and to feast the next day. This practice was likely to lead to irregularities, and was properly changed to waking at the oven, in each particular house.

\* It appears that a goose used formerly to be given, at harvest-home, to those who had not overturned a load of corn, in carrying, during harvest.

## SUFFOLK CHEESE :

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

*The cows of Suffolk have long been celebrated for the abundance of their milk, which, considering their size, and the quantity of food, far exceeds the produce of any other race in the island. Though the peculiar breed of this county is spread all over it, yet a tract of twenty miles by twelve is more especially the seat of the Dairies. This space is comprehended within a line drawn from the parish of Coddenham to Ashbocking, Otley, Charsfield, Letheringham, Hacheston, Parham, Framlingham, Cransford, Brusyard, Badingham, Sibton, Heveningham, Cookley, Linstead, Metfield, Wethersdale, Fressingfield, Wingfield, Horne, Brome, Thrandeston, Gissingham, Finningham, Westhorp, Wyverston, Gipping, Stonham, Creeting, and again to Coddenham.*

*The breed is universally polled; and the size small, few rising, when fattened, to above 50 stone at 14lb. each. The characteristics of this breed are, a clean throat, with little dew lap; a thin, clean snake head; thin legs; a very large carcass; a rib tolerably springing from the centre of the back, but with a heavy belly; back-bone ridged; chine, thin and hollow; loin narrow; udder large, loose, and creased when empty; milk-veins remarkably large, and rising in knotted puffs to the eye; a general habit of leanness; hip-bones high and ill covered; and scarcely any part of the carcass so formed and covered as to please the eye accustomed to fat beasts of the finer breeds. The best milkers are in general red, brindled, or of a yellowish cream colour. The quantity of milk yielded by one of*

these cows is from five to eight gallons a day. When the quantity of milk, in any breed, is very great, that of butter is rarely equal. It is thus in Suffolk; the quantity of milk is more extraordinary than that of butter. The average of all the dairies, in the district, may be estimated at three firkins; and three-fourths of a whey of cheese per cow, clear to the factor's hands, after supplying the consumption of the family. The quantity of butter computed to be sent from Suffolk to London annually is about 40,000 firkins.

The Suffolk butter is much esteemed; but alas! those, who make good butter, must, of course, make bad cheese; and therefore the generality of Suffolk cheese is well known to be as remarkably bad, as the butter is excellent. But in those districts, where little or no butter is churned, as good cheese is made as any in the kingdom, being little, if at all, inferior to that of Stilton.

UNRIVAL'D stands thy country cheese, O Giles;  
 Whose very name alone engenders smiles;  
 Whose fame abroad by every tongue is spoke,  
 The well-known butt of many a flinty joke,\*  
 That pass like current coin the nation through;  
 And, ah! experience proves the satire true.  
 Provision's grave, thou ever craving mart,  
 Dependant, huge metropolis! where art  
 Her pouring thousands stows in breathless rooms,  
 Midst pois'nous smokes and steams, and rattling  
 looms;

\* Hunger will break through stone-walls, or any thing, except Suffolk cheese, says Ray.

Suffolk cheese, from its poverty, says Grose, is frequently the subject of much humour. It is by some represented as only fit for making wheels for wheelbarrows; and a story is told, that a parcel of Suffolk cheese being packed up in an iron chest, and put on board a ship bound to the East Indies, the rats, allured by the scent, eat through the chest, but could not penetrate the cheese.

Where grandeur revels in unbounded stores ;  
 Restraint, a slighted stranger at their doors ;  
 Thou, like a whirlpool, drain'st the countries round,  
 Till London market, London price, resound  
 Through every town, round every passing load,  
 And dairy produce throngs the Eastern road :  
 Delicious veal, and butter, every hour,  
 From Essex lowlands, and the banks of Stour ;  
 And further far, where numerous herds repose,  
 From Orwell's brink, from Waveney, or Ouse.  
 Hence Suffolk dairy-wives run mad for cream,  
 And leave their milk\* with nothing but its name ;  
 Its name derision and reproach pursue,  
 And strangers tell of "three times skimm'd sky-  
 blue."

To cheese converted, what can be its boast ?  
 What, but the common virtues of a post !  
 If drought o'ertake it faster than the knife,  
 Most fair it bids for stubborn length of life,  
 And, like the oaken shelf whereon 'tis laid,  
 Mocks the weak efforts of the bending blade ;  
 Or in the hog-trough rests in perfect spite,  
 Too big to swallow, and too hard to bite.  
 Inglorious victory ! Ye Cheshire meads,  
 Or Severn's flowry dales, where plenty treads,  
 Was your rich milk to suffer wrongs like these,  
 Farewell your pride ! farewell renowned cheese !  
 The skimmer dread, whose ravages alone  
 Thus turns the meads sweet nectar into stone.

\* Fuller in his Proverbs has the following remarks ; Suffolk milk... This was one of the staple commodities of the Land of Canaan, and certainly most wholesome for man's food, because of God's own choosing for his own people. No county in England affords better and sweeter of the kind, lying opposite to Holland, in the Netherlands, where is the best dairy in Christendom.

THE  
FARMER'S DAILY DIET :

BY THOMAS TUSSER.

*The following lines exhibit a correct picture of the farmer's mode of living, in this County, at the period when Tusser wrote. In this respect it is highly interesting ; and though we find few delicacies of an expensive kind, every thing is substantial and wholesome though plain,—a just representation of the Elizabethan age. Salt meat, and fish both fresh and salted, it is evident, were standing articles of diet.*

A PLOT set down for farmer's quiet,  
As time requires, to frame his diet :  
With sometimes fish, and sometimes fast,  
That household store may longer last.  
Let Lent, well kept, offend not thee,  
For March and April breeders be :  
Spend herring first, save salt-fish last,  
For salt-fish is good, when Lent is past.  
When Easter comes, who knows not than  
That veal and bacon is the man ;\*  
And Martilmas beef † doth bear good tack,  
When country folks do dainties lack,  
When Macrell ceaseth from the seas,  
John Baptist brings grass-beef and pease.  
Fresh herring plenty, Michell ‡ brings,  
With fatted cronés, and such old things.

\* That is in season, or proper to be used.

† Beef dried in the chimney, like bacon, and is so called, because it was usual to kill the beef for this provision about the Feast of St. Martin, Nov. 1.

‡ Michaelmas.

B B 2

All Saints § do lay for pork and souse, †  
 For sprats and spurlings † for their house.  
 At Christmas play, and make good cheer,  
 For Christmas comes, but once a year.  
 Though some then do, as do they would,  
 Let thrifty do, as do they should.  
 For causes good, so many ways,  
 Keep Embrings || well, and fasting-days.  
 What law commands we ought t' obey,  
 For Friday, Saturn, and Wednesday.  
 The land doth will, the sea doth wish,  
 Spare sometimes flesh, and feed of fish.  
 Where fish is scant, and fruit of trees,  
 Supply that want with butter and cheese.

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### HARVEST HOME :

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

*When the labours of the sickle were completed, and when the fruits of the earth were gathered in, and laid up in their proper repositories, it was customary to provide a plentiful supper for the harvest-men, and the servants of the family, who had toiled in securing the wealth of their employer. At this entertainment, all were, in the modern revolutionary idea of the word, perfectly equal. Here was no distinction of persons, but master and servant sat at the same table, conversed freely together, and spent the remainder of the night in dancing, singing, &c. in the most easy familiarity.*

§ All Hallows tide. † Pig's ears, feet, &c. pickled.

† A small sea-fish, probably Smelts. || The Ember Days or Weeks.

Now, ere sweet *Summer* bids its long adieu,  
 And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,  
 The bustling day and jovial night must come,  
 The long accustom'd feast of *harvest-home*.  
 No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,  
 Can give the philosophic mind delight ;  
 No triumph please while rage and death destroy :  
 Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.  
 And where the joy, if rightly understood,  
 Like cheerful praise for universal good ?  
 The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,  
 But free and pure the grateful current flows.

Behold the sound oak table's massy frame  
 Bstride the kitchen floor ! the careful dame  
 And gen'rous host invite their friends around,  
 While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground  
 Are guests by right of custom :...old and young,  
 And many a neighbouring yeoman join the throng,  
 With artizans that lent their dext'rous aid,  
 When o'er each field the flaming sun-beams play'd.—

Yet plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,  
 Though not one jelly trembles on the board,  
 Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave ;  
 With all that made our great forefathers brave,  
 Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours try'd,  
 And cooks had nature's judgment set aside.  
 With thanks to heaven, and tales of rustic lore,  
 The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er ;  
 A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,  
 As quick the frothing horn performs its round ;  
 Care's mortal foe, that sprightly joys imparts  
 To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.  
 Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies  
 In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,

And crackling music, with the frequent *song*,  
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here once a year distinction low'rs its crest,  
The master, servant, and the merry guest,  
Are equal all ; and round the happy ring  
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,  
And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,  
With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,  
Refills his jug his honour'd host to tend,  
To serve at once the master and the friend ;  
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,  
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.



### THE HAVERHILL MATCHSELLER :

A SUFFOLK TALE.

BY MR. JOHN WEBB.

*The unfortunate subject of the following verses  
is still living, and residing at Haverhill.*

SEE yonder abject, squalid form, on which  
Disease and want their baleful phials pour ;  
Upon whose faded cheek, so ghastly pale,  
Dull grief has plough'd deep furrows.—Ah! that eye  
Has lost its wonted lustre : on the ground  
'Tis fix'd intent, nor heeds proud fashion's son,  
Who flutters by it ; like the gilded fly,  
That wantons in gay summer's fervid beam,  
And sips sweet nectar from the flowers of June.



How slow he moves! his better hand a staff  
 Grasps hard, with rude enormous knob,  
 Such as our antique grandsires us'd, what time  
 Fair Anna rul'd, and gallant Marlborough fought.  
 But mark! his left, a small and wither'd stump,  
 A basket holds with sordid matches fill'd.

“ Poor mendicant! methinks thy hand was lost  
 “ In fighting for thy country and for me!  
 “ I'll tarry till thou com'st, and to my cot  
 “ Invite thee—woe-worn wretch! my mantling ale  
 “ Shall rouse thy drooping spirits, make thy heart,  
 “ That seldom knows the pulse of joy, rejoice.”  
 'Tis done—the lazy loitering crimson tide  
 Bounds, with a rapid current, thro' his veins:  
 His eye emits a ray replete with fire;  
 And features, long bedew'd with mis'ry's tear,  
 Brighten in smiles.—Thus oft, when nature mourns  
 Her verdant realms deform'd by drizzly showers,  
 Forth looks the golden sun, and glads the scene.

“ Friend,” cries the happy beggar, “ by that look  
 Inquisitive, I judge that thou would'st like  
 To hear my tale of woe:—tis all I can—  
 That little all I give.  
 In yon green vale, that's water'd by a stream,  
 Unknown to song, for there no woodland bard,  
 As genius prompted, tun'd his artless reed;  
 Where beauteous landscapes charm the curious eye;  
 Where flowers, of every hue, regale the sense;  
 And congregated songsters feast the ear,  
 With soft mellifluous symphonies, I drew  
 My infant breath, and enter'd life's new scene:  
 My father till'd a small, but fertile farm,

Which well supply'd his household. He was kind,  
 Plain, honest, tender-hearted ; lov'd us all  
 With pure, paternal love ; and acted well  
 The father's and the husband's arduous part.  
 Full largely of his bounty I partook :  
 He wept my helpless state.—No battle stroke,  
 Edge of keen sword, or cannon's murd'rous ball,  
 Depriv'd me of my hand ; for I alas !  
 Was a lorn cripple, even from my birth.  
 Parental kindness, like a guardian seraph,  
 Was ever hov'ring o'er me for my good :  
 But ere his plan of kindness was fulfill'd,  
 I shed the tear-drop o'er his early bier.  
 Ah me ! though young, I heav'd a heartfelt sigh,  
 When his lov'd form repos'd on earth's cold breast ;  
 I deeply felt his loss, and feel it still,  
 Tho' grief has sapp'd, and black misfortune's storm  
 Has shook the seat of mem'ry to its base !  
 My mother griev'd : but, like a summer shower,  
 Her sorrows soon subsided :—all was calm.  
 The change at length seem'd grateful :—fond of rule,  
 In that her consolation soon was found.

Her sway was thriftless : many a needless debt  
 By folly was contracted : 'till that fiend,  
 Gaunt poverty, drew near, with aspect wan,  
 And ruin grip'd us with her harpy claw.

As years roll'd o'er me, all the varied ills  
 That haunt the meagre train of sordid want  
 Beset me close. Of sorrow's bitter cup  
 I drank long draughts. Ill fortune and ill health  
 Conspir'd to make me wretched.—  
 Tho' spring, advancing, strew'd the earth with flow'rs,  
 And summer shed on all her golden beam :

Tho' autumn from her lap ripe fruitage pour'd,  
 And winter brought her train of social friends,  
 Of fireside comforts, and domestic bliss ;  
 Yet circling seasons brought no joy to me,  
 And pleasure seem'd an alien to my breast.  
 From simple childhood up to gairish youth  
 I was vile fortune's sport : some star malign  
 Shed its pernicious influence o'er my path,  
 And cross'd my fairest purpose. But I tire"—  
 "No, no, old friend, proceed!—The woe-fraught tale  
 Can yield a pensive pleasure to the mind,  
 That longs to give relief, and soothe distress."  
 "In fine—

To manhood grown I hir'd a farm,  
 And singled from the damsels of the vale  
 A blooming, sprightly helpmate.—The bright sun  
 Cast not his radiance on a pair more blest.  
 But short the reign of sublunary bliss,  
 Bright as the drop that gems the bending thorn,  
 Alas! as short liv'd too: for human joy,  
 (Like the perceptive plant) recoils in haste  
 From grim misfortune's felon touch, and shrinks,  
 And falls to earth.—  
 While thus supremely blest,  
 I soon forgot the sense of former ills.  
 A lovely girl and boy our union crown'd :  
 But while we fondly idolized our babes,  
 We liv'd unmindful of that gracious source,  
 From whence our blessings and our mercies flow'd.  
 The power we ceas'd to homage was incens'd,  
 And soon destroy'd our idols. The dear boy  
 A fiery bane, a burning fever, siez'd,  
 And dry'd the fount of life.—One fatal morn,  
 Our little cherub daughter left her home

To gather flowers, what time the hand of May  
 Emboss'd green nature's carpet with bright gold ;  
 Not far she wander'd, when a pool appear'd,  
 Whose surface shone with such aquatic blooms  
 As paint a stagnate fluid ; when, allur'd  
 By the fair blossoms that bedeck'd the scene,  
 She fearless strove to gain the flowery prize,  
 And perish'd there !—  
 Words are too weak, no language can describe  
 The pangs that tore my bosom ! Still I hid  
 From my dear mate the anguish of my heart,  
 And sought to soothe the tempest in her breast  
 With sympathy's mild balm. Alas ! this stroke,  
 This second stroke, was fatal in th' extreme ;  
 And reason, tumbling from her shatter'd throne,  
 Laid waste the mind's fair empire ; and—instead  
 Of the sweet bliss of social intercourse,  
 And all the soft felicities that wait  
 On happy wedded love ; mine ears were stunn'd  
 With jest obscene, loud laugh, and wanton song,  
 The curse that shock'd me, and the impious phrase  
 That bade defiance to almighty power,  
 And dar'd his fiercest vengeance.—Thus I liv'd  
 Sev'n years ! a tedious term, where woe presides,  
 And with her sables hangs the dismal scene.  
 For sev'n long years she suffer'd, and I mourn'd,  
 Till heaven in mercy call'd her to the skies,  
 And left me here a solitary wretch,  
 A desolated pilgrim !—I could tell  
 When dire affliction had reduc'd my store,  
 How wolf-ey'd rapine drove me from my farm,  
 And law's staunch blood-hounds long pursu'd their  
 prey,  
 And seiz'd the little that oppression left.

I must forbear :—my swelling heart forbids  
 Procedure further :—but this care-worn frame  
 Will tell the sequel.”—

Thanks, thou poor old man,  
 For thy sad story, may I gather thence  
 That wisdom, which inspires a grateful mind,  
 To bless kind heaven, for this *my happier fate*.

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A DESCRIPTION OF HUSWIFERY:

BY THOMAS TUSSER.

Tusser, says Stillingfleet, wrote from practice. He appears to have been a good-natured, cheerful man, and though a lover of æconomy, far from meanness, as appears in many of his precepts, wherein he shews his disapprobation of that pitiful spirit, which makes farmers starve their cattle, their land, and every thing belonging to them; chusing rather to lose a pound than spend a shilling.

This “Book of Huswifery,” as it may be called, presents a genuine picture of the domestic æconomy of the Suffolk and Essex farmers, in the reign of Elizabeth, with the labours and duties of the day, as they return in endless succession.

Now listen, good huswives, what doings are here,
 Set forth for a day, as it should for a year:
 Both easy to follow, and soon to atchieve,
 For such as by huswifery looketh to thrive.
 The forenoon affairs, till dinner (with some)
 Then afternoon doings, till supper-time come;
 With breakfast and dinner time, sup and to bed,
 Stand, orderly placed, to quiet thine head.

The meaning is this—for a day what ye see,
 That monthly and yearly continued must be ;
 And hereby to gather, (as prove I intend,)
 That huswifery matters have never an end.

Morning Works.

No sooner some up,
 But nose is in cup.

Get up in the morning as soon as thou wilt,
 With over-long slugging, good servant is spilt.
 Some slovens, from sleeping no sooner get up,
 But hand is in aumbry,* and nose in the cup.

That early is done,
 Count huswifely won.

Some work in the morning may trimly be done,
 That all the day after can hardly be won.
 Good husband, without, it is needfull there be,
 Good huswife, within, is as needful as he.

Cast dust into yard,
 And spin and go card.

Sluts' corners avoided, shall further thy health,
 Much time about trifles shall hinder thy wealth.
 Let some to peel hemp, or else rushes to twine,
 To spin, or to card, or to seething of brine.

Grind malt for to drink,
 See meat do not stink.

Set some about cattle, some pasture to view,
 Some malt to be grinding, against ye do brew.
 Some corneth, some brineth, some will not be
 taught,

Where meat is attained, their cookery is naught.

* A Cupboard to hold victuals.

Breakfast Doings.

To breakfast that come,

Give every one some.

Call servants to breakfast, by day-star appear,

A snatch, and to work—fellows tarry not here.

Let huswife be carver, let pottage be heat,

A mess to each one, with a morsell of meat.

No more tittle tattle,

Go serve your cattle.

What tack in a pudding, saith greedy gut wringer,

Give such, ye wot what, ere a pudding he finger.

Let servants once served thy cattle go serve,

Lest often ill serving make cattle to sterve.

Dinner Matters.

For hunger or thirst,

Serve cattle well first.

By noon, see your dinner be ready and neat,

Let meat tarry servant, nor servant his meat.

Plough-cattle, a baiting, call servant to dinner,

The thicker together, the charges the thinner.

Together is best,

For hostis and guest.

Due season is best, altogether is gay,

Dispatch hath no fellow, make short and away.

Beware of Gill Laggoose disordering thy house,

Mo dainties who catcheth, than crafty fed mouse!

Let such have enough,

That follow the plough.

Give servants no dainties, but give him enough,

Too many chaps walking do beggar the plough.

Poor seggons,* half starved, work faintly and dull,

And lubbers do loiter, their bellies too full.

* A poor starveling labourer.

Give never too much,
To lazy, and such.

Feed lazy, that thresheth, a flap and a tap,
Like slothfull, that alway be stopping a gap.
Some litherly lubber more eateth than two,
Yet leaveth undone what another will do.

Where nothing will last,
Spare such as thou hast.

Some cutteth thy linen, some spoileth thy broth,
Bare table to some doth as well as a cloth.
Trent dishes be homely, and yet not to lack,
Where stone is no laster, take tankard and jack.

Knap boy on the thumbs,
And save him his crumbs.

That pewter is never for mannerly feasts,
That daily do serve so unmannerly beasts.
Some gnaweth and leaveth some crusts and some
crumbs,
Eat such their own leavings, or gnaw their own
thumbs.

Serve God ever first ;
Take nothing at worst.

At dinner, at supper, at morning, at night,
Give thanks unto God, for his gifts so in sight.
Good husband and huswife will sometimes, alone,
Make shift with a morsell, and pick of a bone.

Enough thou art told ;
Too much will not hold.

Three dishes well dressed, and welcome with all,
Both pleaseth thy friend, and becometh thine hall.
Enough is a plenty, too much is a pride,
The plough, with ill holding, goes quickly aside.

Afternoon Works.

Make company break ;
Go cherish the weak.

When dinner is ended, set servant to work,
And follow such fellows, as loveth to lurk.

To servant in sickness see nothing ye grutch,
A thing of a trifle shall comfort him much.

Who many do feed,
Save much they had need.

Put chippings in dippings, use parings to save,
Fat capons or chickens that lookest to have.

Save drippings and skimmings, how ever ye do,
For med'cine for cattle, for cart, and for shoe.

Leave capon unmeet,
Dear fed is unsweet.

Such off corn as cometh, give wife to her fee,
Feed willingly such as do help to feed thee.

Though fat feed is dainty, yet this I thee warn,
Be cunning in fatting, for robbing thy barn.

Piece hole to defend ;
Things timely amend.

Good sempsters be sewing of fine pretty knacks,
Good huswives be mending, and piecing their sacks.

Though making and mending be huswifely ways,
Yet mending in time is the huswife to praise.

Buy new as is meet,
Mark blanket and sheet.

Though ladies may rend, and buy new every day,
Good huswives must mend, and buy new as they
may.

Call quarterly servants to court and to leet ;†
Write every coverlid, blanket, and sheet.

†To account.

Shift slovenly elf,
Be jailor thyself.

Though shifting too oft be a thief in a house,
Yet shift slut and sloven, for fear of a louse.
Grant Doubtfull no key of his chamber in purse,
Lest chamber door lockt be to thievery a nurse.

Save feathers for guest,
These other rob chest.

Save wing for a thresher,† when gander doth die,
Save feathers of all thing, the softer to lie.
Much spice is a thief, so is candle and fier,
Sweet sauce is as crafty, as ever was frier.

Wife, make thine own candle,
Spare penny to handle.

Provide for thy tallow, ere frost cometh in,
And make thine own candle, ere winter begin.
If penny for all thing be suffered to trudge,
Trust long not to penny, to have him thy drudge.

Evening Works.

Time drawing to night,
See all things go right.

When hens go to roost, go in hand to dress meat,
Serve hogs, and to milking, and some to serve neat.
Where twain be enow, be not served with three,
More knaves in a company, worser they be.

Make lackey to trudge,
Make servant thy drudge.

For every trifle leave jaunting thy nag,
But rather make lackey of Jack-boy, thy wag.
Make servant at night lug in wood or a log,
Let none come in empty, but slut and thy dog.

False knave ready prest,
All safe is the best.

Where pullen use nightly to perch in the yard,
There two-legged foxes keep watches and ward.
See cattle well served, without and within,
And all things at quiet, ere supper begin.

Take heed, it is needfull,
True pity is meedfull.

No clothes in garden, no trinkets without,
No door leave unbolted, for fear of a doubt.
Thou woman, whom pity becometh the best,
Grant all that hath laboured time to take rest.

Supper Matters.

Use mirth and good word,
At bed and at board.

Provide for thy husband, to make him good cheer,
Make merry together, while time ye be here.
At bed and at board, howsoever befall,
Whatever God sendeth, be merry withall.

No brawling make,
No jealousy take.

No taunts before servants for hindering of fame,
No jarring too loud for avoiding of shame.
As frensy and heresy roveth together,
So jealousy leadeth a fool, ye wot whither.

Tend such as ye have,
Stop talkative knave.

Young children and chickens would ever be eating,
Good servants look duly for gentle entreating.
No servant at table use sauc'ly to talk,
Lest tongue, set at large, out of measure do walk.

No snatching at all,
 Sirs, hearken now all.
 No lurching, no snatching, no striving at all ;
 Lest one go without, and another have all.
 Declare after supper—take heed thereunto,
 What work in the morning each servant shall do.

After-Supper Matters.

Thy soul hath a clog ;
 Forget not thy dog.
 Remember those children, whose parents be poor,
 Which hunger, yet dare not to crave at thy door.
 Thy bandog, that serveth for divers mishaps,
 Forget not to give him thy bones and thy scraps.
 Make keys to be keepers,
 To bed, ye sleepers.
 Where mouths be many to spend that thou hast,
 Set keys to be keepers, for spending too fast.
 To bed after supper, let drowsy go sleep,
 Lest knave in the dark to his marrow do creep.
 Keep keys as thy life ;
 Fear candle, good wife.
 Such keys lay up safe, ere ye take ye to rest,
 Of dairy, of buttery, of cupboard and chest.
 Fear candle in hayloft, in barn, and in shed,
 Fear flea-smock and mendbreech, for burning their
 bed.
 See door lockt fast,
 Two keys make wast.
 A door without lock is a bait for a knave,
 A lock without key is a fool that will have.
 One key to two locks, if it break is a grief ;
 Two keys to one lock, in the end is a thief.

Night works trouble head,
Lock doors, and to bed.

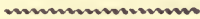
The day willeth done, whatsoever ye bid,
The night is a thief, if ye take not good heed.
Wash dishes, lay leavens, save fire, and away,
Lock doors and to bed, a good huswife will say.

To bed know thy guise,
To rise do likewise.

In winter at nine, and in summer at ten,
To bed after supper, both maidens and men.
In winter, at five a clock, servant arise,
In summer at four, is very good guise.

Love so as ye may
Love many a day.

Be lowly, not sullen, if aught go amiss,
What wresting may lose thee, that win with a kiss.
Both bear and forbear, now and then as ye may,
Then wench, God a mercy! thy husband will say.



MENDLESHAM GAMES,

1735.

—His nam Plebecula gaudet. Hor.

Mendlesham was formerly a market-town of some importance, and is situated in a deep miry soil, near the source of the river Deben. The place itself is mean, but the church is a handsome structure, with a lofty embattled tower. The two porches are fine, and richly ornamented, particularly that on the north side; on the top of which are four well-sculptured grotesque figures. It was given by King William Rufus to the

Abbot and Convent of Battle, in Sussex, who had the impropriation and advowson of the vicarage till the dissolution. Hugh Fitz Otho procured the privilege of a market and fair from King Edward the 1st, the latter of which it still retains annually on the 21st of September. The lordship of this town was formerly vested in the family of Duke, but now belongs to that of Tyrell.

Towards the conclusion of the 17th century, an ancient silver crown, weighing about 60 ounces, and conjectured to have belonged to one of the East Anglian Kings, was found here. A gold concave ring, with an inscription in the Slavonian, or Runic character, was also ploughed up here in 1758, of which a description, with a plate, is given in the Gent. Mag. Vol. 54. Pt. 2. p. 975. Camden supposes Mendlesham to have been the residence of Dagobert, one of the Kings of the Heptarchy.

On a brass plate in the church is "An Account of Houses and Lands, given in Charity to the Parish Church of Mendlesham, in the County of Suffolk, taken July 25. 1807," and which they let, collectively, for £286 per annum. "The rent and profits of the said Houses and Lands are annually received by the Churchwardens of the said Parish for the time being, and by them laid out and expended in repairing the said Church, the Yard, House, and Buildings on the said Church Estates, in paying the Schoolmaster's Salary, and assisting the poor and needy persons belonging to the said Parish."

ONCE on a time, in town renown'd of yore
 For weekly market, market now no more,
 Where *Sallows* sets his razor to a hair,
 And *Killet's* cyder bounces brisk and clear ;
 Cyder, the muses fav'rite drink, inspires
 To sing a subject all mankind admires ;
 The *Holland Smock* a tapster here displays,
 To tempt the light-heel'd damsels to the race,

In hopes to make his barrels faster run,
 And draw the country to his ale so brown :
 Hence, tho' the sunny season call'd to work,
Bridget her rake throws by, and *John* his fork,
 The neighb'ring villages pour'd forth their youth,
 And age itself was there with his colt's tooth.
 For who cou'd stay away, when *Gunnel's* seen,
 A rural goddess on the crowded green ?
Havors and *Batt*, and many more, remain,
 Maids that might follow in *Diana's* train.
 And now the sun had shorten'd his career,
 When on the lists two nymphs in draw'rs appear ;
Cook, who full oft had triumph'd in the field,
 Whose sturdy make to man wou'd hardly yield ;
 Her well known fame dismay'd the softer sex,
 So only one oppos'd, instead of six.
 Nor will our landlord give his smock away
 So cheap, 'tis kept to grace some future day :
 But to requite the country for their loves,
 He graciously bestows a pair of gloves,
 Which *Cook* must wear, with ease she gains the
 goal,
 Whilst *Blomfield* follows like a filly foal ;
Blomfield, too young, but yet, if right I see,
 What *Cook* is now, in time shall *Blomfield* be.
 So have we seen a greyhound and her young
 Stretch o'er the lawn, and drive poor puss along ;
 The first year's running this of that fell short,
 But turn for turn next season show'd us sport.
 Thus time will put our organs out of tune,
 As all things change which lie beneath the moon.
Blomfield and *Cook* must with old age decline,
 And tho' no leg be slipt, their speed resign :

Flannel shall hold, when holland smock shall fail,
 Or only serve for chimney corner tale.
 Swift winged time will over-take, and death
 Will run the longest winded out of breath ;
 But hark ! what shouts from the next yard resound ;
 'Tis the twelve champions of the nine-pin ground.
 Good bowlers all, and honest men, I hope,
 And he that is not, let him win a rope.
Burroughs and *Rednal* fill the judge's seat,
 And cock their pipes with gravity and state ;
 Three times the bowl is sent from every hand,
 But *Chittock's* fortune did most pins command :
Chittock exults, victorious, in the throng.
 Now some trudge homeward, some their mirth pro-
 long
 With double mugs, and grateful whiffs of smoke,
 And the house roars with many a rustic joke.
 Nor was *Crowdero* wanting with his kit,
 To take advantage of the merry fit,
 To screw the maidens heartstrings up to love,
 And show their swains how gracefully they move ;
 The swains before had play'd the wrestler's part,
 To prove their manhood to each kind sweetheart
 By a hard fall, which, if the truth were known,
 Is scarce so taking as a soft green gown.
 But stay, my maids, till Michaelmas be come,
 Now mind your spinning, and encrease the sum ;
 To recommend you to a thrifty spouse,
 To buy the wedding ring, and fetch the cows.
 Till the feast day let each reserve her feast,
 And *Joan* shall then be equal with the best.

SUFFOLK PROVINCIAL SONGS,

DITTIES,

HEALTHS AND PROVERBS.

Songs of trades, or songs of the people, are of very remote antiquity. The Grecians, says D'Israeli in his entertaining work, the "Curiosities of Literature," had songs appropriated to the various trades. There was a song for the corn-grinders; another for the workers in wool; another for the weavers. The reapers had their carol; the herdsmen had a song, which an ox-driver of Sicily had composed; the kneaders, and the bakers, and the galley-rowers, were not without their chaunt. We have ourselves a song of the weavers, which Ritson has preserved in his "Ancient Songs;" and it may be found in the popular chap-book of "the Life of Jack of Newberry;" and the songs of anglers, of old Isaac Walton, and Charles Cotton, still retain their freshness. Dr. Johnson is the only writer I recollect who has noticed something of this nature which he observed in the Highlands. The strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulation of the harvest song, in which all their voices were united. They accompany every action which can be done in equal time with an appropriate strain, which has, they say, not much meaning, but its effects are regularity and cheerfulness. There is an oar song used by the Hebrideans, and our sailors at Newcastle, in heaving their anchors, &c. use a song of this kind.

These songs abounded in the good old times of Elizabeth and James, for Hall in his Satires notices them as

"Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the payle;"

and Shakespeare describes them as "old and plain,"
chaunted by

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
"And the free maids that weave their threads with bones."

Whatever these songs were, it is evident they formed a source of recreation to the solitary task-worker. But as the more masculine trades had their own songs, whose titles only appear to have reached us, such as "the Carmen's whistle," "Wat-kin's Ale," "Chopping Knives," &c. they were probably appropriated to the respective trades they indicate. To this day mummers, in honor of Bishop Blaize, the saint of wool-combers, go about chaunting on the eve of their holy-days. A custom long existed in this country to elect a Boy-Bishop in almost every parish; the Montem at Eton still prevails; and there is a closer connection between the custom, which produced the "Songs of the Crow" and the "Sivallow," and our northern mummeries, than may be at first suspected. Our ancient beggars, likewise, had their songs, some of which are as old as the Elizabethan period, and many are fancifully characteristic of their habits and their feelings.

The following little ditties are common in different parts of this county. They are sung by the rustics at their horkeys, merry-makings, frolics, and other jovial meetings; but are now rapidly giving way to the attractions of more fashionable songs, and polished melodies. At the harvest suppers both songs and healths are sung; but the former have generally no relation to the subject of harvest, and the latter are short songs sung with the jug in hand.

Some of these ditties have been "orally" collected; while others have been obligingly communicated by the kindness of a valuable correspondent.

SONGS.

HE. If you with me will go, my love,
 You shall see a pretty show, my love,
 Let dame say what she will ;
 If you will have me, my love,
 I will have thee, my love,
 So let the milk pail stand still.

SHE. Since you have said so, my love,
 Longer I will go, my love,
 Let dame say what she will ;
 If you will have me, my love,
 I will have thee, my love,
 So let the milk pail stand still.



Come, come, Mr. Gunner,
 Prythee, Mr. Gunner,
 A little more powder
 Your shot doth require,
 Fire Gunner, fire, do, do.

Come, come, my brave boys,
 This is rarely well done,
 This is the firing of the gun.
 Fire Gunner, fire, do, do.



Gentle Cupid, bend your bow,
 And shoot me down the barren doe ;
 Huntsmen come, and wind away
 Your horn, horn, horn.

A Drinking Song, by John Still, D. D.*

RECTOR OF HADLEIGH.

I cannot eate but lytle meate,
 My stomacke is not good ;
 But sure I thinke that I can drynke
 With him that weares a hood.
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothinge a colde ;
 I stuff my skyn so full within,
 Of ioly good ale and olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
 Booth foote and hand go colde :
 But, belly, God send thee good ale inoughe,
 Whether it be new or olde.

I loue no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
 And a crab† laid in the fyre ;
 A little breade shall do me stead,
 Much breade I not desyre.
 No frost nor snow, nor winde I trowe,
 Can hurte mee if I wolde,
 I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
 Of ioly good ale and olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, &c.

* From a "Ryght Pythy. Pleasaunt, and Merie Comedie: Intytuled Gammar Gurton's Needle. London, 1575," the second act of which opens with this *chanson a boire*, valuable alike for its vein of simplicity and humour, and its ease and spirit of versification; and which has had the honor to occupy a page in "Warton's History of English Poctry."

† Crab-apple.

And Tyb my wife, that as her lyfe,
 Loueth well good ale to seeke,
 Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see
 The teares run downe her cheeke :
 Then doth she trowle to mee the bowle,
 Euen as a mault-worme shuld ;
And sayth, sweete hart, I tooke my part
 Of this ioly good ale and olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and winke,
 Even as good felowes shoulde doe :
 They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
 Good ale doth bringe men to.
And all poore soules that have scowred boules,
 Or have them lustely trolde,
 God saue the lyues of them and their wyues,
 Whether they be yonge or olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, &c.

~~~~~

### DITTIES.

Come, go to the barn now, my jolly ploughmen,  
 Blindfolded, and speedily thresh the fat hen ; \*  
 And if you can kill her, then give her thy men,  
 And ye on fritters and pancakes dine then.

~~~~~

* See note, page 370.

Dame,* what makes your ducks to die?
 What the pize ails 'em, what the pize ails 'em?
 Dame, what makes your chicks to cry?
 What the pize ails 'em now?

For there's one goes hitch, and another goes lame,
 What the pize ails 'em, what the pize ails 'em?
 And another goes huckle-back, like my dame,
 What the pize ails 'em now?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die?
 What the pize ails 'em, what the pize ails 'em?
 They kick up their heels, and there they lie,
 What the pize ails 'em now?

Dame, what ails your ducks to cry?
 Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!
 Dame, what ails your ducks to die?
 Eating o'Polly-wigs now.

Dame, put on your holliday gown,
 And follow 'em lightly, follow 'em lightly:
 And follow 'em lightly through the town,
 Heigh, ho! now.

* These Stanzas, says Mr. Whiter, are common in the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridge. Mr. Stevens, in his notes to Shakespeare, informs us, that the Rev. Dr. Farmer being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought of the hen-roost being robbed, a facetious old Squire, who was present, sung these stanzas, which, says he, have an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jacques in "As you like it." Act 2. Scene 5.

HEALTHS.

The Master's Good Health.

Here's a health unto our master, the founder of the
feast,

I wish, with all my heart and soul, in heaven he may
find rest.

I hope all things may prosper, that ever he takes in
hand,

For we are all his servants, and all at his command.

Drink, boys, drink, and see you do not spill ;

For if you do, you must drink two ; it is your master's
will.

The Mistress's Good Health.

Now harvest is ended, and supper is past,

Here's our mistress's good health, boys, in a full
flowing glass.

She is a good woman, she prepar'd us good cheer,

Come, all my brave boys, now, and drink off your
beer.

Drink, my boys, drink, till you come unto me,

The longer we sit, my boys, the merrier we shall be.

Sung on taking the Ale out of doors.

In yon green wood, there lies an old fox,

Close by his den, you may catch him or no.

Ten thousand to one you catch him or no.

His beard and his brush are all of one colour,

(Takes the glass and drinks it off.)

I am sorry, kind sir, that your glass is no fuller.

'Tis down the red lane, 'tis down the red lane,

So merrily hunt the fox down the red lane.

Health to the Barley Mow.

Here's a health to the barley mow,
 Here's a health to the man,
 Who very well can
 Both harrow, and plough, and sow.
 When it is well sown,
 See it is well mown,
 Both raked, and gavell'd clean ;
 And a barn to lay it in,
 Here's a health to the man,
 Who very well can
 Both thrash, and fan it clean.

To the Duke of Norfolk.

I am the Duke of Norfolk,*
 Newly come to Suffolk,
 Say, shall I be attended
 Or no, no, no ?
 Good Duke, be not offended,
 And you shall be attended,
 You shall be attended
 Now, now, now.

* At the "Harvest Supper," one of the guests is crowned with an inverted *pillow*, and a jug of ale is presented to him by another of the company, kneeling, as represented in the vignette to the *Horkey*. This custom has most probably some allusion to the homage formerly paid to the Lords of Norfolk, the possessors of immense domains in this county.

The Herring Fishery Toast.

Here's to his Holiness*
 The Pope, with his triple crown ;
 And here's to nine dollars
 For ev'ry cask in the town.



PROVERBS.

†Beccles for a puritan, Bungay for the poor,
 Halesworth for a drunkard, and Bliborough for a
 whore.



Between Cowhithe, and merry Cossingland,
 The devil sh—t Benacre, ‡ look where it stands.



§Were I in my castle of Bungaye,
 Upon the river of Waveney,
 I would ne care for the King of Cockeney.



* This toast used to be drunk at Lowestoft, in the herring season, by those concerned in the trade. *His Holiness* is commemorated as the head of the Catholic Church, for its encouragement of the consumption of salted fish, during the season of Lent. The *nine dollars* have a reference to the price, at which, it was hoped, the herrings would sell per barrel, on their arrival in Italy.

† These probably, says Ray, allude to circumstances now changed or forgotten.

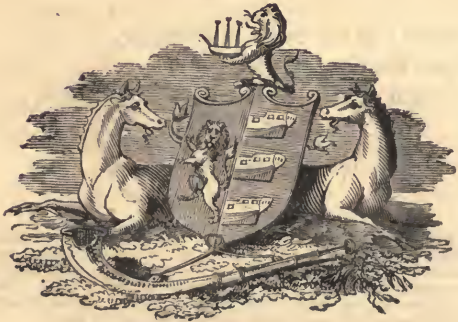
‡ It seems this place, says Ray, is infamous for its bad situation.

§ See page 135. These rhymes are as old as the reign of Hen. 2. and supposing them, says Ritson, to be given upon good authority, are valuable, as the earliest specimens of the English language, not being pure Saxon.

Essex stiles, Kentish miles,
Suffolk wiles, many men beguiles.‡

‡ Suffolk is said to have been remarkable for litigation, and the quirks and quibbles of its attornies: this was so great a grievance in the reign of Henry VI. that, A. D. 1455, a petition was presented from the commons, shewing that the number of attornies for the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk had lately increased from six or eight to eighty, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by suits. They therefore petitioned it might be ordained, that there should be no more than six common attornies for the county of Suffolk, six for Norfolk, and two for the city of Norwich; these to be elected by the chief justices for the time being; any other person, acting as an attorney, to be fined twenty pounds, half to the King and half to the plaintiff. The King granted the petition, provided it was thought reasonable by the judges. Rot. Parlm. in anno.

FINIS.











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